



ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

# GOOD MEN AND TRUE

*BIOGRAPHIES OF  
WORKERS IN THE FIELDS  
OF  
BENEFICENCE AND BENEVOLENCE*

BY

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ETC., ETC.

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“Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creature—man.”—CICERO.

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To

MY LITTLE FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS,  
TOM, CARL, AND ANNE,  
GRANDCHILDREN OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.,  
IN THE HOPE  
THAT THEY MAY NOT BE WHOLLY  
DISAPPOINTED WITH THE  
LITTLE SKETCH I HAVE, IN THIS VOLUME,  
TRIED TO MAKE  
OF THEIR REVERED GRANDFATHER,  
PARTLY FROM THE  
MEMOIR OF THEIR FATHER AND UNCLE,  
AND PARTLY  
FROM IMPRESSIONS OF MY OWN.

*Oh, young in years, in heart, and hope,  
May ye of lives like his be led,  
And find new courage, strength, and scope,  
In thoughts of him each step ye tread:  
And draw the line of goodness down  
Through long descent, to be your crown—  
A crown the greener that its roots are laid  
Deep in the past in fields your forbears made.*



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*NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.*




NORMAN MACLEOD.



NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

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N the autumn of 1867, a somewhat severe blow, though in nowise an uncommon one, fell on the writer of these lines, which naturally called forth from his more intimate friends their ready expressions of sympathy. But what was his grateful surprise to find, amongst the mournful correspondence that kept dropping in day after day, a letter from one whom he had looked on as being too much engaged and preoccupied to be warrantably troubled even with an intimation of such loss as had fallen on him and his. Tidings, however, had been indirectly carried thither, and the over-busy man at once wrote a letter to cheer and strengthen. And such a full-hearted human letter it

was—so unaffected in its manly courage, yet so frank in its acknowledgments of common weakness, and above all so faithful in its aim! Surely no one will blame the writer, now that Norman Macleod has gone from among us, for setting it down here, to show how truly considerate and sympathetic he was. For the writer's connection with him before that date had been an incidental and professional one, rather than aught else; and, though he had already had good cause to love and admire Dr. Macleod, he had no claim whatever to such friendly consideration as this letter bespeaks:—

“THURSDAY, *Sept. 2*, 1867.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—In the light of a glorious summer, with seven children in health and strength, I am yet able, in some degree very truly, to sympathize with you, who, amidst the turmoil and fret of London, have been burying your dear one. What I know and feel regarding such sorrows I have, from my heart, told in ‘Wee Davie.’ My flesh trembles as I think of them! I cannot, I dare not, say that I understand all that you and your poor wife must feel—far less can I do so if, what is quite possible, much suffering has made you accept it in calmness! Well, my brother, you must think of her not as she was when carrying her cross, but as she *is*, radiant with glory, and of all she will be to you for ever. The bird whose trembling notes were, in spite

of their sadness, such sweet music in your house, is singing elsewhere without sadness, and in your future home waiting for *you*. These are the things which make our Christ dear to us! He was a child. Knew a parent's heart from loving and being beloved; and was angry at those who, from ignorance of that love which will meet the wants of the weakest, would hinder the parents from bringing their children to Him, that He might clasp them to His heart and bless them! And I don't believe these little ones gave a cry, but were soothed into peace in His bosom, as in that of a mother. Your child is better with Him than with you. Yes—yes, as I think of losing one,—I feel I am 'weak as is a breaking wave.' I can only pray that He who took her may comfort you and yours as His own children; and I can only say that you have my tenderest sympathies."

What wonder that I should after this have been anxious that all should see my friend in the light in which he appeared to me; and that I myself should find access to a yet closer intimacy with him. I may not always have succeeded in the former; I hope I did to some extent succeed in the latter—with this result, that I now hold in my hand a sheaf of letters, which are prized by me as few other things are prized. There they are with their odd devices of signature, so suggestive of the many-moodedness of the man—the kindly humour

shining through all. For he would dash off the cleverest and most expressive caricatures, with a careless turn of the pen ; using this playful expedient to get rid of writing the formal subscription, just as though he had come under an obligation to do all that in him lay to defeat and mortify the race of autograph-collectors for all time to come. These letters make one feel how little of himself, after all, Dr. Macleod managed to convey into his books, owing to his other onerous duties. And, if his books bear in on us the conviction that he would have made an admirable soldier or sailor—would, in point of fact, have been in any sphere an influential leader of men—these letters attest that he would, with due training, have become a famous artist—in the line of Leech and Teniel, if not something more. A line or two and we have a portrait, which all who have ever seen the originals, could at once recognize—and these so innocent of all bitter feeling, so uniformly kindly ; a scratch or two and we have a landscape, or a bit of sea with a boat rolling in it, and our divine himself, broad-hatted, at the helm. Good as Dr. Donald Macleod's memoir of his brother is, a complete idea of Dr. Norman Macleod's fineness and healthy versatile breadth of nature can hardly be gained till his letters are collected and carefully edited. Such is our conviction, and we believe it will be shared by most of those who had the honour and the pleasure of being admitted to his intimacy. It would

be presumptuous in me remotely to forestall any such possibility as this; but one other short extract by way of sample may be allowed me, to give a taste of Dr. Macleod's epistolary humour. Thus he writes from Cuilchenna, Ouich, in Argyllshire, under date June 10, 1868, shortly after his return from India:—

“I am utterly unfit to write, as I get a violent nervous headache even in writing a few notes—if the subject makes me think or bothers me.”

And yet, with the ingenuity of friendliness, he goes on thus to write a racy letter:—

“The weather has been horrible—constant rain with hail and wind, which could not be equalled even in the Free Kirk or Irish Assembly! The storm has quite blown my brains out! Glencoe looks exactly like a huge pie covered with white paste. The hills are drunk with water minus the whisky. A bladder full of Indian air would revolutionize Lochaber, and invigorate the bare legs of its freezing inhabitants. I cannot believe that the sun which is here so diddled by Scotch mists is the same which within the last twenty-four hours has made the whole missionary body in India sweat, and given a *coup* to some fool who defied its beams! If the Lochaber sun was in the East, Parsee worship would not exist another season. Even Milton's devil would not curse his beams—for he has none to curse! No man can understand the genius of whisky or the

glory of toddy till he resides in Lochaber, nor would he then wonder at their being the household gods—the ‘*Dei minores*’ of every truly pious home. I believe I am ill because I dare not serve these true gods of the land!”

The next is a bit of humorous banter in reply to a criticism, pointing out a mixed metaphor in his “Boat-song,” which appeared some years ago in a Christmas number of *Good Words* :—

“‘The boat cannot love a widow!’ No; I would suggest the following notes to the song :—

“‘In calms around his darling  
Old Ocean flings his arms.’

“*Note.*—It must not be supposed that an inanimate thing like the Ocean loves! Then he has no arms to fling! This was water. It is nonsense to say that an old, respectable body (of water) like the Ocean would gaze on a boat sleeping! or even in her *stays*! This is all metaphorical. The love of the boat for the widow was not active. The boat was a dead thing.

“And don’t call it a Boat Song—people might suppose it was sung by the boat.”

The circumstances thus very inadequately suggested must be my excuse for attempting to give in this shape an outline of the main facts of his life, and a short characterization of the man.

Perhaps there are few men who have been more indebted to early influences than Norman Macleod was.



With that wonderful tenacity of impression, which enables minds of a certain type not only to recall the past vividly, but actually to live it o'er again with an added intensity of association that gives relief to every detail, and a deepened glow of colouring that transformed the most insignificant incident, it was lucky for him that his childhood and youth were passed amid scenes so congenial as were daily present to him at Campbeltown and Campsie, no less than at the Manse of Morven, where most of his youthful holidays were spent. He himself has given us, in his "Reminiscences of the Highland Parish," a signal proof of the intensity with which early impressions reproduced themselves in his imagination; for he has blended his own recollections with the records of "the Manse" in such a way as to touch "the Parish" with all the glamour of romance.

Indeed, when he confesses that "so mingled in my thoughts are my earlier and later days in 'the Parish,' that some incidents recorded here, as having belonged to the one, I find belong in reality to the other"—we have direct illustration of this trait, rather than mere confusion of facts and dates, on which he was usually clear enough; and the picture is assuredly all the more artistically perfect where it may be found in unessential matters to tend somewhat to commingle the facts. For still he can say:—

"No reminiscences of the outer world so haunt

my memory as those treasured up in 'the Parish'; and however frequently I have returned from beholding other and more famous scenes, this one has ever appeared like a first love, more beautiful than them all!"

If Norman Macleod had not been the child of gentle and healthy nurture, he would scarcely have been the broad-minded and genial man he was. How many bear with them through life the marks of premature struggle—the records of the embittering and narrowing influences of poverty and lack of early care. What we may blame as flaws, may be only scars that tingle afresh at the least breath of the east-wind. The prayer of the Psalmist, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," seems to have been offered up and answered in the case of Norman Macleod's progenitors, and with the best possible results on the youthful race, who from their early days had to put forth such efforts as made them regard themselves as not standing wholly apart from the working class; so that they became the fitting mediums of union between the richer and poorer grades—a function which they have now for three generations nobly fulfilled—whether at Morven, or at Campbeltown and Campsie, or at Loudoun, Dalkeith, and Glasgow.

Norman Macleod himself would have been the last to vaunt any superiority on grounds of descent; for the very manliness of tone—the frank honesty that could nevertheless, without appearance of condescension,

kindly accommodate itself to the sentiments and convictions of others—was exactly that which he had inherited from his forefathers. That “gentleman-farmer” in the Isle of Skye—his great-grandfather—of whom he speaks with such lingering regard, had, clearly enough, in no small measure many of the characteristics which we admire in his eminent great-grandson. The strict attention to family worship, the determination to educate his sons, and his kindly regard for those who served him, are suggestive of traits which were in his son wedded “to a wider culture,” without detriment to their healthy strength, and by him again handed down unimpaired. Old Macleod of Morven—the minister of the Highland Parish—who brought from Skye with him, and kept in his service till the end, that old Rory, the “minister’s man,” whose one eye “glowed with such intensity as led one to suppose it had caught all the light of the other;” who was instant in season and out of season in ministrations in his Parish, and who yet delighted to play on the fiddle and to set his children a-dancing in the evenings, certainly contributed not a little both to the serious and the sunshiny vein in Norman Macleod. Dr. Johnson—a man not in the habit of lavishing praises—said of the grandfather: “He was a minister whose elegance of conversation and strength of judgment would have made him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity.” It is pleasant to think of the old man

and the boy in their wanderings about “the Parish,” set in its varying girdle of lake and mountain and glen and seashore. “A rocky wall of wondrous beauty, the rampart of the old upraised beach which girdles Scotland, runs along the shore; the natural wild wood of ash, oak, and birch, with the hazel copse, clothes the lower hills and shelters the herds of wandering cattle; lovely sequestered bays are everywhere scooped out into beautiful harbours; points and promontories seem to grow out of the land, and huge dykes of whinstone fashion to themselves the most picturesque outlines; clear streams everywhere hasten on to the sea; small glens, perfect gems of beauty, open up entrances into deep dark pools, hemmed in by steep banks hanging with ivy, honeysuckle, rowan trees and ferns; while on the hillsides scattered cottages, small farms, and shepherds’ huts, the signs of culture and industry, give life to the whole scene. . . . I back the view from Borrodaile, the highest hill in the Parish, for extent and varied beauty, against any view in Europe. It is the Righi of Argyllshire; and, given only — what, alas! is not easily obtained — a good day, good with ‘gorgeous cloudland,’ good with lights and shadows, the bright blue of the northern sky (more intense than that of the Italian), mingling with the sombre dark of the northern hills, dark even when relieved in autumn by the glow of the purple heather—given all this—and I know not where to

find a more magnificent outlook over God's fair earth. . . . As we descend from the hill, the minister—how oft has he gone with me there!—tells us stories worth hearing, and as he alone can tell them, stories of a pastor's life, 'from perils of the wilderness, and perils of the waters, and perils of the sea;' stories of character, such as the lonely hills and misty moon alone can mould; and stories too of the early invaders of the land from Denmark and Norway, sea-kings, or pirates rather, whose names yet linger, where they fell in battle, as at *Corrie Borrodale*, *Corrie Lundie*, and *Eas Stangadale*."

It is evident, too, that the grandfather, with his "great strong stock of common sense," took care not to instil into the boy's mind any high-flown dreams of unusual eminence. The highest ambition he had for him was that he should prove a good parish minister, as his father and grandfather were;—Campbeltown, where his father was first settled, and where he was born in 1812, being, after all, little more than a country town, though it had even then become famous for a certain commodity, which is apt, with only too much justice, to be associated with Scotchmen in their more social moments.

The Manse of Campbeltown was not less homelike than that of Morven, though it had more frequenters. At certain seasons of the year when the ships returned home, it would be sufficiently stirring and busy; and at others, when the fishing was at its best, money would

pass about pretty freely. Hardly a place could be conceived more favourable for an observant boy to grow up in than the manse of such a place. For in Scotland the minister's people are kind to the poor without patronage, and helpful without condescension; as indeed would hardly be consistent with the centuries' old traditions which, in spite of patronage and the links between the Church and the land, has led the clergy to be in all practical matters the *friends* of the people, and to assert their rights against encroachment. It is with a *motif*, something more than dramatic, that Hugh Miller, in his "Recollections of Burns," makes the poet's father say that the one bad step the Scottish clergy had made in his time "had been from the head of the people to the tail of the gentry—which was the very worst place for them."

But the Macleods, whilst they were good Churchmen in maintaining the advantage of something more than the people's undirected votes in determining high matters of Church policy, were, like the mass of Highland ministers, Evangelicals in doctrine, and in the practice of faithful service to their flocks. The grandfather at Morven, true to the Celtic blood in his veins, was nothing less than a patriarch; the father at Campbeltown was as nearly so, as a town charge would permit him to be.

Campbeltown, whatever drawbacks it may have had,

had one advantage over those any large town could have possessed—it was not so far distant from Morven but that the lad could frequently visit “The Manse,” to enjoy change of air and to be sharpened up in the Gaelic tongue, which it was thought probable would be one of the vehicles through which he would have to exercise his craft as the minister of a “Highland parish.” He used, with this end in view, to be committed pretty much to the care of the shepherds. The boy would thus doubtless see a good deal of Highland character during these vacations spent in Morven; whilst Campbeltown would supply him with plenteous specimens of the “old salt”—men who had been with Nelson at the Nile and in Trafalgar, and were full of yarns quite of the sort to take the ear of an adventurous youngster. That he did meet with such, his stories in many ways bear witness—more especially “The Old Lieutenant and his Son.”

When he was between twelve and thirteen, his father was translated from Campbeltown to Campsie, a beautiful parish about eight miles from Glasgow. The father had ere this gained a considerable reputation as a preacher, no less than as a man of talk and humour; and perhaps the idea of being within a few miles of the more cultivated and intelligent society of Glasgow may have had a share in leading him to make the change. At all events, Campsie afforded many advantages in view of schooling for the lads, who were fast coming on

each other's heels. Here, accordingly, young Norman's education was assiduously pushed forward, though we do not hear much of school-boy precocity. At sixteen he entered the University of Glasgow, where he did not very specially distinguish himself, though he soon became a favourite both with professors and students.

Among his fellow-students at Glasgow were Archibald Tait, James Halley, and James Hamilton — all distinguished Grecians of their day. The two latter predeceased him, and the former, as every one knows, was Primate of the English Church. They had much pleasant student-like association—for at Glasgow in those days there obtained more social freedom among the students than there is now, when the numbers are considerably increased. And doubtless they all profited by it. Macleod, however, was not a student to show so well in class-rooms as either of his three contemporaries; his reading then, as indeed it was up to the end, was desultory, which may account for his not having been mentioned in the "Life of Hamilton" as the others are.

The proximity of his father's house at Campsie enabled him to spend a considerable portion of his leisure time among the hills and glens of that lovely locality, climbing the fells and facing the steepest slopes with supreme sense of enjoyment. His great popularity led him to be elected president of the "Tory Students'



Club ;” and it was in this capacity that he found his first opportunity for publicly distinguishing himself. On the occasion of the banquet given in Glasgow to Sir Robert Peel in 1830, it devolved upon him to return thanks for the students. To address with eloquence and ability a meeting comprising some of the most gifted and most distinguished men of the day, required such an amount of nerve and talent as is but rarely to be found among young men of two-and-twenty. But Norman Macleod was quite equal to the occasion. His auditors, who at first listened to him with kindly, forbearant, perhaps patronizing attention, soon became intensely interested in his address ; and he contrived so skilfully to retain their interest, that when he sat down he was greeted with long and unanimous cheers. Sir Robert Peel afterwards stated at the banquet that it was “one of the most eloquent speeches he had ever heard ;” and Mr. Gladstone, who was present, has signified his recollection of the affair through all these active intervening years.

Dr. Macleod also studied for a year under Dr. Chalmers at Edinburgh ; and he always heartily acknowledged that he had received from the famous leader of the Free Church the best and noblest impulses. It sufficiently indicates the proclivities of Dr. Macleod’s father that he should have sent him for a time to Edinburgh to study under Chalmers ; for already the division of the Church into two hostile camps was imminent, and Chalmers

was on the side of the Evangelicals and reformers and "spiritual independence." With Dr. Chalmers young Norman speedily became a favourite student. To Chalmers, in spite of the different sides on which they shortly after arrayed themselves, he always looked with peculiar affection and admiration. It could not but be that the two big manly hearts should find congenial topics. Before taking license, young Macleod visited Germany in the capacity of travelling tutor to a gentleman, where he could finish his theological studies and perfect himself in the language. There can be but little doubt that the pleasurable excitement felt by him in the new scenes in which he now mixed, did not a little to breed in him that love of travel by which he was afterwards characterized, no less than to infuse into him a vein of liberal sentiment, which grew stronger in him as he advanced in years.

On his returning home in the beginning of 1838, he at once set himself to procure license. While he was still a probationer, living under the roof of his father, who had been transferred from Campsie to St. Columba's, Glasgow, some short time before, he received a very notable companion in the person of John Mackintosh, whom he had become acquainted with at Chalmers's classes, and whose short but fruitful career he has so exquisitely described for us in "The Earnest Student." The freedom of life in Germany—into all the innocent

gaiety and rollic of which Norman Macleod could not fail to enter heartily—and the new views of Biblical criticism, which had even then begun to prevail on the Continent, and of which, doubtless, the young Scotchman would hear much, could not but produce their own effects on one so sympathetic and so open to social influences as he was. Nor could his association with Mackintosh, which, in spite of different views of Church politics, now grew into the closest intimacy, fail to be beneficial in the way of recommending evangelical views. Mackintosh was very young, but in him had been formed a very perfect Christian character. His letter written to his mother from Glasgow, in March, 1838, on his partaking, for the first time, of the Lord's Supper, is almost unique. Dr. Macleod says of this period:—

“Though not attending the same classes, I was then in the same university, and lived in the same house with him. His private and public life are vividly before me; and never certainly was a student more beloved as well as admired. With all the sobriety, thoughtfulness, and self-control of a man, he had the merry-heartedness, buoyancy, and unaffected playfulness of a child. His manner was habitually quiet and full of repose; his temper never ruffled; his spirits never greatly excited or depressed. No man had a keener appreciation of the ludicrous as well as of the grave side of things, and his mirth was as real when it was time to laugh, as

was his sorrow when it was time to weep. But the feature of his character which the friends of his early as well as of his later years will most associate with him, was the utter unselfishness of his disposition, and that atmosphere of gentle kindness to all around him, in which he constantly lived and which nothing ever disturbed. This love was manifested in everyday life, not merely by the total absence of all envy, detraction, hard speeches, and harsh judgments; but also in a sensitive consideration for the wishes of others, and a habitual watchfulness to please without ever being obtrusive. Is there a single friend of his who can hear his name mentioned without also remembering the countenance beaming with affection; the hearty grasp of the hand at meeting or parting; and the quickened pace and often warm embrace which marked the ending of long periods of separation? He was, even then, known as one of the most cheerful, humble-minded, sincere, and loveable of men."

Very soon after this, Dr. Macleod obtained license, and was speedily presented to the beautiful parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire. Here he was very active in pastoral work, delighting in the frankness and burly independent intelligence which he found among the Ayrshire peasantry. His one idea at this time was to be a country parson, and he went out and in among his people assiduously. The only outside matters that

occupied him much were the contests between the two parties in the Church, which now began to wax warm, and which finally issued in the Disruption; and those missionary enterprises for which he did so much, and which even at this time had awakened his enthusiasm. He began to speak on the side of the Church at meetings here and there, though with more moderation of tone than was used by some speakers; and he was ready to appear on platforms at missionary meetings. "His cracks about the Kirk," which, being full of his peculiar humour, caught the public mind, were written here, and, though anonymous, were soon traced to their author, and drew considerable attention to him; for besides the fun there was much shrewd insight in the tract, showing that the writer was one likely to rise high in the Church's councils. The first Assembly in which he sat was the memorable one of 1843, and he addressed that Assembly on the prospects of the Church with such eloquence as inspirited his brethren, and showed that real oratorical talent still remained in the Establishment.

The parish of Dalkeith became vacant in 1844, and Dr. Macleod was presented to it by the Duke of Buccleuch. The change from Loudoun to Dalkeith was felt by him in several ways. There is a story told—with what degree of truth we cannot say, though it is assuredly very characteristic and has a look of truth—to the effect that, when asked how he was liking his new parish,

he answered that he was wearied to hear a genuine No again! At the request of the Church he undertook a journey to Canada and the United States in 1847 to visits the adherents of the Church there; and of this visit he has left us record in those sketches of Canadian life that appeared in *Good Words*.

It was in 1849, whilst he was still minister of Dalkeith, that the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* was started, of which he became editor. It was intended to be too much of a Church magazine for ensuring a very wide circulation; and even the fine spirit and talent of the editor somehow seem constrained in it. For all that, however, we find here, amid dryish sermons and excerpts from new books, much that is characteristic and indeed the germ of one or two of his best books—notably “The Old Lieutenant and his Son,” and “The Home School,” an admirable manual, which deserves even wider popularity than it has received. He seems to have edited carefully, giving close attention to the magazine, which is wonderfully varied and readable considering its original plan.

At the close of the first volume we find him writing thus, in the third person, explaining his position as Editor, and his words have a certain reference to his whole literary activity:—“It was not without considerable hesitation that, in addition to the duties of a large parish, he undertook the editing of even a small publication and

of writing a few pages monthly for the press. In spite of many imperfections, both of thought and expression, which mark his own hurried compositions,—of which no reader can be more sensible than himself,—in spite of many defects as to plan and execution ;—the Editor is still sincerely thankful that he undertook this work.”

We have the best testimony that his parish work was first in his thoughts. He laboured with unceasing zeal, preaching some of his best sermons—which have appeared in his “Parish Papers” and other volumes—and endearing himself to his parishioners, who did not fail to testify their regard and affection for him when, in 1857, he made a final move to the Barony, Glasgow. It would seem that his own desire to hear a genuine No, and his endeavour to instil independence of character among his people, had not been without effect ; for it is said that on his telling one of his Dalkeith parishioners—an old woman—of his resolution to leave them, as he heard the voice of God in the call to Glasgow, she replied that she thought he “would not be so verra ready to answer the call if it wasna to a bigger stipend !”

His reputation as a preacher rapidly extended after he was settled in Glasgow, and week by week large congregations flocked to hear him. The Barony was a place to be visited by strangers in Glasgow, or one of the most notable sights was missed by them, on account of its eminent minister disputing the place of precedence

with St. Mungo's Cathedral and its many historical associations.

Not long after his transference to Glasgow, he was appointed one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland. The Queen herself has made memorable record of one of his earliest sermons at Balmoral, in 1854, when she writes thus in her diary:—"We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable—so simple and so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night, St. John, chapter 3. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat; as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widows, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted, and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders, *all* were quite delighted."

At this time, notwithstanding his extended parochial duties, and his editorial and other work, Dr. Macleod



became more and more interested in foreign missions, and would take tours through the country to speak on their behalf. As a result, he was in 1852, on the death of Dr. Craik, appointed Convener of the Indian Mission Committee, and year by year spoke in the Assembly on such matters with an enthusiasm and an eloquence which clearly showed that however liberal and inclusive in his sympathies, he was a true Evangelical in his passion for Christian work.

In 1852, shortly after his settling in Glasgow, he married Miss Mackintosh, of Geddes, the sister of that John Macintosh whom, as we have seen, he so lovingly commemorated in "The Earnest Student"—and this union proved every way a blissful and happy one.

The Barony Parish is a very large one, and, on investigation, it was soon found that a great number of people in it were utterly un-churchgoing. No man ever set about a great and neglected work with more of heart and energy than did Dr. Macleod in his reformation of his parish. He preached three times every Sunday, giving to his working men no mere hash-up of the former sermons, but generally a new discourse full of power and awakening thought. He built no less than five schools, which cost some £8,000 or £9,000; and three mission churches, on which his congregation spent about £11,000. It was felt that many persons who had lapsed into irregular habits were prevented from

attending church by the circumstance of their not possessing Sunday clothing, and that the first step towards their réclamation might be to get them to come to public worship in such attire as they possessed. With this view, the church in the Parliamentary Road was first opened. Men and women in their working-day clothes were made welcome to attend; and in this way an influence for good was exercised over many who would otherwise have remained outside the sphere of Gospel preaching. Other two churches of the same sort followed; mission work being carried out by Dr. Macleod in such a way as justifies the remark that the mantle of his great master, Chalmers, had fallen on him. As an acknowledgment of his services in connection with these home-mission efforts, Dr. Macleod was, a few years before his death, presented with his portrait at a very interesting meeting of working men. From these churches the well-dressed were excluded; and it is told how that people of the better class would sometimes mount a "doubtful rig" to hear Dr. Macleod addressing his out-at-elbow audience, where, it is said, he was often far happier than anywhere else. He was the first to introduce Penny Banks and refreshment-rooms for the poor in Glasgow. And it is another very magnificent mark of the trusted and affectionate attitude in which he stood towards the working classes that, whilst he had more influence with them than any other minister in Glasgow,

he was yet hardly ever spoken of among them by any more formal title than the familiar one of Norman !

His valuable tract, "How best to help our Deserving Poor," which shows how deeply the ideas of Chalmers had entered into his mind, and how deeply he had thought on all these subjects, was written about this time.

In 1858 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow.

The varied labours in which Dr. Macleod now found leisure to engage might well surprise all who knew him. There can be no doubt that he overwrought himself in these first years of the Barony Parish, and that indeed he did so up till the very end—the fact only being hidden by the very remarkable good-nature and geniality with which he went through all his duties. "A merry heart goes all the day, but a sad tires in a mile-a," may seem a too secular proverb to quote in such a connection ; but had it not been for the merry heart, Dr. Macleod could never have gone through his labours. His parochial work itself would have been sufficient for any ordinary man.

In 1859 the *Christian Magazine*—which had lasted for ten years—was dropped, and for nearly a year Dr. Macleod edited the *Christian Quest* for Mr. Strahan ; so that that gentleman could hardly be correct in giving it to be understood, as he did in the *Contemporary Review* for July, 1872, that Dr. Macleod was unknown to him,

or that he was unknown to Dr. Macleod, till the period when *Good Words* was projected. But this is no doubt a lapse of memory. The starting of *Good Words*, however, was one of the great events in Dr. Macleod's career. From the first he clearly saw the great possibility for good \*that lay in the plan, and wrought assiduously to bring together the fitting contributors—his vast influence, which the marked favour of the Queen had done so much to extend, giving him ready access to such writers as but few magazine editors could reach. Mr. Strahan, in his remarkable sketch, has given several very interesting facts in connection with the starting of *Good Words*, and its editorial conduct generally. He writes :—"*Good Words* did not please him as a title when I first suggested it to him. His religion was of a robust type, and he thought it sounded too 'goody-goody.' However, I hunted up the 'worth much and cost little' motto from Herbert, and Dr. Macleod consented to take the command of my venture when launched and christened as *Good Words*."

"His agreement with me was characteristic—to wit, that there was to be no agreement; I was to pay him much or little, according to my estimate of what the magazine could afford. Such verbal agreements, as a rule, prove unsatisfactory to both parties; but we had no more definite agreement down to the end, and yet no question ever arose as to *meum* and *tuum*, nor did any

cloud, even of the size of a man's hand, appear to darken our horizon.

“It so happened that Part I. of *Good Words* was published on the same day as Part I. of the *Cornhill Magazine*. The latter sprung into fame and popularity at once, the former had an uphill battle to fight for a year or two. Yet, when Dr. Macleod went to India in 1867, he wrote thus to me:—‘Go where I will, I am received with open arms. *Good Words* is everywhere, and is a magical open sesame for me.’

“The rancorous opposition *Good Words* had to struggle against—perhaps, though, ‘rancorous’ is rather too strong an adjective, since sometimes ‘things are not what they seem,’ and, as Carlyle says, even cant may be sincere — the opposition, then, *Good Words* had to breast and buffet before we fought it up to the first place in point of circulation among monthly magazines—all that is an old story, and I have no wish to revive unpleasant by-gones. The fable of the Viper and the File might be alluded to, were it not that I do not believe that the bulk of the assailants of *Good Words* were really venomous; and, though Dr. Macleod could give and take as well as any man, a hard rasping file is the last thing any one who knew him would think of likening him to. He had Celtic fire, Celtic sarcastic wit, in his composition, but also too much Celtic love of the liking of others, to suffer him to lapse into passive cynicism. . . .

“How anxious Dr. Macleod was to make *Good Words* answer to its title in the strictest sense is not, perhaps, sufficiently well known. One of the most distinguished novelists of the day, a personal friend of his own, was engaged to write a story for it. When Dr. Macleod received the MS. and read it over, he wished it to be returned to the writer, because a clergyman was in his opinion unfairly satirized in it; and this was done accordingly, although it involved a loss to the magazine of £500. Again, when our common friend, Mr. George MacDonald, was about to write “Guild Court,” Dr. Macleod was very anxious that no ‘heterodox’ views on the subject of future punishment should be introduced into it. For hours the two discussed the matter in the publishing office with friendliest warmth. At last in tripped a little girl, and by her simple wise prattle, not only put an end to the controversy, but actually became the model for the most interesting character of the story. Before his death Dr. Macleod had adopted Mr. Maurice’s stand-point on this question, as he emphatically made manifest in the last sermon I heard him preach at Balmoral.”

And Mr. Strahan adds the following as to his preaching and his books generally:—“I have heard him preach scores of times, and cannot call to mind one sermon of his that was dull. Many preachers soar now and then in their discourses, and then come down with painfully

flapping wings ; but when Norman Macleod went up, he kept up with a strong, steady flight that never flagged. I have often heard him preach under exceptional circumstances — in Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Athens, Alexandria, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Damascus,—but the most striking of these exceptional services were when he preached on board a Peninsular and Oriental steamer in the Mediterranean to a congregation of fore-castle-men—the shaggy-breasted tars all crying like children ; and again, when, on the banks of the Caledonian Canal, he addressed the crews of half-a-hundred fishing boats. I have said ‘preached,’ but in neither case was it a set sermon—simply friendly talk made eloquent by its earnestness.

“Dr. Macleod liked to see a *man*, and had a warm place in his heart for soldiers and sailors. He would sing his own war-song, ‘Dost thou remember!’ to a company of old soldiers ; and ‘The Old Lieutenant and His Son’ and ‘Billy Buttons’ show how sympathetically he could linn old salts.

“‘Wee Davie’ was his own favourite among his works. It was rattled off at a sitting. But he thought very little of his writings, and full of shrewd observation, lively description, and good humour, in two senses, as they are, there can be no doubt that Norman Macleod was infinitely greater in his life than in his books. The last thing of his that he saw published was a sermon

preached before the Queen, on Christ blessing little children ; it was printed in the June part of *Good Words*. His children will remember that coincidence, for a fonder father there never was, as all will admit who were privileged to see him surrounded by his little ones, telling them his wonderful 'once-upon-a-time' stories by the hour together."

Dr. Macleod himself, in the letter addressed to an Edinburgh professor, indicates with remarkable clearness the elements which he recognized as combining to fit him, in some especial manner, for editing a periodical like *Good Words*. He says:—"I was aware that my attempt involved the bold experiment of revolutionizing to some extent popular religious literature, by placing it on a wider, truer, and therefore more lasting basis than it had before occupied : but the attempt was one which, in my humble opinion, was every day more imperatively demanded from Christian men, in the right discharge of their duties, with reference to the present condition of society. I believed, that if our cheap religious publications were to exercise real influence upon our intelligent mechanics, much more upon that immense mass which occupies the middle ground between the extreme 'Evangelical' party on the one side, and the indifferent and sceptical on the other, they required to be made—within, of course, certain limits—much wider, manlier, and more *human*—*i.e.*, more really Christian in their



sympathies than they had been. With these convictions soberly formed, I resolved to make the experiment and to face all its difficulties. I frankly tell you, for I have nothing to conceal, that my purpose was to combine as far as possible in *Good Words* all those elements which have made what are called 'secular' periodicals attractive, whether in good fiction, wholesome general literature, or genuine science,—to have these subjects *treated in a right and therefore religious spirit*, and to add what are called 'religious articles,' containing a full and uncompromising declaration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in every number. I hoped that a journal so conducted would find its way into sections of society where other periodicals more exclusively 'religious' had not penetrated. The attempt has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have no cause whatever to regret it, but every reason to be deeply thankful for it.

"It was essential, of course, that I should obtain writers capable of carrying out my idea—the fittest men, in short, to write on the most fitting subjects. Now I had the good fortune of being personally acquainted with writers who were known in the literary and scientific world, and who would therefore *command* readers. I number among my friends, for example, such men as Trollope, Stanley, and Kingsley. The two latter are associated with me as chaplains to the Queen. I mention their names again merely because you and others

specify them as being the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of *Good Words*. I asked, and most kindly obtained, their services, and am grateful to them. My rule, you see, has been to get the best men in every church and party to write for me articles on such subjects as they were specially qualified to treat, and such as all could read with interest and profit. This rule is limited by one principle only, which has ever guided me, and that is, never to accept the contributions of any writer, male or female, however talented, who is known to be anti-Christian in creed or life. No one whom I could not receive, so far as character is concerned, into my family, has ever been permitted to write in the pages of *Good Words*. Nay more, *what* they write must be in harmony with the essentials of the Christian faith. Short of this, I hold that he who is not *against* Christ is *for* Him—for Him more especially when the author, whoever he be, is willing to write side by side with men who preach the Gospel out-and-out. And, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying to you, that I believe every person who has written in *Good Words* publicly *professes* his faith in Jesus Christ, and maintains a character not inconsistent with that profession. With my convictions, it would be narrow, shortsighted, and most unrighteous to reject good articles solely on the ground that the writer has in some other publication expressed views with which I myself

could not agree. Hence I received and published an admirable sermon preached from a Roman Catholic pulpit, while no man living has less sympathy than I have with the peculiar doctrines and practices of Romanism. Thus too, while I differ from many of the theological views of Kingsley and Stanley, I ask with surprise are such men *never* to write, no matter on what subject, an article for *Good Words*—the one not even on natural history, nor the other on Palestine?

“As to the fear you express of persons being thus induced to read Kingsley or Stanley, surely most people who read general literature are already acquainted with their works. Yet I begin to think that their writings are condemned by many who have never studied them. I am not aware of anything they have ever written which should necessitate their being excommunicated from the pages of Christian periodical literature. Anyway, I have little faith in the Index Expurgatorius system being either wise or efficient as respects people of ordinary education and intelligence. For once that it makes a young man pious, in a hundred cases it makes them either ignorant, false, or sceptical.

“With every desire, then, to please the weaker brethren, much more the stronger, from whom I may unfortunately differ, I cannot consent to fashion *Good Words* after their model. I may, and probably must, alas! sacrifice the good opinion of many good

men, which I earnestly covet—for the older I get, the greater pain does it give me to lose the sympathy of any honest man. They may in their hearts forbid me because I follow not with them; but I cannot, and will not, sacrifice to my own ease of mind, or to the wishes of even excellent men, what appears to me to be the interests of a higher, better, and truer Christian literature than has yet been produced by those who have different ideas as to the manner in which it should be conducted; and who, though they have had the field to themselves for years, and every possible advantage for working out the experiment in their own way, have failed, I think, to produce a literature which operates to any extent beyond the Church. To every periodical, such as the *Family Treasury*, *Christian Treasury*, *Sunday at Home*, or *Sunday Magazine*, I say, with all my heart, ‘God speed!’ for they are doing a genuine work within the Church which is full of blessing. But why may I not be permitted, not only without envy, jealousy, fear, or molestation, but cheered and encouraged by the good wishes and prayers of all Christian men, to do a work more especially beyond it? It seems to me as if, from my previous education in life—my knowledge of the world, my large acquaintance with men, my freedom from the influence of *cliques* and church parties, my ten years’ experience in conducting the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* (which never, by the way, paid),

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and from my vivid sense of the wants of the time—that God has given me this special work to do. I never asked for *Good Words*; but when the Editorship was offered to me these were the conditions on which I accepted it. The first year it was not a success, but since then it has become one, and that too with no church, party, or committee to back its editor or publisher. I repeat, therefore, that I see no reason whatever for altering, but many reasons for holding by, though ever and anon modifying in their application, the general principles on which it has hitherto been conducted.”

Dr. Macleod, though he was ever ready to speak his “honest thought,” was yet too sensible to precipitate difference and profitless discussions by giving way to rash statements. He was too intent on the practical work of life to care much for reputation as a debater, or to wish to figure in the Church-Courts. Some people have therefore taken occasion to say that he was no statesman, and that as a *Churchman* he had but slight influence. This we regard as a very mistaken view. He had such influence in the Church-Courts as can only proceed from judgment at once broad and sound, and from fine sympathy, what he himself has exquisitely called “the finest tact of considerate love.” As confirmatory of this view, nothing could be more expressive than the following characteristic passage in which he

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justified himself against one of the members of his Presbytery for having said that he had “dragged” the subject of the Sunday Question before the Court :—

“I regret very much, indeed, a word that escaped my respected brother, in his introductory speech—he, I dare say, from his goodness, not attaching so much weight to it as I do—when he spoke of dragging this subject before the Court. He did not know me, or did not think, perhaps, at the moment, or he would not have spoken thus. During the eight-and-twenty years I have had the honour and privilege—an honour and privilege for which I am every day more thankful to God, and never more thankful than at this moment, when I feel the freedom with which I can address my brethren, though in a minority—I say during the eight-and-twenty years I have had the honour of being a minister of the Church of Scotland, I do not think I ever brought forward before a Church-Court anything controversial, or that could possibly divide them. I have brought forward many practical questions,—not speculative ones, or questions of no practical value. You know this is true. But when others have introduced questions of a different kind, I may have had the unhappiness of opposing them. I would have you remember the peculiar circumstances in which the present distracting question has been ‘dragged’ by me before you. I have made it a rule never to discuss questions of doctrine in

public meetings. I do not blame brethren for doing so in the City Hall, or anywhere else, if such be their judgment. There are two places only where I have done so,—from the pulpit and in Church-Courts. I have always preached to my own people that which I solemnly believed at the time, willing rather, in six weeks afterwards, if necessary, to confess from the pulpit that I was wrong, and mistaken in what I had said, than to be untrue at the time; and ever resolved that I should never be in that pulpit, for any consideration under heaven, as a mere telegraphic wire, to communicate that in which I did not myself believe, and with which I did not sympathize. The other place in which I have spoken, when called upon to do so, in questions of doctrine, has been in the Church-Courts; and there, with whatever pain I have differed from brethren, I have always stated the opinions which I honestly held. Well, in what circumstances am I placed here? For years I have preached to my people, not your view of the Lord's-day, but another—one not based on the Sabbath law of the Decalogue, as to the origin; but based on the necessities of Christian worship, and the authority of Christ and His apostles. I came here to hear this Pastoral. Had there been nothing in it contradictory to my own convictions, or to the teaching I have given from the pulpit, I should never have said a word on the subject. But I was placed in

this position : either not to read your Pastoral,—which would, in my opinion, have been highly disrespectful to the Presbytery,—or to read that Pastoral ministerially, and say, ‘I read these things, but I do not believe in some of them ;’—or, as my only other alternative, to come and state to the Presbytery frankly why I did not assent to these points, or acquiesce in them ; and then, with that explanation, to request the Presbytery to let me be free to express my dissent from these points. These were the circumstances, sir, in which I brought forward this question the last day that we met here. Nay, further, I beg you to remember—and I do think you will give me credit for it—that though quite ready then to have addressed you, I moved an adjournment, as most of our members had gone to hear Mr. Gladstone, and I thought the question too important to be discussed at a thin meeting, and when those best acquainted with it were either not present, or not prepared to oppose me with all the might of their knowledge and convictions. The elaborate and eloquent orations we have been privileged to listen to to-day, prove how much you have gained by delay, though they add to my personal difficulties while arguing against them. Such conduct on my part, I submit, was not ‘dragging’ the question before the Court, as if I were actuated by vanity, inconsiderate rashness, or selfish ambition.”

Thus, even when Dr. Macleod did take up the atti-



tude of the debater, it was always felt how much more than a debater he was—with what wise instinct he chose positions which the after determinations of public opinion amply ratified, however much opposition was offered to his views at the moment. This is especially true of his whole procedure on the Sunday question, which was chiefly dictated by a desire that the Christian Sabbath should be profitably *enjoyed* by the hard-worked thousands on thousands of our large cities, instead of being made repulsive as a too harsh religionism was inclined to make it. His great point was that the strict legal observance of the Sabbath was done away with at the advent of Christianity; and that if you take a portion of the Mosaic observance to be either sensible or consistent, you must take the whole. With a few simple touches he showed how strict Mosaic observance of the Sabbath was now simply impossible, and that the attempt in midst of modern circumstances was a theory that could easily be proved an absurdity. The Sabbath to the Christian could only be sanctified by holiness—by living in the spirit of the Lord; and where the spirit of the Lord is there is *liberty*. The law of Moses was of local obligation; but so far as it covered moral elements it was eternal. It was the form and prophecy of better things to come. And it was in the spirit of thorough reverence for the Bible that Dr. Macleod spoke. He wished to see Christ brought forward,

if Moses was to be somewhat drawn into the background His attitude was at the moment much misunderstood, but time has tempered his arguments and made them more and more efficient. A broad, generous Christian tone pervades the whole, and a strong impulse to practical Christian effort gives elevation even where he is most humorous and inclined to make use of banter.

It will be far from unnatural or out of place to say here that, notwithstanding his happy temperament for bearing trials, he had often much to suffer from the narrow and inveterate dogmatism which then so pervaded the atmosphere of Scottish religious life. An anecdote from the lips of a great English divine will serve to show how firm opinions may be, where knowledge is very deficient, in spite of the Scottish reputation for knowledge :—

“It could not but be that, in a land and nation like that beyond the Tweed, he should, with those bold and free utterances, find himself from time to time confronted in one of the reports which darkens the northern ecclesiastical hemisphere. One of those was provoked by the antagonism which he could not conceal to the strict Sabbatarianism—the chief traditional dogma of Scottish religion. In this struggle he passed through all the usual phases of attack and defence, and blind misunderstanding and blinder

obloquy. We ourselves remember how, when the stir which he had raised concerning the interpretation of the Decalogue was at its height, we encountered a respectable Glaswegian in a northern railway, who, whilst rendering the highest testimony to Dr. Macleod's character as a man and a pastor, deeply regretted that he should have so acted in the matter of the *Doxology*. It was not a wider misconstruction than has often been made in theological strife, but it indicated the extent of the contest."

But his mode of dealing with opponents, when "battle" *was* forced upon him, was high-hearted, genial, full of generous allowance, yet manly, firm, and always self-respecting. These qualities served often to conciliate opponents when scarce aught else could have sufficed. This was notably illustrated in the Sabbath debate. His arguments, though sharpened and polished by rare wit and humour, were never malicious or personally bitter; so that his keenest opponents were compelled to acknowledge the generosity and ability with which he had defended his side of the question. His chief opponent, Dr. Jamieson, indeed, was in later years one of his best friends, presiding at a banquet given to him at Glasgow prior to his departure for India, in 1868, and preaching one of the ablest of the many funeral sermons on the first Sunday after his death.

And this leads us to say a few words of that voyage which he undertook to the distant East as a deputation to the Mission field. It was a very bold and risky thing for a man of his type, and at his age, to go to India at all. But, notwithstanding that the tour must have tried his energies severely, who could have done the work that he did, with such quiet orderliness and complete survey of the whole field of perplexing detail. In the great speech which he delivered to the General Assembly on his return home, he seemed to have caught the very spirit of Hinduism, and by finding its good points, found also the almost invisible crevice at which the thin end of the wedge of Christian truth might best be introduced. That speech is one of the most masterly efforts of its kind. The survey is so comprehensive; the topics are so well arranged, the facts are so completely and clearly stated, and the available lines on which it is possible to work effectively are so decisively exhibited and with such large-hearted sympathy. He declared his conviction that the Church was right in promoting general education in India, and recommended that the existing schools should be strengthened, and preachers set apart for dealing with the educated natives. In this way he contended, though they might not for the time pick a brick here and there from the wall of Hinduism, they should

in the long run undermine the wall and bring it down all of a heap. The only thing that can be named along with this remarkable effort, is Dr. Duff's first great speech in Canonmills Hall. And not only so; but Dr. Macleod in his "Peeps at the Far East" showed himself the true traveller; decisively proving how wide and genial sympathies can aid the spread of gospel truth. He has perhaps done as much as any man to bring India near to us at home—to make us feel how close a claim Hindustan has upon us. He himself found everything interesting, and he has also made it interesting to the reader. That wonderful faculty of noting things without effort, of catching whole scenes as it were with the tail of the eye, and of reproducing them afterwards, vivid and fresh, as when first seen, is quite a special gift, and it stood Dr. Macleod in good stead. It implies rare calmness of temper, yet fine nerves; sharpness of observation and comparison, yet ready fancy and imagination. Moreover, there is bound up in it a certain capability of withdrawing wholly from the influence of what is most dominant and customary. Dr. Macleod in these "Peeps at the Far-East" illustrated the power in quite a wonderful way. The strangeness of India does not discompose him; he takes things as they come, and contrives to enjoy them in a way; and he finds everywhere far more to awaken feelings of brother-

hood than to stimulate any sort of repulsion or dislike. The attractiveness of the book lies in this; for, though we have read a good deal about India, we have seldom had a picture of it that so unpretentiously set forward the most interesting because most human features. Dr. Macleod never proceeds in the cataloguing style. He seizes what is special, characteristic, picturesque. Sometimes we fancy his social feeling leads him even to exaggerate the good points in those he meets; but surely this is a fault that leans to virtue's side.

Mere "Peeps" as they professedly are, the English reader who is ignorant of India will get more information out of them than he might get out of many pretentious tomes. Dr. Macleod knows how to lighten up facts and figures with apt anecdote and illustration. Specially can he bring the character of scenery before the eye by an illustrative sentence which takes fast hold of the imagination. In the case of the mission schools, Dr. Macleod does not spare us figures; but how much is proved by such a passage as the following:—

"The pupils range from the merest children to young men, some of whom are married, and all are singularly pleasing in appearance; uniformly clean, with white dresses, stately turbans, beautiful shining teeth, brilliant full-orbed eyes, and finely-cut features, and a look of general intelligence that whets one's appetite to come

into intellectual contact with them. But in the girls' school it is quite otherwise. These more resemble our infant-schools. Some of the girls are like nice India-rubber balls; others are brides, affianced at an early age. One subdued-looking creature whom I saw in Dr. Wilson's school was covered with all sorts of chains and jewels, from the nose to the toes, and with ringlets on wrist and ankle. The whole of the family jewel-box, which had been secured from Pindaries, Mahrattas, and Dacoits, seemed to have been hung round this quiet, pleasant-looking child. Yet there is a singular want of life, vivacity, or fun about them all, boys and girls alike; and they appeared to be always in a state of physical subduedness from the heat. One saw nowhere any signs of that exuberance of life and spirit which is exhibited in the sports and frolics of a northern playground. Although, of course, anticipated by us, yet I confess it was strange to hear these boys speak English and converse as they did about home books and places of interest. My friend happened to ask a young boy (I forget in what school)—

“‘Do you ever read poetry?’”

“‘Oh yes, sir,’ was the reply.

“‘What poetry?’”

“‘Milton, Scott, and such like.’

“‘Which of Scott's poems have you read?’”

“‘‘The Lady of the Lake,’ and others.’”

“ ‘What Lake?’ ”

“ ‘Lake Katrine, of course,’ was the reply.

“ ‘Was I indeed in a school of Hindus?’ ”

Dr. Macleod tells how his friend and erewhile companion, Dr. Watson, remarked that “the clergy, like sherry, get mellowed by “a voyage round the Cape.” Dr. Macleod, as we all know, scarcely needed to undergo a voyage round the Cape for access of mellowness; but it is clear that his Indian tour gave him many new things to think of, and shed new light on life and religion in many respects.

He had the prime faculty of the true traveller—a buoyant, almost boyish openness to new impressions, and a rare patience and foresight, as the following anecdote will indicate:—

“I remember well,” writes Dr. Walter Smith, “with what glee he prepared for his visit to Palestine, from which he hoped much, and, unlike most pilgrims thither, was not disappointed. I met him one day just before he started. ‘Come along,’ he said, ‘I want to buy a lot of squibs and rockets and Roman candles. They say I must take pistols and a revolver. But that’s nonsense, you know. So, if these beggars of Arabs want to kill me, I mean to let off my fireworks, and they’ll swear I’m the biggest magic-man since Solomon.’ I forget what came of the fireworks; but he was as gleesome as a boy at the idea of walking in perfect



peace with a rocket for a staff, while his companion was miserably fingering at a revolver.”

In 1869, on the death of Dr. Muir, of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, he was designated a Dean of the Chapel Royal and Chaplain of the Order of the Thistle, it is understood at the special request of Her Majesty; and the same year, chiefly in consideration of his great efforts on behalf of India, his Church did him the greatest honour it can confer, by electing him to the chair of Moderator of the General Assembly. Although he was never quite the same man after his return from India, yet he did some remarkable pieces of work; and certainly not the least remarkable of them is the address which he delivered at the close of the Assembly of 1869, in which he treated all the great questions both of more limited and more general ecclesiastical significance. Every one who reads that address candidly, must confess that Dr. Macleod was ready enough to speak decidedly on difficult questions when he was called to do so, though exceeding moderation and a determination not to complicate matters by harsh judgment are quite as noteworthy here as is the broad intellectual grasp. Perhaps one of the wisest deliverances which has yet been given on the vexed question of “subscription” is to be found here. Along with the liberal spirit that would not press harshly on any honest mind, there is much more of regard for the

Church's solidarity and the solvent that may be found in active Christian enterprise than we find in many deliverances on the same subject:—

“It is possible that in the minds of some, the vexed question of *creeds and confessions* may present itself, with other questions suggested by the supposed results of modern criticism, as if these must necessarily paralyze the preacher, narrow the sphere of his earnest convictions, and prevent that full assurance of faith in the teaching of Christ, which I have recognized as being essential to the real power of the preacher. For certainly, if a man has no such Christian convictions as inspire him with a sincere desire to make others share them; if he is not sufficiently sure of the ground on which he stands in the pulpit, to feel strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; and if he has no faith in the power and presence of the Holy Spirit;—then he cannot preach the Gospel, and the wonder is that he should ever attempt to do so—whatever else he may do, or whatever else he may be in God's sight. And yet every candid man admits, and the thoughtful and earnest man most of all, the difficulty of the question regarding creeds in general, and of our own Confession of Faith in particular. Indeed, in this case, as in many others, it is far easier to state difficulties than to solve them. But even to realize difficulties is itself a benefit, and is helpful at least to our humility and charity. The diffi-

culty, in this case, consists in adjusting the belief of the Christian society, as a whole, with that of its individual members—of including all that is truly catholic, and as such worth preserving, while excluding whatever is anti-catholic and anti-scriptural, and as such not worth receiving.

“For myself, I confess that I do not see how the Church of Christ, or any section of it, as a society professedly founded on the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, and having a history since the day of Pentecost, can exist without a creed, expressed and administered in some form or other. As far as I know, the Church has always had some test for the doctrinal beliefs of its teachers and members, or their beliefs in those historic facts of the New Testament which constitute the basis of objective Christianity. Moreover, the theory held by us as an Established Church implies that the State ought to know what are the doctrines professed by the Church which it proposes to establish. Hence those doctrines, when mutually agreed upon, become the law at once of the Church and of the State. Our own Confession is thus a part of the law of the land; and so long as the Established Church exists, it cannot be changed by the Church without the consent of the State, nor by the State without the consent of the Church. In either case the compact is virtually dissolved. The longer and more rigid *formula* which is now signed by office-bearers, in

so far as a part of it is a mere Church enactment, may no doubt be altered or made less stringent, as I think it ought to be ; but not so that part of it which forms a portion of our statute law, in Act 1590.

“What, therefore, in these circumstances can be done by our National Church? Shall we, for example, compel every minister, under pain of dismissal, or of his incurring charges of dishonesty, to accept every statement, every alleged fact, every argument for doctrine, and deduction from doctrine, and proof of doctrine to be found in the Confession? Is this what the Church really means before God when it uses the formula? and do we practically make no distinction between those things on which Christians, the most learned and the most holy, may and do differ in all Evangelical Churches, and those doctrines on which, as a whole, all are at one? Possibly we may obtain honest agreement in minute details, but I fear it will be only on the part of the very few or the very ignorant, thus necessarily creating the dead unity of a churchyard, rather than the living unity of a Church, and fostering a faith like that of Romanists, which rests practically upon mere church authority. It appears to me that the quantity or quality of any Confession to those who thus receive it, is of no more importance than the quantity or quality of food is to a man who only carries it, but does not eat it. But on the other hand, is it possible, without running still greater

risks, for a Church to give official permission to any office-bearer to make this distinction between essentials and non-essentials? Then where is the line to be drawn? and what value would there be in this case in any Confession at all? Might not the most dangerous and anti-Christian opinions be preached in our pulpits, and the result be, that to include sceptics, we practically excluded true believers? It is much easier for some to sneer at creeds altogether, and for others to raise a cry of horror, as if God's Word were attacked, when a doubt regarding them is expressed, than for both parties to carry the burden of fair and candid men, seriously considering the difficulty, and suggesting such a solution of it as may satisfy our sense of truth in regard to ourselves, and our sense of justice and charity towards others.

“And now let me ask with unfeigned humility, and with a full sense of the difficulties which I have indicated, whether a *practical* solution, if not a logical one, may not on the one hand be found in common sense and spiritual tact and Christian honour on the part of those who, with doubts and difficulties, desire to enter or to remain in the Church, and that from no selfish motive; and, on the other hand, by the exercise of those same gifts and graces towards such individuals on the part of the Church? The minister can thus easily determine for himself how far he honestly agrees with the teaching and doctrine of the Church, or cordially accepts it as

that which has been recognized as constituting the essentials of Christianity by the whole Catholic Church from the days of the Apostles : while the Church, retaining her power to exercise discipline in every case of departure from the Confession, may also exercise due caution, charity, and forbearance, in practical application to individual cases. The Church would thus deal with each case on its own merits or demerits, and—must I not add, to save our position as a Christian and Protestant Church?—with the right of an ultimate appeal to Scripture, let the risks of so doing be what they may, whether to the individual or to the Establishment.

“Such suggestions as these may, and no doubt will, be regarded as favouring unsatisfactory compromises ; but in dealing with any intricate and complex structure, and seeking to make all its parts work smoothly, we must not thrust an iron hand into its fine and delicate fibres, nor push too far any one theory of disease and cure regarding it. In such a case the best physician is the man of most common sense, who seeks by simple remedies to improve its general health, and leaves in the meantime minor pains and morbid symptoms alone.

“Now in regard to the supposed *results of modern criticism* as affecting the duty of preaching, one thing is clear. Christians, of all men, should cherish the profoundest reverence for fact and truth wherever found, and that apart from all the real or supposed consequences

affecting themselves. We cannot but *wish* certain conclusions to be true, but we ought not to *judge* them to be true except on sufficient evidence. We all remember the famous words of Bacon—‘Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man’s mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the pivot of truth.’ And who can enjoy this heaven as Christians can? We all remember, too, that solemnly-touching scene, the death of Socrates—the God-fearing Socrates, as I may call him—recorded in the ‘Phædo,’ when he begs his friends to prefer the truth even to the hope of immortality, which he himself then cherished more than ever. ‘Think little,’ he said, ‘about Socrates, but a great deal about truth.’ Shall *we* have less faith in truth for its own sake? To possess a new truth is to share more abundantly of the intellectual or spiritual richness of God ; and to see that as false which we before looked upon as true is to agree more fully with Him. Why should we, of all men, fear truth, as if it could destroy our previous convictions? If these convictions are false, how thankful should we be to be delivered from them! If they are true, why fear their destruction? As regards Christian truth, it is surely involved in the idea of it, that Jesus can be known as no other person can ; that what God has revealed is such that our spirit and conscience can see it as light and possess it as life, with such certainty as not to be shaken by the authority

even of an angel from heaven! I do not say that all this can convince others, any more than blind men can necessarily be convinced of the excellence of light by the assertions of those who see it. But we ourselves may be so convinced, not so much by any intellectual process, as by a moral one, may so possess divine truth, or rather be so possessed by it, as to enjoy 'the pleasure of standing on that vantage-ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling of pride.' Thus, perhaps, the best way for us in the meantime to deal with such difficulties, is to be found chiefly in a deepening of our faith in whatever divine truth we *know*, and in so acting it out in an earnest Christian life that by God's Word and Spirit we may know more and more.

"Surely no minister now hearing me ever found himself fettered in proclaiming to his congregation the whole counsel of God as revealed in Scripture? We may be fettered by our own evil hearts, by indulging a spirit of doubt and unbelief, as though this were more reasonable than a spirit of faith, and by an idolatrous admiration of intellectual power, which we may put in the place of personal piety. We may be fettered by sloth, by culpable ignorance, by selfishness and vanity in preaching



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the Gospel, but never, thank God, by the Church of Scotland, or by the law of the land !

“ And what, after all, has this critical examination of the claims of Christianity discovered which should hinder us from occupying our pulpits with confidence in the truth of what we are there privileged to preach ? What conclusions have been arrived at which have destroyed one fact or Christian doctrine that has hitherto been held sacred by the Christian Church ? What chapter of the Bible can we no longer read as a record of truth ? What supernatural facts, as believed in from the first, concerning the historical Christ, His life and teaching, His death and resurrection, can we no longer accept ? I do not admit that the acknowledged results of these investigations have been destructive, except on the surface. The deeper down they go, they only become more and more constructive. The relative position of revealed truths, like that of soldiers in a regiment, or of separate regiments in an army, may have been altered, but every regiment and every man are still there. Statements and theories, taken for granted as scriptural, may have been found unscriptural ; favourite interpretations may be shown to have been without ground ; exaggerations may have been toned down into more sober truths ; wood, hay, and stubble, reared upon the great foundation with pious but ignorant zeal, may have been consumed ; nay, even gold and silver and precious

stones may have been removed as not having originally belonged to the building, or as having been its unnecessary or tawdry ornaments—but the building itself has not been touched. Systems of theology that have long shone aloft as stars may have been broken up, but not one star of light extinguished. Long-established theories may have perished, but not long-established facts. Broader, truer, and deeper views have been suggested, if not fully elucidated, in regard to divine truth. It is the case, indeed, that batteries were erected, and often suddenly opened from unexpected quarters, in order to destroy the old fortress; but under God they have but roused the careless sleepers, compelled the secure to examine anew the grounds of their security, and made the believer put on the *whole* armour of God. These attacks have also caused more powerful defences than ever to be raised at points formerly weak, but the fortress itself remains as impregnable as before, admired and trusted by millions of the best and most thoughtful on earth, who can point to it with joy and unshaken confidence, saying, ‘Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever: *He* will be our guide even unto death!’

“Now, instead of condemning or despising those learned, honest, and self-denying labourers as enemies,

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let us for Christ's sake thankfully avail ourselves of all they have discovered for us by which our God can be more fully seen in His works and ways of manifold wisdom ; and let us as gratefully accept the materials which they have so richly furnished, whether intentionally or not, for the building up and adornment of the great temple of truth, built on the foundation of our Lord and His Apostles."

After this period work became a positive effort—especially the labour of literary composition. The writer has reason to know that the preparing of the sketch of Dr. John Macleod Campbell, which appeared in *Good Words* for June, 1872, cost him very painful effort. It became evident to his friends that great care would need to be exercised. But nothing would wean him from his work. He retained his convenership of the Indian Mission till within a few weeks of his death, when he resigned it into the hands of the General Assembly, in a speech full of enthusiasm and eloquence—as it were the last flicker of the expiring flame. He was seriously ill only a few days, and fancied himself better just before he died. But he had made all things ready, and passed away in fullest peace in his sixtieth year. He now lies at Campsie, the home of his youth, with its hills and green glens, and about whose fells he loved so much to wander, and for which he had formed such a deep affection that he was wont to say, in private

conversation, that if ever he retired, it should be to Campsie. His father, a brother James to whom he owed many high impressions, and two sisters, with other relatives, lie near him. His mother survived him and all his children.

Dean Stanley has spoken of Dr. Macleod as an ecclesiastical leader—as the Primate of the Scottish Church. In one respect the remark is true. He was an effective church-leader, though he was somewhat indifferent to the ordinary machinery; he was a true pontiff and builder: the more surely that the work he set himself to do did not lie on the beaten ecclesiastical thoroughfares. From the first moment that he emerges into the general view in the act of addressing wise and healthy but very unusual words to some children in an Ayrshire school, he bears the character of a reformer, only half conscious of the full weight of the word he has to deliver. When, upwards of thirty years ago, he told the children there to steep their minds in the good old children's lore—such as Cock Robin, Bluebeard, Jack the Giant Killer, and Cinderella—that whatever might do them harm, there was little fear of these doing them any; he spoke simply as being moved by an intimate sympathy with child-nature, and out of no conscious intellectual revolt against pre-conceived ideas or modes of thought. We can easily conceive how the young

eyes, relieved for once from school-restraint within the school, would turn toward the beaming countenance, and how the young faces, as they looked with curiously-mingled awe and sympathy, would gradually mantle over roseate with delight. And we can fancy too how some of the brethren of the straiter sect would lengthen their brows and purse up their mouths at each word unseasoned, as they thought, by the ever-necessary salt of reference to "chief ends" and "things needful." This incident is characteristic, for it expresses better than the best description could do, the relation in which Dr. Macleod all along stood to the Calvinism of his country. If he at times seemed to run counter to certain constructions of dogma, it was because his nature never allowed him to interpret them *intellectually* with any approach to strictness. "I never feel safe on mere intellectual ground," he himself once said to Dr. Walter Smith, after a more than usually serious conversation; "*I cannot follow logic, unless the life goes with it.*" In no better way could we illustrate his position in this respect than by quoting some words of his own. They are not spoken as if with authority; they embody no concise and exhaustive code of opinion; and yet they express his whole character, and, in doing so, sufficiently justify him on the score of inconsistency. In Leyden, he has gone to see the portraits in the old University Hall, and thus reflects:—

“Of course I request my guide to withdraw, that, all alone, I may get a whiff from the past amidst the deep repose of this ghost-like old hall. Here are profound scholars, like Scaliger ; men of science, like Boerhaave ; and divines, like Arminius ; with the usual percentage of those whose names have gone amissing among the dust of books and churchyards. Some easy men are here, with double chins and single wit, who transmitted faithfully to the next generation what they got from the past, all wrapped up in a white napkin, never opened by themselves. They were awfully solemn in their rebukes of any student who profanely suggested an examination of the contents, lest they should have become mouldy by time and damp. And logical looking men are here, with knit brows and sharp noses, who had the faculty of proving to a demonstration points which no one either believed or contradicted. And weak, though proud-looking, men are here, with whom sonorousness passed for sense, and orthodoxy for religion, and who made ‘dignified silence’ the defence of their ignorance, and the graceful escape from their perplexities. There seem to be God-loving men also among them, with giant brows and childlike eyes. Arminius is here—how good and mild he looks !—with some of his followers and some of Calvin’s side by side. How these sects fought while on earth ! and most zealously in this land of ditches, sluggish canals, wheeling windmills, and dead flats.

Great often was their mutual hate, too, in arguing about the love of God, whether it was for some or for all. There were martyrs in Holland to the five points, and the Synod of Dort was well-nigh as dogmatic and exclusive as the Council of Trent. These good men are now in heaven. Looking at their portraits, I am inclined to say: *'I wonder, fathers and brethren, if you even now understand the mysteries about which you divided families and Churches? Are the decrees or fore-knowledge yet comprehended by you in relation to man's responsibility and free-will?'* But the figures begin to move on the walls, and we may have the dispute renewed, each ready to begin where he left off, finding that no one since his day has thrown any additional light upon it. Come, let us breathe the air!"

Perhaps there is scarce anything which at the present moment needs to be more urged upon general attention, than the fact that the ultimate test of all intellectual dogmas is, how they bear to be interpreted through this medium of emotion, which men of poetical and creative, rather than intellectual nature, bring to bear upon them. No person of the least intelligence, or in the remotest degree familiar with the great currents of present-day thought, needs to be reminded of the wonderful influence which Lord Tennyson has exercised in the testing of dogmas, and the substantiating of what really possesses the germ of permanence through its capacity for re-

ceiving and assimilating the reflex hues of unchanging emotional currents. One of our most distinguished thinkers recently wrote: "The poet must always in a rude nation, and in a cultured one also, though in a less direct way, be the chief authority on religion. All questions touching its truth and obligations will at last come home to him for their answer. As he thinks and speaks will thinking men believe. Therefore a certain deference must be shown to him by the priests, if they are wise."

Though somewhat extravagantly put, there is, undoubtedly, truth in the remark. Of course, if men are to believe anything regarding the universe and their relation to it, they must embody their belief in forms of some kind. But the error lies in this—and it is an error which has often had fatal results in the way of producing scepticism and revolution—that, while the main factor in the production of any belief whatsoever is emotion, struggling to reconcile itself with conscience disturbed in face of the awful mystery of life, this very element is abstracted in the reading of the dogma, so that all traces of mystery and wonder disappear behind the dusty systematizings of the intellect. The man of poetic nature will always, for the simple reason that he recovers this element, be the most powerful to recommend religious truth. Keble, for instance, through the very harmony of form he sought, dealt with the Prayer-book in its emotional relations, and



thus, seizing that which is catholic in it, unites the divided sections of the Anglican Church in a period above all others marked by difference and conflict. It is of the very nature of the intellect to seek system and to rest in it, refusing to perceive truth save in abstract classifications. But the more complete and unassailable the abstract system becomes, the less does it answer the needs of humanity, however much and however clearly it may reflect the thought and opinion of certain sets of men.

Dr. Macleod, in faithfully following the leadings of his heart and imagination against the powerful intellectual influences which were ceaselessly brought to bear upon him, did for Scotland—we had almost said for England—a very memorable service. He conscientiously tested the Creed by his sympathies and his instincts. Like Mr. Maurice, he caught the glow that these old articles had received from the noble lives that they had nurtured and inspired, and could not, because of this, become the mere hard-headed ecclesiastica iconoclast. While he saw as clearly as any one could the changed relations which, in those days of science and criticism, must subsist between the individual and the Creed, he could not see his way to agitate for a *creedless* Church, perceiving that such an institution is, in one word, a delusion and a dream. He was eager to modify subscription—to give the individual mind free play; but he was a true

Presbyterian (though believing in no divine rights for Presbytery any more than for Episcopacy) in the clearness with which he perceived that the only freedom which can lead to healthy spiritual development is *a freedom through union*. This he illustrated faithfully in his own activity and ready sympathy in all Christian works. To stand apart in isolation was, according to him, the curse which *multitudinism* was most likely to bring with it. In indefinitely widening the Church, you would at last have no Church, properly speaking, at all—only a series of separate quicksilver points, whose momentary cohesions and subsequent separations would be the result of the most arbitrary of accidents. Christian activity itself would thus at length lapse into mere economic effort, if not even something less real than this. The peculiar emphasis with which he marks his sympathy with Dr. John Macleod Campbell—in that exquisite sketch in the part of *Good Words* for May, 1872—for remaining a faithful member of the Church which had deposed him, positively refusing to become a sectary, is far more significant than it might at first glance appear. Dr. Macleod had seen the confusion into which poor Irving rushed headlong, and he trembled at the thought of the false individualism which he feared would come of a sudden removal of all the old landmarks. Therefore he hesitated, out of sheer conscientiousness, and a high ideal of the Church, as the

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real rest of humanity, to push any individual conviction directly in face of a general sentiment.

It was in this way that Norman Macleod so effectually served his Church and country. He saw far ahead; but he craved the warm grasp of brethren's hands, and knew that a tendency to force minor points up into the ultimate sphere of conscience may be a mischievous thing and one to struggle against, as directly tending toward schism and isolation. In a time of transition, therefore, he was emphatically a conciliating influence. He touched many points sympathetically, and, drawing the various parties in the churches near to him, he administered to them an impulse towards a common object—kindly tolerance for individual and intellectual vagary, in earnest endeavour after common Christian ends. And all his varied activities were influential in view of this. Whether he travels, or writes stories, or makes humorous speeches, the drift is still the same—to strengthen in purposes of united Christian effort. His giving of the profits of "The Earnest Student" to the *Free Church* Indian Missions is characteristic of his whole activity. His literary ventures were only outlets for the expression of the same tendency; so that it is strictly and literally true of him that in him you could not separate the morals from the intellect, or either from the religious currents of his nature—which flowed closely alongside of strong social impulses that enriched and

coloured them. "The Starling" follows the famous speech on the Sunday Question; and, while no whit of what was then argued is withdrawn, it is in essence a practical corrective to it. What will chiefly recommend it to thoughtful people hereafter is the fact brought out in it with such clearness, that men of narrow views, of constrained intellect, may at the same time be men of deep feelings—whose "rocky hearts" only need to be struck with the rod of suffering to send out waters of sympathy. The great lesson of the story is, that neither a "fool's" vague estimate of himself, nor the dogmas of a hard intellectual zealot, are to be taken as the ultimate measure of the man's capability; and that therefore both alike should be approached and dealt with in patience and brotherly love.

Mr. Porteous, with his "*first* pure, *then* peaceable," is not so blind as not to see and acknowledge at last a better form of purity than is common, which, needing no restraint, carries peace within its bosom; and the unconscious lesson of the story had been lost, had Mr. Porteous' eyes been opened to this without a sharp struggle, which, however, only makes his character resemble the more those sea-coast flowers which look the sweeter crusted with the rough sea-salt. The generous lesson of the story is only to be fully read when we con it in the light of the author's own example.

It is here that he so decisively separates himself from

the recognized leaders of the Scotch ultra-Broad Church party, and asserts a sort of middle place for himself and a few of his more immediate followers and supporters. A writer sometime ago in the "Contemporary Review" endeavoured in these words to justify the claim of such a position for Dr. Macleod :—

"Principal Tulloch, with his urbanity which never allows him to give gratuitous offence, and his fine historic instinct, is properly the connecting bond between the ultra-Broad party, best represented by Dr. Wallace and the growing school of more moderate liberals, best represented by such men as Dr. Norman Macleod and Dr. Smith, of North Leith, who, while anxious to secure a freer subscription, have yet a kindly inclination towards Evangelical views, and recognize the injury that would inevitably accrue from any complete disruption of the Church from all its historic traditions. This latter party has done good service in tempering between the extreme parties into which the Church has recently been divided. They sympathize warmly with the people, and recognize in the machinery of lay representation in the Church Courts one of the most efficient guarantees of true progress. They have tried, too, to keep open all channels of intercourse with the dissenting churches. With some tendency to Tory *opinions* their sympathies have always been liberal, and they have ever been ready

to enter into any measure of reform calculated to draw the various sections of society closer. By their sympathies, at least, they have done much to keep the aspiration after clerical freedom from coming into rude collision with the wave of political liberalism now so rapidly advancing; and in consistency with this, they have been ready to take definitive action, when our *advanced* liberal friends have only retired languidly to the seclusion of their studies, rewarding their more active brethren only with a smile of contempt for their pains."

In this conciliating influence lay Dr. Macleod's *specialty*. He saw his available point readily, and grasped it with a gentle boldness that scarcely ever failed. He could touch diverse types to fine issues; and find centres for activities of very contrasted character. He was what the Americans call a "pivotal man"; the secret of his vast strength residing in his large stock of kindly common sense.

It was the same elements which went to make him the successful orator he was. He uniformly seized hold of broad, common interests—never lost sight of the social impulse, and seldom frittered away an impression by dwelling on needless details. And he drew his illustrations, fresh and striking, direct from life and nature. If he somewhat lacked nicety of distinction and proportion, he had fervour and vigour of imagination.

There was about his oratory a warmth, a freshness, a fulness of statement—a boldness which never shirked a difficulty, a practical pith that never lost itself in false refinements. Other men made finer points; had keener sense for the special characteristics of classes; knew better the knack of setting one part of their discourse over against the other. Dr. Macleod's oratory was natural, and its light and warmth operated through every part, making his discourses genuine wholes, in spite of the rude and unpolished blocks which he seemed sometimes to throw in the way. In a word, he brought with him a wealth of personality, of sympathy, of life, which, not being strained through any artificial filter of rhetorical trick, worked with mighty effect upon the common fibre; and this was the secret of his wonderful power on the platform and in the pulpit.

It is the same with his stories—they rely on a broad common interest. "The Old Lieutenant and His Son"—how excellent, how healthy it is, with a dash of the salt sou'-wester and the sweet breath of the land both blowing through it, and mingling as they meet! And then "Wee Davie," by which Dr. Macleod first asserted his right to a place beside the masters of quaint portraiture and pathetic humour, is simply admirable. Without a hint of affectation, it touches so directly what is most tender and intimate in domestic feeling, that it almost lies beyond the scope of criticism. The lights

of the imagination seem to flit about the little child-figure for awhile, and then to settle steadily upon it, till at length in the last sad scene they brighten like a subdued sunset glow. The result is a puzzled curiosity, how with so common materials the author could move us so deeply, strangely combined with a sense of satisfaction such as we derive only from the works of the greatest artists. It is almost a creation of the highest order.

One thing, much in Dr. Macleod's favour ultimately, was this, that he was a man of no section or side. In the Church he stood neutral, having, as has been said, points of affinity and sympathy with Broad Churchmen and Evangelicals; and it is on this account that he has been so sorely missed. Keener debaters, men of more subtle logic and dialectical address, he left behind him on both sides; but there was no one exactly to fill his place as a tempering and reconciling medium in the Church's councils. It was the same thing in politics. He was neither Whig nor Tory, and yet he was something of both, and illustrated the best in both. Was he not, for example, in the best sense a Tory, in his power of seeing value and the possibility of worth in old forms of social relations, and in his faculty of vividly restoring the past? But then, in his keen eye for seeing genuine manhood under all warpings of condition and circumstance—an eye which, like that of his venerable "Aunt



Mary," harvested into the garner of the heart all that was hopeful and good in other human beings, and rejected the evil only; and in his power of adapting himself to all possible changes of manners and modes of thought, was he not emphatically a democrat of the democrats? In his songs, for instance, with what steady precision does he sweep a space clear in the social plane on which every honest man may come and stand, with the humble pride of which Burns so often spoke and wrote. Listen; this is a little note from his minstrelsy—his "Curler's Song"—surely all the more genuine a production of art, in that, as we believe, Dr. Macleod was no curler:—

“ A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',  
 'Tak' care,' quo' the wyfie, 'gudeman, o' yer cough;'  
 A fig for the sneezin' ! hurrah for the freezin' !  
 This day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch !  
 Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,  
 For the sun on the snawdrift's beginnin' to blink ;  
 Gi'e me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff for the lochan,  
 To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink !

*Chorus*—Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvan to Stirlin' !  
 Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane !—  
 'Ready noo !' 'soop it up !' 'clap a guard !' 'steady noo !'  
 Oh ! curlin' aboon every game stans alane !

“ The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—  
 Like a glass ye may glower on't and shave aff yer beard :  
 And see hoo they gaither, comin' ower the brown heather,  
 The servant and master, the tenant and laird !

There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,  
 Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be,  
 Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin'  
 With a *whirr* and a *curr* till they sit roun' the tee.

Then hurrah, &c.

*“ It's an uncolike story that baith Whig and Tory  
 Maun aye collyshangie like dogs ower a bane ;  
 And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,  
 For nae Kirk will thole to let ithers alane ;  
 But in fine frosty weather let a' meet thegither,  
 Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,  
 And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' pairties  
 Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree !*

Then hurrah,” &c.

In his travels—“ Peeps at Russia,” and “ Peeps at the Netherlands and Holland,” and very notably in his “ Eastward ”—he has exhibited the faculty of detecting the prime points of human nature, and quietly identifying himself with them, in something of the reserve of children with other children bigger and older than themselves, to whom much may be new or strange, but who quickly succeed in making themselves at home after the first quiet look of confidence and mutual measurement has been exchanged. This element of *boyishness* was strong in Dr. Macleod. His mind unconsciously harboured some contradictions—the outcome of a healthy direct simplicity which was very strongly associated with much natural sagacity and force of a certain kind. The very

same sort of surprise sometimes overtakes us in reading of Sir Walter Scott. And, as in Scott, so in Dr. Macleod, there was a vein of *naïveté* and innocent craft, enriching and vitalizing his character, and bubbling up crystal-clear at the very points where you would have fancied that the dust of custom, habit, and opinion, must have choked it. His description of the Béguines of Ghent is surely characteristic and valuable looked at in this light ; and not the less that it was written before the question of deaconesses was stirred in this country. The reader will not fail to notice the spontaneous *abandon* and tricky turns of thought :—

“Let us enter this old-fashioned gate. We are in the midst of what is almost a small village, separated from the city by a high wall and circling canal. It is a large irregular square, with houses ranged along its sides ; irregular streets crossing it, a large church in an open space in the centre, and a hospital close by. And such silence ! Listen ! A gentle ripple from the wave of the populace outside is alone heard echoing through the mysterious little streets. The inhabitants, if there are any, must be asleep. No ; there goes one, two, a third—creeping like shadows to and fro about the hospital, all dressed alike, with black gowns and white caps. Nuns, every one of them. We are in the famous old convent of the Béguines, which has existed here, just as we see it, for centuries ; and one can hardly fancy a better institu-

tion for respectable old ladies, who have no definite calling in the big and busy world, 'barring,' of course, its *credenda*, and having regard only to its *agenda*. Look at this nun, for instance. She is neither young nor beautiful; and young or beautiful nuns, by the way, I never discovered in any nunnery ever visited by me, and I have visited many. My belief is that they exist only in novel nunneries. This old Béguine coming towards us is a fair specimen of her class—round, dumpy, comfortable, half-nurse, half-housekeeper, and with a large knowledge of cookery. Depend upon it she is very happy, and very useful. When her parents died long ago there was probably nothing left for her to do, but to keep house for a nephew. The nephew and she did not get on well. She was 'too particular' for young Hopeful; too strict a Churchwoman for his fancy. Her fast days and poor dinners came intolerably often for his carnal appetite. But no one could match her in gruels and possets during times of sickness, and no one could deny that a kinder soul never existed than Aunt Rachel. Now, when the nephew married, what better could Aunt Rachel do than go into the convent close by? Of course, we would insist upon it, that she should be allowed to leave when she pleased; and this liberty is granted to the Béguines. But there is much to induce her to remain. She has got a very neat comfortable dwelling in the row, with a small flower-plot before it.

A high wall separates her house and garden from those of all her neighbours, and from the convent square. But opposite each cosy dwelling there is a door in the wall, and on the door is inscribed, not Aunt Rachel's name—for that has been left in the parish register, and in the memory of the world only—but the name of a patron saint, it may be St. Agnes or St. Bridget, and by some such title only is Aunt Rachel known. And here she lives alone, the chapel being close by for daily worship; the old bald-headed priest ever accessible for a quiet chat and confession; her neighbour saints always near for mutual edification, sympathy, and, no doubt, a little occasional confidential conventual gossip at tea-time or after vespers. Better than all, there is the hospital for sufferers, where the good old woman, with a band of sisters like-bodied and like-minded, is to be found cooking, reading, crossing, ministering, and waddling about day and night. I can name several of my lady acquaintances who would make inimitable nuns, and be very happy and very useful, who are now wasting their time in boarding-houses, or making calls to the disturbance of the studious. For instance, there are—But, on second thoughts, I think it safer to withhold names. At the same time I cannot help expressing my sober conviction that the period has more than arrived when the question regarding deaconesses, or the organization of Christian women for the work of ministering to the poor, the sick,

and the ignorant, especially in our large towns, must be more patiently and earnestly considered by all our Churches—especially by the Presbyterian Churches—than it has been. When this is done, we shall have much to learn from the *Béguines*.”

Added to these traits, there was the confessed liking for the open air and the common earth. This pervades and animates all he did; his travel-sketches would be limp and colourless without it. He loved to walk in the common ways, and leisurely see what lay on either hand; to rub shoulders with men of varied race and varied culture. He could enjoy a gossip with an intelligent mechanic on the rate of wages, or the advantage of benefit societies; or chat with a spoiled aristocrat on what interested him, so as at last to charm him to a better life. And both he could right well and weightily advise; for like one of his own characters, he “never pick’d oot fauts, but cover’d them; never preached, but could gie an advice in twa or three words that grippet firm about the heart, an’ took the breath frae ye.”

As an index of how he viewed social questions, take this passage on amusements, quoted from one of his peeps across the Channel, which, besides, throws a welcome side-light on his speech on “The Sunday Question” :—

“We arrived at the Hague during the week of its

great annual *kermis* or fair. It would be unprofitable to describe at length these Dutch saturnalia. With few exceptions, they are like all other exhibitions of the same class—innumerable booths, many of them got up with wonderful taste and beauty, merchandise of all sorts, theatres, shows, horsemanship, giants and dwarfs, gambling, drinking, tons of toys, tubs of pickles, crowds of men, women, and children, dissipation of all sorts, night and day. The Dutch are proverbially *douce*, sober and formal. They have few amusements or excitements on week days; their Sabbaths are, outwardly, almost as well kept as the Scotch. But when the *kermis* comes round, it seems to be an understood thing with the working classes, and even domestic servants, that a general indulgence is proclaimed for every vice. This is exactly what one would expect. It is so in Scotland on New-Year's day, and some of our fairs. Men *will* have amusement and excitement, as certain as the ocean will have its spring tides, and the world its summer flowers and summer songs. How can this inborn appetite best be fed? Shall it be treated as a crime, and handed over to Satan; or shall it be made to minister to man's happiness according to God's will? Shall it be pent up until it gathers strength enough to burst all the barriers of law and decency, and rush forth in annual floods of wild and unbridled passion; or shall society

recognize it, perceive how full of goodness and benevolence it is, and adopt such wise plans as will run it off in gentle rills, week by week, or even day by day, to freshen and irrigate the earth, and make our fields more green and beautiful? Whoever adjusts this demand to the other and higher demands of man's nature, will confer an inestimable boon on society. All classes require their amusements to be reformed, not reduced; spread over, not concentrated; directed, not annihilated; in a word, to be taken out of the kingdom of Satan, and brought into the well-ordered and beautifully-balanced kingdom of Christ on earth. The tendency of all extremes is to toss men over into their opposites. When the swing is highest on one side, look out for broken heads, and falls on the other. One cause of the tendency to pervert the Sabbath from a holy day to a holiday, is the incessant toil, barren of hours of rest, and of all amusement and gentle excitement during the week. The bouts of hard drinking indicate many previous days of parched thirst."

All his writing of this kind seems so natural, so easy, so effortless, that we might well be pardoned if we lost sight of the fact that he powerfully exhibited that special quality of the national character, which Englishmen, seeing it on one side, call Scotch caution and on another Scotch perseverance. It did not drive him, however, as it drives some others, to follow after a



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mere logical result, the intensity of the search being increased by the lack of real satisfaction in it. But it appeared clearly enough in the uncompromising common sense, determined to a purpose, from which nothing could divert it. Easy and compliant as some critics made him out to be, he knew how to "keep pegging away." The greatest things he did were done by an intense application and steady continuance, for which he hardly got full credit while he lived. The unremitting toil he went through for the cause of missions, more especially Indian missions, few know of on this side the Tweed, and few, perhaps, on either side of it fully appreciate. But the sagacity with which he organized charitable and other institutions in the several parishes he was minister of, showing the rarest faculty of enlisting the sympathies of all and setting each person to his or her proper work, is known to all who take interest in such matters. Thus, while all that is delightfully contemplative and in sympathy with the "eerie" and mysterious pertaining to the Celtic nature was preserved in him, it had been wedded with the sharpness, the common sense and sagacity of the lowland Scotch. The result was a character, clear, yet never hard or rigid; imaginative, yet never dreamy; loving the mysterious and spiritual, but never becoming vague or mystical; and full of sympathy, yet never wasting it in empty and idle bewailings. What we

owe to the Celtic nature in the way of softening and tempering the hardness of the Scotch character is well seen in Dr. Macleod.

Dean Stanley, in his exquisite characterization in *Good Words*, for July, 1872, has excellently seized this feature and exhibited its bearing in his whole career:—

“In no public man of our generation has the Celtic element played a more conspicuous, in none so beneficent, a part. The genial humour, the lively imagination, the romantic sentiment, may have been shared by teachers and preachers of our mixed Anglo-Saxon stock, but their effusion and diffusion were all his own—if that may be called his own, which was a special gift of his race, touched by a rare grace which was not of this earth. In every circle of society in which he had ever moved—in every congregation which had crowded round his pulpit—in every public auditory which had hung on his spoken utterances or his written words—the same broad, vast, heart-stirring impression was produced, as of one who not only had within him an inexhaustible fund of pathos, of wit, of laughter, and of tears, but who feared not, nay, who loved to pour it forth for the benefit, for the enjoyment, for the instruction of his fellow-creatures. And this tender overflowing “compassion,” to use the word in its largest sense, was tinged with no weak effeminacy, no unruly fanaticism. There was a force as of his own

Highland clan, there was a shrewdness as of his own Scottish nation, which no one could mistake for feebleness or folly. 'He is so big,' was the homely phrase of one to whom he had ministered the highest spiritual consolations, and who felt how like a rock was the sense of his presence. It well expressed how that colossal frame and full radiant countenance were but the outward symbols of the giant yet quiet strength within, which sustained whilst it cheered, and invigorated whilst it enlightened all who were near it."

It is easy for some men to walk from Dan to Beersheba, and find it all barren; it is not very easy for a man of large heart and ready sympathy to pass along the rough ways of life and not see much to move and trouble him. Dr. Macleod's speeches on missions, and his writings on the Poor Laws and Charity, show how closely he had been touched by scenes of woe, and pain, and want, and how deeply he had thought on the best mode of meeting and relieving them. The voyage which he undertook to the Mission-field of the far-east, was but a crowning testimony to the truth of this statement—that he was keenly moved by everything that concretely appealed to his heart and sympathy, and that he allowed no distracting cloud of sentiment or intellectual subtlety to come between and remove the painful object to a distance. He must be face to face with the human front of the problem,

and see the worst of it ; and seeing the worst, he usually discovered also some point of good, and thus won back the hopefulness he had almost lost—as in looking steadily down a dark well in daytime, one is astonished to find a star or two at last come clearly out.

And viewing the matter broadly, and in its literary aspect, it is a point worthy the careful attention of critics that a divine of the Church of Scotland should have been the first to produce works of fiction dealing with Scottish character, without any evident and consciously disturbing bias from theological opinion. And this is the more surprising when we remember what an effect, both positively and negatively, the narrow theology of Scotland has had upon art, and upon liberal culture, whenever it touched the æsthetic side. From one point of view we see it proscribing all artistic activity whatever, condemning it as idolatry, a sinful erecting of graven images ; while from the other we see it fostering a spirit of sharp revolt, utterly alien to the calm contemplativeness out of which, as from a well-tilled soil, lasting works of art must rise. Notwithstanding its great intellectual energy during these centuries, Scotland still remains poor in works of high art. Even yet, among the mass of the middle class, there is amazingly little sympathy with art as art—that is, as a creation in which a unity of conception, or an ideal element, must predominate. The

art-barometer, though it now vibrates upward under the genial breathing of men like Noel Paton, Pettie, the Faeds, and others, still tends backward to where the word "portrait" is written. Even Carlyle, notwithstanding his intense sympathy and his wide culture, reflects this feature in his excessive love of biography, of isolated portraiture, which in him runs almost to disease.

We may condemn a movement in its direct issues, and yet honestly acknowledge its indirect effects in producing, in combination with other influences, good results. The easy-going Epicurean Moderatism of the latter half of the eighteenth century was not without its better side, viewed broadly. It sought freedom for itself to live as it deemed best, and its maxim was to allow others in innocent, and in some scarce innocent, things to do as they chose. The ban in this parish and in that was removed from the act of trying to make a picture, and the way was prepared for the access of a new generation, who could be liberal without indifference, and see in a product of the imagination, if sanctified by a regard for justice, truth, and "the beautiful instincts that remain," a more powerful medium of education and enlightenment than a sermon, however well laid out and delivered.

And Dr. Macleod was almost the first Scotchman who, brought up amidst strict Calvinistic belief, saw and appropriated, through imagination, the essence of good

that lies in it in its relation to character, and so used it without prejudice or conscious reaction. Hence a certain fulness and fairness which we lack elsewhere; a justness of vision to which, till his time, Scotch fiction is almost a stranger. Scott escaped absolute falseness by indifference, only ill-concealed, which has given Carlyle the ground for saying that he wholly lacked earnestness, which is true only from one special point of view—and Scott is the originator of that sentimental half-pitiful way of viewing Scottish puritanism, against which, were extreme Scotch Calvinists only wise, they would gladly accept Dr. Macleod's interpretations as the most thorough antiseptic.

But Scott's personal dislike of certain forms of Scotch belief was constantly running off at the gargoyles of caricature, in such a healthy, unconscious way, that the ill-effect was reduced to a minimum. Dr. Macleod recovered the wave of life at the very side where it receded from Scott; and in seeking by its aid to awaken men to possibilities of union deeper and more human than the mere surf-beat of dogma and opinion, has brought a fresh and healthy addition to our stock of educational influences—a bright series of pictures, which, by the very fact of their existence, promise for Scotland a new era, of which the discussion of union among the Presbyterian Churches is but the public signal and prelude.

Nothing could be more exquisite than Mr. Strahan's estimate of the man. Some of the sentences are felicitously turned, and the characteristics are deftly caught :—

“Writing for a critical journal, I feel that some recognition of Dr. Macleod's fine faculties, and some attempt to estimate them, cannot be dispensed with even from the least capable of his comrades.

“The word falls from the pen not infelicitously. A noble comrade! Such was Dr. Macleod; and it is a type of character not too often exemplified in circles to which any such word as ‘evangelical’ is usually applied.

“Norman Macleod was the comrade of all good things. There are pioneers, and camp-followers, and leaders, and the rest. Dr. Macleod had much of the soldier in him, and would have struck a good stroke in the very van, but it was not his characteristic to want to hurry in advance of his company. There is a rather conservative French epigram: ‘The better is the enemy of the good’—and it has its truth. Dr. Macleod would not thank me for trying to elevate him at the expense of any human being; so I need not depreciate any lonely fanatic or pioneer of the better, when I say that he was the comrade, rather than the fighting man, of the good. Having put his hand to the plough—and manlike-deep and straight were the furrows he made—he was not one

to look back ; but he liked to abide with his own people.

“Dr. Macleod was a striking example of solidarity of character. You cannot separate in him the morals from the intellect, or either from the religious currents of his nature. Admitting that his creed does look a little outside of him, his entire simplicity prevents this from being in any way unpleasant. If there were things in his opinion which did not ‘mortice in’ or ‘splice’ with exactitude, the discovery, when you made it, struck you as it might have done if you had made it in the mind of a big good boy.

“The burden and the mystery had made marks on him, as on the rest of us, and he avows it in his writings ; but he enjoyed life very much—his soul lived, if one may so say, with a very full, very strong, very complex life. If you add a double portion of the Celtic religious fervency and glow to something of Sydney Smith, something of Thackeray, and even something of Lord Palmerston, you have gone some way towards reconstructing Dr. Macleod. He loved work, but he took hold of things by their smooth handle. His mind went straight to its conclusions in ways which irresistibly remind one of the buoyant Canon and also of the buoyant Prime Minister ; but his conscientiousness and reverence were, in comparison to theirs, mountainous in height, and volcanic in force. He had in his nature the ‘great strong rock of



common sense' that each of these distinguished men carried about with him; and he had much, too, of Thackeray's equalizing humour.

"Dr. Macleod, however, had infinitely more tenderness than either of the three men I have named. This quality is abundantly shown in his writings, especially in what he has written for children and about children. The love of the young is a quality which may stand for a great many things. Sometimes it is strong, and yet there is nothing to lay hold of but the bare instinct, which is as strong in monkeys and birds. Sometimes it is cynicism turning in upon itself to get a taste of geniality. But occasionally, as in Norman Macleod, it is a much more comprehensive quality, and much more of an index. For example, it may point to natural simplicity and complete truthfulness of character. Then, again, no one can write with much sympathy about children who has not really lived with them; and this requires both patience and compassionateness. There is something deeper still. When the devil and his angels have done their worst, no one can mix much with children without feeling that man was made for God and goodness; in their society the most unsophisticated play of the better impulses comes so easily to the surface, and so unconsciously, that we can kindle our own torches anew at their little lamps, even in the gustiest weather of this weary world. From all these points of

view it is easy to discern that Norman Macleod loved the young, and the fact is full of significance.

“Incidentally, it may be added that Dr. Macleod had, in perfection, one great sign of simple solidarity of character—he could sing songs, and, what is more, sing his *own* songs, in such a way as really to heighten the pleasure of a social gathering. The gift is not a very rare one among the Scotch, in whom the minstrel type is always cropping up; but among the English, especially the cultivated English, the faculty of social song-singing in such a manner as not to throw a cold blanket over the listening circle, is much more rare.

“All he did in literature was good, and like him. But he had no self-competing ambitions, and never pushed any *speciality* beyond a certain point of excellence, which may be called the domestic. It was in companionship that his best broke into flower. He had always a happy pencil of his own, as I have said, but the sketches intended only for the eyes of his more intimate friends were the most humorous and effective that he ever drew. Great humour he had, but this, too, was domestic. It thus happens, that whilst on the one hand the first thing that strikes one, on looking at the character of Dr. Macleod, is the breadth and reach of the lines upon which it was built, the second is undoubtedly the fact that his very best was always something intimate and domestic. Nor does this for one moment lessen the

greatness of anything that he did for the Church, or for the State, or for Indian missions : for whatever he did, the fulcrum of his activity never changed. His nature was of the radiant order, and though it could and did project heat and light to very far off, you required to get near the 'ingle-nook' to know the best of it. His mind was not of the order that makes wide circuits from intellectual or mixed points of view, and returns upon its moral centre every now and then for more force : it was, as I have said, a radiating mind, and the world has gained accordingly."

"His conversation, though bright with coruscations of humour, often turned, with all the more effect, to grave and lofty topics. No pilgrim ever gazed on Jerusalem more eagerly than he did when he first saw it from the brow of Neby Samwil ; but soon his thoughts raised themselves from the old Jerusalem to the New. And when we left Jerusalem, and turned our last lingering look upon it, he was lost in the thoughts of final departure which such a scene is well fitted to suggest. It might have been expected that the abundance of his thoughts would have made him live more intensely, and consequently rendered death more difficult and strange. But it was not so, as is well known to all who noted how frequently his conversation treated of the after life and the boundless possibilities of enjoyment in it. And when the cordage of his strong heart cracked to pieces,

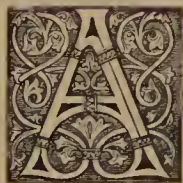
and the signal for departure came, it found him ready, armed with that humble peace which is the source of the Christian's unboastful triumph in that solemn moment."



*EDWARD DENISON.*



## EDWARD DENISON.



DISTINGUISHED writer has spoken of literature as the great missionary influence which brings the different sections of society to know and understand each other. This seems to have countenance in the curiosity felt by the lower classes to all that concerns the higher; tales of high-life have potent attractions for the hard-working, who are, for the moment, lifted into a finer atmosphere, or fancy themselves so; and one of the great services done by Charles Dickens was to make known the East of London to the West; to show, in a manner that was unique to the upper half of society, how the lower half lives, and

thinks, and feels. But literature, after all, speaks chiefly to the fancy and imagination : it may touch the heart, but it hardly carries with it the impelling force of a fine example. To read the most eloquent fictitious description of the sufferings of the poor, their patience amid suffering, and the contentment with which they toil with little prospect of improvement in their condition, affects chiefly our æsthetic sensibilities, after all ; and for this reason, that the writer, in order to get read, must mix up his own ideals and fancies with the facts that he has found ; he must dress up, select, arrange, and turn out a rounded whole, calculated in greater or lesser degree to please, and to entertain if not even to amuse. And this is the more true, the more art and genius the author has thrown into his work.

But one heroism breeds many ; let the story of a simple self-denial, of a devoted self-surrender for the good of others, be told in however simple terms, and our hearts beat ; there is an infection in it such as no imagined recital can equal : we are moved to something like emulation, and the whole effect is to enkindle desires towards practice. Here biography surpasses fiction. Mr. Carlyle was right. The story of the simplest and humblest person, faithfully told, could not, he held, but be interesting and useful to the greatest. How much more the story of a life that has been consecrated, set apart, offered up, as it were, for the helpless and poverty-

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stricken, on the altar of duty and benevolence? Wordsworth speaks of

“ That best portion of a good man’s life :  
His little unremembered acts of kindness  
And of love.”

But if the acts, though prompted by motives of the noblest kind, were not unremembered, and had laid hold on the suffrages and sympathies of all who knew them, the record must be all the more powerful. And if, in the midst of such a career, the saying that “whom the Gods love die young” were verified, and death came suddenly and struck down the writer in the midst of his work, something of the awe and pathos felt on seeing some great tragedy could hardly fail to be experienced. Something of this must be felt in reading the story of the life we are now briefly to outline—a life as remarkable for its unostentatious benevolence as for the results achieved, the lessons it carries, and the impulses it must communicate.

In a little dingy house in Philpot Street, Commercial Road, a young man one day in the month of July, 1867, took lodgings, and for the greater part of a year went out and in as regularly as though he had come to fill a position in some of the neighbouring offices or factories. Philpot Street, though it is certainly a degree more respectable than some of the adjacent thoroughfares, is by no means a select or savoury place to dwell in.



Narrow streets of dim, dingy little houses run off it on either side, and you cannot escape from it in any direction without passing through places that too obtrusively advertise the fact that you are in the East-End. But Edward Denison felt that he had a work to do, and to qualify himself for that work, face-to-face acquaintance with the people and their ways there seemed to him to be essential to any success in it. To become possessed with an idea, however, is to be lifted above the petty considerations and conventionalities that in ordinary cases sway the conduct. Impelled by an idea, men will expatriate themselves; roam in impenetrable forests; brave the frosts of the Arctic glacier-worlds; ascend mountains hitherto untrod of the human foot, and risk the attacks of the most savage animals. But even the missionary in the wilds of Africa, amid Hottentots and Kaffirs, or among the coral reefs of the South Pacific, hardly runs greater risks, or braves more repellent associations and sights, than the man who will make a home among the waifs and strays, the wild-beasts bred of civilization, to be met with in some of the lower quarters of our modern Babylon.

One would hardly feel surprised if, after the first flush of novelty and surprise, a young man, delicately reared, had turned his back on the whole affair in disappointment and disgust. Even those who have laboured for years in such regions, and have become

habituated to the surroundings, are sometimes overtaken with a sense of utter helplessness and despair. Edward Denison *had* been delicately reared. He was a son of the then Bishop of Salisbury, where he was born in 1840, so that when he "went into residence" at Philpot Street he was only twenty-seven years of age: a pioneer, but certainly not a patriarch, or one whom grief and loss had led to seek self-denials as a soothing nepenthe. He had been educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, always in refined and delightful society. And he was no ascetic by inclination, nor had he any tone of the cynic, with sour temper and forbidding ways, who would escape from the society of his equals. By no means. Sir Baldwin Leighton, who has edited his "Letters and other Writings," says:—

"His was a disposition that naturally attracted friends, where others only formed acquaintances; frank, generous, and earnest, he instinctively sought congenial spirits, and few that had once known him ever failed to retain a warm affection for him. In evidence of which it may be mentioned that when the news of his death reached England, it was at once determined among his friends and college associates to erect some memorial to him. That memorial took the shape of a painted glass window, which is placed in the north aisle of Christ Church Cathedral."

He had already approved himself expert in many

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exercises that tempt to other fields. He was a keen sportsman—a good shot and an enthusiastic horseman. We are told that he loved cricket, and that boating was a passion with him. He was one of the “eight” at Eton. Skating, too, he was fond of. A clear frost, he declared, was a real delight to him. “I like the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the silver landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen air. . . . So I am on such occasions in a much less favourable frame of mind for sympathizing with misery than you are. Still, I am so far conscious of it, that I think I would rather give up all the pleasures of frost than indulge them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers.”

He thoroughly enjoyed travel, and was very susceptible to the charm of scenery, and appreciated change of impression. But always there is the deeper note—a hint of something that Wordsworth so deeply felt—a “something far more deeply interfused”; “the still, sad music of humanity” is ever, with him, more or less definitely felt. Here is a note from Tangier on June 12, 1864, which he visited on a long tour:—

“My first hour in Africa supplied me with that sensation which I have always hoped to experience in each new country I have visited, and which has hitherto eluded, like a mirage lake, my thirsting soul—I mean the sensation of perfect complete novelty. I came rather

near it at Madeira, and I actually experienced it at Oratava, especially among the Cumbre at the base of the cone of the Peak. I experienced it again at Grand Canary. But on all these occasions there was something wanting : I could not say to myself, 'I have never seen anything at all like this.' Why I should have felt my longing so entirely satisfied by a walk round Tangier is a mystery to myself. I think, perhaps, the secret lies in the fact that in all other places, how strange soever the scenery, man was the same, and here man was the strangest item in the picture.

“I can no more express what I felt than why I felt it : I only know that this picture will remain indelibly printed on my mind.”

Surely a confession remarkable in its own way from a youth of two-and-twenty ! In September, 1864, we find him writing :—

“I quite agree with you that every form of mortification, if properly used, has a beneficial effect upon the character ; and I think I do find my present state useful to the edifying of the inner man. . . . This is the Sabbath-day. Last week we were Presbyterians, and snuffed through our four psalms, and snored under our two sermons, in the kirk. To-day we are so rabidly Episcopalian, that rather than go to the kirk next door we assemble in the dining-room to hear the English Service read. I think, on the whole, I prefer the kirk

By going to it we at least testify to our common Christianity, our common faith (for it really is not so very different), and we do not forsake the assembling of ourselves together on the first day of the week.

“ I believe the Puritan and Calvinistic element of the Scotch Church is dying out, and that the time is approaching when some sort of communion might be established between her and her English sister.”

Very liberal in its way, and wise and discerning for a young man—especially in its forecast of “ some sort of communion ” between the Churches being regarded as possible.

It was only natural that this young man, with his breadth of view and practical sympathy, should be led step by step to contrast and to compare, and gradually to come to the opinion that the great problems of the day were social, and that personal knowledge of and contact with the poor was needful to a true comprehension of many political questions ; and would count for more in the solving of many great problems than any amount of speculative thought and economic theory.

Edward Denison was one of the last of men to yield to the gushing mood. He had all an Englishman’s self-restraint, common sense, and love of the practical. It was his very practicality that led him to take the step that he did. He might have done a good deal by using his social influence to convince others of the need of

money-help : but his sharp insight had led him to feel that mere money-help was the least part of the matter, or, at all events, a very secondary one, and that it might do as much mischief as good, nay, more mischief than good, if not administered with the discrimination, judgment, and prudence that unfortunately does not always temper benevolent activity. To raise men who have sunk into pauperism, and the vice it invariably breeds, you must first help them to respect themselves. This is a common enough feeling, and is often made the excuse for doing nothing ; or for delegating effort to others. Philanthropy by deputy is an easy matter compared with personal inquiry and examination, and is often, too often, made an excuse by those who, by a little exertion, could make their gift the better for their work, to adapt for our own purpose the fine words of Mrs. Barrett Browning.

What was uncommon in the conduct of Edward Denison was that he made his gift the better by his work. His was no foolhardy enterprise ; no ill-thought-out bit of adventure, begot of curiosity, or love of sensation ; and it might have seemed as though, despite his nurture and temptations to ease—lettered ease—and society, all his former life had been a preparation for it. Self-reliance and indifference to opinion are strong elements of character for such a work as he entered on : and this is how he learned them, as he tells us in one of

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his letters to a friend, dated from Bournemouth, Dec. 7, 1866 :—

“You are not quite right as to my self-reliance. That is to say, I began my school-life with much the same feelings as you describe. I do not pretend to say I was ever so sensitive as you ; but I was shy and deeply conscious of general demerit, and receiving from my associates pretty consistent tokens that they shared my view, I was thrown more and more on my own fortitude for support against the shocks I was continually undergoing. This hardening process has been going on uninterruptedly for a great many years, and now you are about right in saying that I don't care for the opinion of the world. I think I could do almost anything now without caring what all the drawing-rooms and clubs of London thought of it. Only my present thorough contempt of opinion is just reaction from excessive sensibility to it, and especially to ridicule. In fact, I am just like a hand that has been so incessantly blistered that it is now covered all over with a good coat of hard skin.”

During these tours abroad which he undertook between the years 1862 and 1866, in Italy, in the South of France, in Madeira, and in Switzerland, he had been led, as we have seen, to take note of the condition of the poor in these countries, and to contrast it with what he had heard of the condition of the poor at home. In 1866--not long after his return from one of these jour-

neys—the great distress broke out in the East-End of London which seemed so hopelessly to paralyze all ordinary effort, and he entered himself as one of the visitors or almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress in the district of Stepney. This brought him face to face with the real features of the problem. What he learned from this only deepened his conviction that no method of unorganized or loosely organized charity could prove of any avail; that benevolence, to be practical, must go hand in hand with sound economy. He resolved to do his part to accumulate facts by observation, and accordingly he went to live in Philpot Street to play the combined part of an amateur home-missionary and poor-inspector.

One of the first things that struck Edward Denison, as doubtless it has struck many others, after having made real acquaintance with the East End, was the terrible gulf there is between rich London and poor London—the almost impassable barrier between metropolitan affluence and indigence. “Stepney,” he writes, “is in the Whitechapel Road, and the Whitechapel Road is at the east end of Leadenhall Street, and Leadenhall Street is east of Cornhill. So it is a good way from fashionable and even from business London. I imagine that the evil condition of the population is rather owing to the total absence of residents of a better class—to the dead level of labour which prevails over



that wide region, than to anything else. There is, I fancy, less of absolute destitution than in the Newport Market region ; but there is no one to give a push to struggling energy, to guide aspiring intelligence, or to break the fall of unavoidable misfortune. . . . It is this unbroken level of poverty which is *the* blight over East London ; which makes any temporary distress so severely felt, and any sustained effort to better its condition so difficult to bring to a successful issue. The lever has to be applied from a distance, and sympathy is not strong enough to bear the strain. It was as a visitor for the Society for Relief of Distress that I first began my connection with this spot, which I shall not sever till some visible change is effected in its condition. What a monstrous thing it is that in the richest country in the world large masses of the population should be condemned by an ordinary operation of nature annually to starvation and death ! It is all very well to say, How can it be helped ? Why, it was not so in our own grandfathers' time. Behind us as they were in many ways, they were not met every winter with the spectacle of starving thousands. The fact is, we have accepted the marvellous prosperity which has in the last seventy years been granted us, without reflecting on the conditions attached to it, and without nerving ourselves to the exertion and the sacrifices which their fulfilment demands."

The people create their own destitution and disease, he urges. You must instruct them how to live, so as to disarm these. But you can only instruct them effectually in one way. You must bring to bear upon the young, practically and sympathetically, the living idea of Christianity. All his efforts, guided by large discretion and administrative tact, were directed to this end. He never faltered; apparent failure only nerved him to fresh effort—quiet and steady application to perfecting the means which were clearly open to him.

“Not one person in a thousand,” he himself says, “would be able to decide what to do from day to day, if they felt a boundless latitude of choice. But the fact is, that in ‘circumstances,’ as they are called, indicating the advantage, perhaps the necessity, of some one single act, or succession of acts, and the consequent exclusion and impossibility of others, most people find a governing principle, by which, through a natural and beneficent chain of cause and effect, their lives are led on from day to day, and from year to year. For myself, I do not recognize a perfect liberty to do anything that comes into my head. I thank God that from day to day it is becoming more and more impossible to allow any whims to lead aside my life from the road whose track constantly becomes more distinct and clear, and whose bounds on either side are impassable.”

But he has a high ground of hope. First, he holds

that education will teach providence and economy; and next, that Christianity must prevail with the class amongst whom he wrought. "I have no fears for the spread of Christianity among these men: these are they for whom it was sent; these are they for whom it is declared that 'theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' A Christianity taught by Pharisees and illustrated by Sadducees, in purple and fine linen, has failed to reach their hearts—no wonder. And then these men say, forsooth, Christianity won't do now—it does not satisfy the instincts of humanity. It is not Christianity, but Christians who are wanting. I suppose Baal satisfied the instincts of the humanity that clustered round Carmel, while the solitary prophet vindicated his creed before an apostate nation! But, somehow, Baal could not hold his ground. I am convinced that the days are pregnant with as much spiritual as temporal good for these down-trodden brothers of ours, whom we have elbowed out of churches, as well as ignored in our laws."

With the Bible in his hand, he proposed to take them through a complete course of elementary religious instruction—to develop the whole scheme of religion, following the Bible narrative and bringing in all possible aid from his knowledge of human nature, natural religion, and secular history. Of his inaugural address, he says: "I delivered it to a much larger audience than I

expected, between twenty-five and thirty, all working-men. I have reason to believe that I completely held their attention, and kept sufficiently within the limit of their understanding." And in justification of this plan, he says: "Why don't the clergy go to the people as I propose to go? What is the use of telling people to come to church if they know of no rational reason why they should; when, if they go, they find themselves among people using a form of words which has never been explained to them; ceremonies performed which, to them, are entirely without meaning; sermons preached which, as often as not, have no meaning, or, when they have, a meaning intelligible only to those who have studied theology all their lives?"

Visiting fever-stricken streets, organizing schools, one of which he kept up entirely at his own cost, teaching the children, and lecturing to the working men at night, whilst for a little relief he read law in his spare time—this was the order of the day while Edward Denison dwelt in Philpot Street. "My opinion," he says, "of the great sphere of usefulness to which I should find myself admitted by coming here is completely justified. All is yet in embryo—but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night school, and do what in me lies in looking after the sick, keeping an eye upon nuisances and the like, seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. They are certain evils which, where there

are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and in which the remedial influence of the presence of a gentleman known to be on the alert is inestimable. I have the advantage of having known the parish doctor for some time ; and what is better, he is an energetic, kindly man, always ready to second any attempts to remedy abuses. You see, the mere giving of money (though a certain supply of it is indispensable) is really the most subordinate function that I propose to exercise."

That his efforts were largely appreciated is proved by the numbers which he drew to these week-night meetings, and the interest in them sustained to the end. He has the true teacher's tact in taking advantage of resources which might seem trivial. He indulges the evening meeting with large quotations from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and even Pope.

Mr. Denison was a Liberal, and indeed on one side a sort of democrat, as this passage might go to prove :—" There is no good putting one's head behind a stone—martial power has had its turn—money power has had its turn—labour power is now to have its turn. The transfer of power from the noble lord in Rotten Row to the bald-headed man on the top of the 'bus has not ruined the country, nor deprived the august equestrian of any power which he has shown himself worthy of possessing and capable of wielding. The transfer of power from the

bald-headed man on the top of the 'bus to the man in fustian on the pavement will not be attended with more disastrous consequences. And whether or no, the transfer is about to be effected, and it must therefore be for the good of the country that its rulers should be as well informed as possible. And the working-men can't learn in a better way than by mixing with their equals of foreign countries. The working-man of France, of Germany, of Switzerland, is the superior of his British brother in education, in knowledge of the world, and in administrative matters,—in short, in civic as apart from domestic virtues. They are not all either so bitter against capital as the English—perhaps because they have not been so oppressed by it—and their influence on our fustian flesh-and-blood may very likely be calming and moderating.”

“Things are so bad down here,” he writes, “that giving of money only makes them worse. I am beginning seriously to believe that all bodily aid to the poor is a mistake, and that the real thing is to let things work themselves straight ; whereas by giving alms you keep them permanently crooked. Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains ; but give them no money except what you sink in such undertakings as these. . . . The remedy is to bring the Poor Law back to the spirit of its institution—to organize

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a sufficiently elastic labour-test, without which no outdoor relief can be given. Make the few alterations which altered times demand, and impose every possible discouragement on private benevolence. Universal administration of Poor Law on these principles for one generation would almost extirpate pauperism." Elsewhere he firmly and significantly writes : "The reckless talk about 'the law' and 'the State' seems to obscure the fact that pauper Smith, of No. —, Queer Street, is, and can only be, supported by the alms of Brown, Jones and Robinson, just round the corner, and not by that mysterious and wealthy stranger who seems to embody the idea of the State entertained by too many philanthropists."

In his Lecture on Technical Education he spoke still more decisively and with good illustrative instance :—

"The effect of charity in depressing the economical status of the independent labourer is very clearly seen in those places which have been cursed with large eleemosynary endowments. It is well known that, in those City parishes where residence entitles the poor to stated periodical largesse, the competition for tenements forces rents up to a point proportioned to the exceptional income from the charity, so that the only persons benefited are the house-owners, while the labourer, who may happen not to receive anything from charity, is fined the whole amount of extra rent which the existence of the charity enables the landlord to levy. When, as in these

cases, the charitable income is fixed and ascertained, the evil is limited to the creation of the exact number of indolent and improvident persons who can get a living out of the aforesaid income ; and there it stops. But when the stream flows, not the little tank of a misguided old merchant's trust-fund, but from the vast lake of the whole rateable property of the metropolis, supplemented by the rills of voluntary contribution, whose volume seems capable of being increased *ad libitum* by duly contrived showers of newspaper humbug, then pauperism enlarges her mouth, then all thirsty ne'er-do-weels flock up from the country to drink of these waters of life which flow without money and without price. The ignorant poor of the provinces see in this resource a guarantee against all the evil possibilities which might otherwise deter them from leaving their own neighbourhood and their accustomed tasks to see if 'Lunnon' really is 'paved with gold!'"

Sometimes the unrelieved dulness and darkness of the situation are near to overcoming him, and once or twice he makes such confessions as this :—" My wits are getting blunted by the monotony and ugliness of this place. I can almost imagine—difficult as it is—the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and man's works, and of complete exclusion from the sight of God and His works—a position in which the villager never is, and



freedom from which ought to give him a higher moral starting-point than the Gibeonite of a large town." But still he stuck bravely to his post.

The East-End Guardians, in order to keep down the number of inmates in the workhouses and to reduce the expenditure, had resorted to giving small doles in cases where the only true policy was to enforce residence in the house, and this plan, he declares, was simply "like taking the lock off the door." "They had no means of discriminating applicants; and of course the demands became more and more numerous and pressing."

One of Mr. Denison's great ideas, from which he almost hoped more than from anything else, was the bringing of the various labour-markets of the country *en rapport* with each other; so that, when trade was depressed at one point from local causes, the labourers might be easily transported to other places where the depressing causes were not operative—points which have since then received much consideration and partial practical application.

The desire to test these opinions by more extensive observation led Mr. Denison to visit France and Scotland to examine into the respective methods of dealing with the poor. The result of careful and lengthened inquiry was a conviction that a body of volunteer workers under official sanction and control was the most efficient system. He advocated the establishment of a plan by which there

might be secured official superintendence, audit, and administration for the funds supplied by voluntary charity and in great measure distributed by volunteer visitors. He fancied that this plan combined the zeal of voluntarism with the order and steadfastness of establishment.

“If it could be contrived,” he says, “to set up—say in each Poor-Law division of London—a charity board which should have the absolute control of all the eleemosynary resources of the district, some vigorous effort might perhaps be made to utilize or to export (not necessarily beyond seas) some sensible portion of the semi-pauper class. Some such organization as this seems to me absolutely indispensable preliminary to any effectual dealing with the existing distress.”

He had no great hope of emigration; and, indeed, never allowed himself to look at it as a genuine escape from the difficulty at all. Perhaps his judgment on this matter is gathered up into smaller space in this passage than anywhere else. He is writing to a friend:—

“Mr. Laing in his ‘Notes of Travel,’ or some such book, says emigration does nothing appreciable towards relieving the plethora of an over-populated country. Without going quite so far, one must needs acknowledge that, even when conducted on the grandest scale, it can do very little. It is true, that if the Dorsetshire peasantry knew how much better off they might be elsewhere, *and* could move elsewhere, they would not stay in

Dorsetshire. But I am sure that, with the most liberal Government assistance, short of compulsory deportation, the water-cure (as Mr. Laing calls transmarine emigration) could not be applied in sufficiently large measure to force on a really satisfactory rise in wages. The fact is, that South of England labour is a bad article, from what causes I cannot attempt to say, and would never in its present condition be paid a high price for were it ever so scarce. . . .

“I was very much struck, years ago, with Adam Smith’s remark, ‘that notwithstanding all that had been said of human restlessness and fickleness, man was, of all kinds of luggage, the most difficult to move.’ Every month shows me the truth of this assertion, and while I should always encourage a working-man possessed of the means and inclination to emigrate as the surest method of raising himself in the social scale, I have little hopes of general good to the mother-country from the proceeding, because those who would be most benefited by moving are just those who cannot possibly be moved with any other prospect than that of starvation beyond seas, instead of starvation at home : an advantage which it would cost the country millions to confer on them, and for which the conferrees would not feel much gratitude. . . . I think most amelioration in the labourer’s condition is to be looked for from greater mutual interpenetration of the various labour-markets within the

country itself, and freer interchange of the labourers. Thus the fluctuations in the value of labour in a given district would be reduced, and the labourer spared those periods of stagnation during which his standard of necessaries becomes lowered, and after which much time is lost in regaining the position from which he has fallen. This reduction of the whole country into one unfenced labour-market would be of little use unless the labourer could be made more versatile than he is at present. But this is just what a sound education ought to make him, less the creature of habit, less the slave of place and circumstance."

In one place, as if moved to reactionary utterance, he declares: "I have come to the conclusion that it will be well to help all our best workmen to get away, in order that Dives may be left alone face-to-face with Lazarus, and may get some sores on to his own bloated carcase." This, however, is but the utterance of a momentary feeling; his work proves that his faith in education and Christianity lifted him generally above the level of reflections like these.

His great object in education had thus two sides. First, he sought by it to render the workman a more movable commodity—to make him, in fact, once for all alive to the imperative laws of political economy, so that he would no longer regard himself as fatefully fixed to one spot as at present; and, next, to make him more

conscious of his real dignity as a moral and religious creature. Systematic religious and Bible instruction, by whatever means it might be communicated, was thus rendered necessary; it being assumed that this would react in ways that would make the subject of it all the better a citizen—more able and more inclined to help his fellows. Education of this kind once obtained for the semi-pauperized classes, they would soon become the most effective missionaries and helpers to each other.

“One great change of opinion,” he says, “I owe to Switzerland—at least, I have nearly made up my mind on the subject. Two months ago I was an enemy of the Conscience Clause; not that I wished to make dissenters forcibly into Churchmen, but I thought making religion an open question in a school would discredit it, and prevent the teaching effectually, not of one creed, but of any at all. Now every commune in Switzerland is bound to maintain a secular school in which Protestants and Catholics are taught together, each getting their religious instruction from their respective pastors. Protestants and Catholics are nearly half and half in many of the cantons; but I do not hear that the Catholics complain of a falling-off in their communion. Of course, its result even here, where the system has long been at work, cannot be settled off-hand, and I shall inquire further; but the only priest I have spoken to seems to have no objection to the ‘godless’ school.”

While he was in the midst of all these experiments and inquiries, he was urged by his friends, especially by his uncle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, to stand for the representation of Newark in Parliament. Recognizing that his actual residence in the East-End could not be other than temporary, and that a place in Parliament might greatly aid him in carrying out schemes to which he had given his heart, he consented to do so and was returned. Although a man of quick intellect and, from all that appears, a ready speaker, he scarcely made the figure in Parliament that might have been expected. The truth is, his mind was not political. He approached every political question directly from the social side ; and, however much men of his cast may be needed to temper the political atmosphere, they can neither be interested in party dodges, nor be got to run smoothly in any of the ordinary parliamentary grooves, even although it should be demonstrated that "submissions" of this sort would finally win the influence that would at length make their ideas triumphant. The habit of regarding themselves as being called on to act directly, in some form or other, on human misery, disqualifies them for the balance and calculation and suspense of personal impulse which is so essential to successful political action. They dislike indirect or roundabout ways even to open up avenues of influence. They find little or no joy in

the refinements and the *finesse* of debate, or in the rough cajolery of electioneering contests. He himself wrote very significantly when he was contesting Newark—“Really, some of these electors disgust me. I don’t think it’s my *métier*. I almost hope they won’t have me, and then I’ll take to literature. I believe abstract political speculation rather is my *métier*. Only very strong ambition can induce a man to lie and cringe enough for political success. You see I’m rather bilious. I’ve been all alone in an inn for three days.” And long before this he had said: “It seems to me quite a practical question for a man to ask himself at the beginning of life, ‘What is my work?—which sort shall I apprentice myself to?’ If one decides against politics, one does not thereby condemn them, but only pronounces them less effectual instruments for the end than others.”

Mr. Denison was not a man of one idea; but he was too strictly a philanthropist to be a great politician in the ordinary sense. The following is a characteristic utterance:—“The problems of the time are social, and to social problems must the mind of the Legislature be bent for some time to come. We are feeling the sort of discomfort which may afflict the crab whose shell has got too tight for him, and which he is about to split and cast off preparatory to clothing himself with a new one.”

What he had written at Bournemouth in December, 1866, remained his opinion, without much modification, to the end :—

“ You will be amused to hear that I am already beginning to think rather meanly of politics as they *are*, though politics as they might be really sum up the whole duty of man, and exhibit the ‘ fulfilling of the law.’ Therefore great political questions seem to me to be as worthy of study as ever, only, unfortunately, the men who must set about them are so brutal and sordid that, when these children of the brain are started on their public career, the lover of truth and seeker after human improvement can only turn with loathing from the spectacle of weapons of celestial temper wielded by soulless gladiators for the meanest of ends. It even Pagan philosophers thousands of years ago could see that all legislation was nothing but a system of fences to separate one batch of human tigers from another, and that no fence could really be trusted to stand against the said tigers when their blood was up, it is perhaps time to see if legislation may not be superseded by moral culture. No law can prevent theft, but no man who has been made a Christian indeed will steal.

“ This is the very view of the world which I have long secretly blamed ——— for taking, but I think before long I shall entirely agree with him. Agree with him, that is, in thinking that we should devote our whole souls and



bodies to instilling Christian virtue into the people, and let who will make what laws they please.”

Inevitably, something of this temper will be developed in men who start from the side of social reform in whatever shape. Lord Shaftesbury could never be prevailed on to take office, as he felt it would make him helpless in his philanthropic work, and some have suspected that ministers once or twice pressed office on him with the somewhat cynical idea of closing his mouth. Mr. Plimsoll could only carry his great reform to save men's lives at sea to enrich degraded shipowners by violating the proprieties of the House of Commons. He succeeded: had his cause not been so good, and had he not had the nation at his back, he would have been imprisoned and heavily mulcted.

Mr. Denison made but one speech in the House of Commons, and it could hardly be called a great one, though it very well expressed his character. It was on pauperism. The gist of it was that the object to be constantly kept in view was the absolute abolition of the Poor-Laws; that even as things were, relief to the able-bodied should be confined to the workhouse; that the able-bodied should be sharply distinguished from the sick and infirm, and lodged in a different part of the building; and that vagrancy had been far too leniently dealt with, and ought to be treated, as the Vagrant Act meant it should be treated, “as a crime of a very bad description.”

Here and there in his "Letters and Writings" edited by Sir Baldwin Leighton, we come on glimpses of rare insight into matters that might be conceived to lie outside his range. He saw clearly, in 1867, that the condition of France was such—her frivolity so patent, her vanity so irrational and inordinate, and so fed by the "paternal government" of Napoleon—whom he described as a "crowned impersonation of all the basest elements of society"—that no way was open to the Emperor but to seek escape from difficulties by the pathway of war, and that defeat for France was inevitable. "I am sure they will fight—am ready to lay any amount on the war and on ultimate German success." He held that the plan of the Emperor in forcing labour in Paris by the erection of public works and other improvements, and thus drawing the labourers into that city from the country by the most artificial means, was destructive to true national vigour, and calculated before long to have very disastrous results. Men with small steady earnings, through constant employment in places where local ties—one of the strongest elements of national stability—would day by day have deepened, were tempted by those high wages, which could not possibly be permanent, to transform themselves into adventurers, or, at best, restless citizens, purchasing luxuries giddily with the high wages which should have been invested; so that they were ever

becoming more and more a herd with no fixed ties, no permanent interests, nothing to lose in the prospect of great changes. Almost certain to be, sooner or later, turned suddenly adrift, they would inevitably in that crisis become a crowd of reckless revolutionaries, buoyed up by the thought that, however things might go, each might pick up a scrap in the scramble. And his prognostications in this, as we all know, found, alas ! only too sudden and striking fulfilment.

In the autumn of 1869, his friends were concerned by a recurrence of alarming symptoms—so much effort, so much thought, acting on a constitution never very robust, and with the results of that early overstraining too evident on the system, had told their tale. He was threatened with renewed attacks of congestion of the lungs. He was ordered to a more genial clime. Even in illness, and with the possibility of death in prospect, the ruling passion was strong. The alternative of a winter at Cannes or Nice, or a voyage to the antipodes in a sailing-ship, was offered to him. He preferred the Melbourne voyage. The tame and idle existence of a French invalid town had no attractions for him ; while in Australia he hoped to do something in studying colonization and emigration. The changes of weather and the indifferent diet and attendance of a sailing-ship proved disastrous. During the last weeks of this unfortunate voyage he was confined to his cabin.

On January 26, 1870, within a fortnight after landing, Edward Denison died at Melbourne in his thirtieth year.

“The good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket,”

are words we should be tempted to quote, were it not that we believe in influences that live beyond the personal record here below. A great work was clearly before such a man ; but that great work is still doing ; and wherever it is being faithfully done, Edward Denison may still be said, in no merely figurative or metaphorical sense, to *live*.



*ARNOLD TOYNBEE.*





## ARNOLD TOYNBEE.



**M**OST people who read the newspapers have heard of Toynbee Hall. Some have perhaps wondered what it was; and formed some vague notion that it resembled a working men's reading-room and music-hall. Others may have fancied that it was a kind of cheap dining-hall; a sort of superior soup-kitchen, with a supply of newspapers, and an array of innocent recreations, designed by these very simple methods to attract the working men from the public-house and other low East-End haunts. There is no lack of need for such agencies as these, and, well-conducted, they may accomplish much both for men and women. We know what has been achieved by the

Temperance Coffee Palaces, and lodgings for working-girls at Knightsbridge and Brompton by the Association which Miss Hester Needham was so influential in starting and in carrying on; and out of which sprang so many beneficial agencies of a socializing and moralizing character. We know what has been accomplished in many other quarters by the public-houses without drink.

But Toynbee Hall is a very different kind of institute. It aims at accomplishing directly what other institutions had aimed at more indirectly—at bringing the benevolent impulses of culture into practical and constant relationship and association with the poor, the uncultured, and the helpless in the East-End of London; at not only interesting and instructing by lectures and by tentative measures of a kindred nature; but to plant in the East-End a kind of home, a refuge where vague tendencies to good and desires for improvement and education, which happily make themselves felt now and then on numbers of men and women even there, might have encouragement and a chance of such gratification as should lay the foundation of a gradual social reform. The attractions are mainly of a moral and intellectual kind; and the basis of the whole is personal association, and the feelings of mutual esteem, affection, and goodwill which may spring out of it.

In all work among the poor, this is the element that



is most needed, and is, alas, too often lacking. By it the Quakers of Birmingham consolidated that wonderful Sunday-morning school for working men which has accomplished so much, and is now so extensive that it numbers thousands of adult pupils, who will get up at the same hour on Sunday as on week-day mornings, and go out, in fair weather or foul, and listen to a hymn and a prayer, and then to receive what would be dry lessons in reading and writing were it not for the feeling of true brotherliness that dominates the whole proceedings. Without any theory about it, the Friends in Birmingham, in their simple way, managed to do something not altogether unlike what is far more systematically aimed at and carried out in Toynbee Hall.

Let us take a step down to Whitechapel, and look at it for a little while. About midway in Commercial Street you come to a gateway, outside which you see an intimation board that the University Extension system has quarters there, with various other notices. You go in, and, advancing up a few steps, find yourself in a kind of irregular paved court, rather contracted as to area, but showing around it the frontages of a extensive block of red-brick buildings, which pretty well occupy all the available space, wedged in as they are into the midst of other buildings which press in all around. You enter at the main door, and find yourself in a handsome hall with wide oaken staircase leading up from it.

At the time of our visit, Mr. Bolton King, whose name is so intimately associated with the work, was absent, but we found a good substitute in Mr. Ernest Aves, one of the honorary secretaries, who willingly relinquished exercise in the tennis-ground to gratify our desire to go over Toynbee Hall. So you see, even in the limited space room has been found for some indulgence in physical exercises; and though the tennis-ground is much overlooked by windows around, still a good game may be played there, and we trust it may be yet more used than it has been.

Your guide, moving up the passage, introduces you into a large, airy room, with settees and tables arranged throughout it, and with many fine pictures on the walls, some of them lent, and others the property of the Institute. This is the first public-room of the establishment—the drawing- or reception-room, where friends meet, or where exceptionally important conferences are held; then we pass to the dining-room, really a hall, solidly and tastefully furnished, and with the arms of the various colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, beautifully picked out in colour, along the wall, just under the cornice; there we pass to the lecture-hall, fitted to accommodate something over two hundred and fifty persons, admirably lighted, and with raised platform and all suitable adjuncts. We see several smaller reception-rooms, committee- or conference-rooms, all bearing marks of

work done in arranged papers on shelves, &c. Then we move along a passage, and, mounting some steps, find ourselves in the library, more recently built, where there are even now nearly five thousand volumes of solid and instructive character, and where there is shelving enough for a thousand more; then down again into several lecture-rooms and class-rooms, very neat and with desks; and afterwards upstairs to see many little rooms, excellently equipped: the rooms of the residents, who have come here from Oxford or Cambridge to do earnest work, and learn something of the problems and the difficulties that await those who would strive to improve and elevate the lapsed masses of our great cities. In describing the course we have indicated, we have really twice gone round the main buildings. In ordinary working times every public-room and class-room is utilized. Here will be found a number of men and boys getting a lesson in reading and writing; in another an arithmetical lesson is going on; in a third a simple lesson on chemistry is proceeding; in a fourth, a lesson in drawing; in a fifth, it may be an elementary lecture on botany or physiology; while in the larger ones lectures are given or meetings held. This is the ordinary routine of elemental teaching work; but each evening has its own quota of interest for the more advanced: a lecture on some topic of permanent concern from such men as Mr. Freeman, Mr. Max

Müller, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Thomas Hughes, and Mr. William Morris. Then one evening a week there is a smoking conference—delightful in all ways; then also every week there is a concert, or some such entertainment. The number of pupils at Toynbee Hall is something over a thousand per week; if reckoned by attendances, perhaps two thousand—many of the pupils attending two or more classes at the same time. This in a rough, general way, indicates the inside work.

Then, either in connection with the Charity Organization Society or independently, there is a great deal of visiting and inquiry work to be done, of which, of course, a detailed account could hardly be given by us. Truly, a fine outlet is here afforded for the enthusiasm and abounding energy of well-meaning young men who have reaped the fruits of culture in our ancient universities, and would fain spread it amongst those who have not been so privileged.

Of course, it has to be said that only the superior class who dwell there will be drawn to such an institute; that is true, but then they go forth as a kind of missionaries, and must each exercise a beneficial and elevating influence in their circles; and each resident on the visiting and inquiry side of his work carries his influence among the very lowest.

It is quite possible that a Universities' settlement would have been sooner or later accomplished in the

East-End of London pretty much after this model even if Mr. Arnold Toynbee had not shown the way ; but there is a suitability and a beauty in its gathering all the branches of the work round the central Hall that bears his name ; unity and concentration are thus attained, and the disadvantages of many separate and unconsciously conflicting organizations avoided. Individual energy has abundant scope in every line of effort ; and an immense aid must be found in the facilities with which ideas are exchanged, counsel sought or received, and united action taken, just at the point where united action is necessary, and individual effort often so useless and apt to become a failure and disheartening.

Thus it will be seen that Toynbee Hall was not, in strictness, founded by the man whose name it bears, as many may be apt to suppose. It is a memorial to him raised by friends, and those who had learned to cherish his name for the sake of his character and his work. Never was there a fitter memorial, or one which more effectively carries forward the thoughts and plans of the man commemorated. How often it happens that the thing of stone raised over a grave fails faithfully to express anything of the slumberer below ! How often is it merely a conventional show, or, worse, a sham or a lie, with no correspondence to the life that was lived. Even the statues from the hands of great artists that line

Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, how cold and unpalpitating they sometimes are, conventional, ornate, without soul or hint of impulse or help, and without true hold on the heart. A great man, stricken for death, looking for the last time on the armless statue of the Venus of Milo, turned away weeping, because he had worshipped her as the impersonation of beauty, and now for the first time, he realized that she was without arms, and could not reach down or help him in his great extremity. His experience is a parable. That only is a true memorial which aids directly to carry forward the purpose which the man cherished in life, for which he was prepared to make sacrifices, for which he would have given up all else. Toynbee Hall is such a memorial. It is the flower of a life. It has its roots in a noble example; and is fitted not only to commemorate, but to inspire. It has been said that every institution is but the shadow of a man. Toynbee Hall is the shadow of Arnold Toynbee. To tell how it came to be is to tell the story of a beautiful life; short, alas! too short, but not incomplete: broken off, yet not really interrupted. We shall try, in the briefest manner, to re-tell the leading facts in the narrowest compass.

Arnold Toynbee was the second son of Joseph Toynbee, the distinguished ear-surgeon in London. He was born on the 23rd of August, 1852, in Savile Row. Whilst he was still but an infant his family

removed to Wimbledon, and there he spent most of his childhood. Early surroundings did much to mould his character, alike as regards natural and parental influence. He soon came to delight in the fine scenery around, and to inquire into natural objects. His father was something of a naturalist, a lover of literature, and he was also a good deal of a philanthropist. He took a great interest in the poor people in the district (for even at Wimbledon there are poor—"the poor ye have always with you"), and, anxious to improve their condition, he assisted in the erection of model cottages and in the establishment of a lecture-hall, where he delighted to give lectures on subjects in natural history and simple science. Arnold, while a mere child, was employed to help him in them; and thus early imbibed tastes and ideas not general with children. In later years, we are told by Mr. Montagu that Arnold "would look back as to the happiest hours of childhood to rambles on Wimbledon Common, on which his father would take out a volume of poetry, and, as they rested in pleasant spots here and there, read aloud such passages as a child could feel at least, if not understand." It was a healthy nurture, one calculated to frame a good and thoughtful character.

One of Arnold Toynbee's first passions was for history, especially military history, and he loved to construct mimic fortifications, in which he showed much precision and skill. This tendency is the more surprising that he

was always delicate and exquisitely sensitive to pain. It was the form in which his great love of system, and his liking to overcome difficulties, displayed itself earliest. He was very resolute, and with a good deal of impetuosity combined a strong will.

When about eight, he was sent to a private school at Blackheath, where these qualities soon made him a leader in amusement and in innocent mischief. Once he was caught in making a caricature of one of the masters ; so absorbed in his work that, unlike the others, he did not notice the entrance of another master, at which his companions had retreated, and he alone suffered for an offence in which the whole had had a share, or to which they had been consenting. As a schoolboy, he was somewhat slow at set tasks, though he mastered very readily what was congenial to his own tastes. He had determined to be a soldier, and at fourteen he was sent to a college to be prepared for examination. He began to enjoy manly games ; and in this his emulation was strong, and he so overstrained himself at football that he paid the penalty in illness and sleeplessness. He read a great deal here, and came to the conclusion that he was more fitted to be a student than a soldier.

His father was now dead, and it was necessary he should enter on some practical career, and he thought of the Civil Service. With this in view he spent the next two years in reading at home, and



in attending lectures at King's College, London. Then he changed his mind, and thought of preparing for the Bar; but study, the pursuit of truth, seems to have captivated him; and he became undecided about a profession. "At length," says Mr. Montagu, "that current swept him right away, and he deliberately resolved to devote his life to the study of history and of the philosophy of history." With this idea, he took lodgings, first, in the village of Bracknell, in Berks, and afterwards in the village of East Lulworth, on the Dorsetshire coast, and in this way spent many months. His course now became clearer: he would go to the University. Probably he felt that a life so completely secluded and solitary had its own drawbacks, and that intellectual development would suffer nothing from association with those of similar aims and tastes. When he reached the age of twenty-one, he found himself the master of a small capital, which might yield him maintenance during a course at Oxford, and he entered Pembroke College in January, 1873. A kind of reaction was at work when Toynbee went to Oxford. Religious liberalism was apt to pass into something that savoured of scepticism, if it did not sometimes lead beyond it. But Toynbee, by long meditation in solitude, had found a rock on which to rest. "Most men," he says, "seem to lose their religious beliefs in passing through the University; I made mine." As the magnet

draws the iron, he drew to himself the true spirits, who had reached to the "higher law." One of these was the late Professor Thomas Hill Green, who had built himself up a philosophic system consistent with his religious interests. Toynbee was fitted to sort well with him; they were kindred souls; though in some respects they diverged on the objects of their interest, they could help each other by closest sympathy and counsel. Their minds and hearts were akin. Both believed in possibilities of man for union that sceptics are apt to scout. Both believed in a purified society, in a condition where the conflicts of classes would in great measure be reconciled by higher moral ideals, and thus prepare the way for the only true democracy; and both believed in the State as subject to a moral and religious sanction of which the Church was the outward authorized expression.

Toynbee competed for a scholarship in modern history at Balliol, and was unsuccessful. His reading had been wide, but not of the exact and definite kind, perhaps, most helpful in examinations, and original thought does not always make up for systematic knowledge in such cases. The close study, acting on a delicate organization, brought on illness, and he was forced to leave Oxford to recruit, and did not return to it for a year. In January, 1875, he became a commoner of Balliol. But he was still so weak that he was unable to study

hard for more than two or three hours a day, and had to content himself with a pass degree. But the disciplines of trial and disappointment were not lost on him; and if he failed in certain ways, he won in others. His character was strengthened; his aims in life became definite and clear, he had been led to larger subjects than come within the scope of university examinations. He had made some attached friends who could appreciate him, and whom he valued. He had come under the influence of Mr. Ruskin, who was then in Oxford delivering his lecture as Professor of Fine Art. He was one of the undergraduates who went to work on that much derided enterprise, the repairing of the road in Hinksey. In spite of his delicacy of physique, his zeal supported him, and he rose to the rank of foreman. What he did was reinforced by what he heard at those breakfasts which Mr. Ruskin gave to his young friends at Oxford. In opinions on many points Tonybee was not at one with his master, and the less so the longer he lived; but he loved and revered him, and the impulse to practical effort which he then received, remained. It was confirmed by his religious meditations, which at this time happily came in to relieve those speculations on Man and Destiny, the Mystery of Life, the Mystery of Pain, which had much engaged him, and into which he had been led more than he might otherwise have been by correspondence with his valued friend, James Hinton,

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In the course of his first year at Oxford, we find him writing :—

“The two things the Bible speaks to our hearts most unmistakably are the unfathomable longing for God, and the forgiveness of sins ; and these are the utterances that fill up an aching void in my secular religion—a religion which is slowly breaking to pieces under me. It is astonishing to think that in the Bible itself we find the most eloquent heart-rending expression of that doubt and utter darkness and disbelief which noisy rhetoricians and calm sceptics would almost persuade us were never before adequately expressed—they would tell us we must look for it all in their bald language. . . . The position I wish to attain is that of a man consumed with the thirst after righteousness.”

And again :—

“Every morning I read my Bible and the *Imitation*. I try daily to be good and unselfish ; I am not very successful, but I do try. A speechless thrill of spiritual desire sometimes runs through me and makes me hope even when most weary. . . . My work goes on well. Political Economy is becoming clearer to me every day ; I feel how right I was to choose it as my subject. I try not to get excited, to let my mind work easily. I take every sensible precaution about my health, and try to turn my thoughts from that to spiritual things. I often think that, if we were ever as nervous about our spiritual

life as we are about our physical, we should most of us do better. I don't mean nervous about heaven and hell, but about the purity of our thoughts, and the truth of our aims."

Not prepared to attach his faith too fixedly to any dogmatic form, Tonybee rested firmly in the faith of a Divine personality, inscrutable, mysterious, but real and near to us, and never wavered from this conviction.

"It seems to me," he says, "that the primary element of all religion is the faith that the end for which the whole universe of sense and thought, from the Milky Way to the lowest form of animal life, the end for which everything came into existence, is that the dim idea of perfect holiness which is found in the mind of man might be realized; that this idea is God eternal and the only reality; that the relation between this idea which is God and each individual is religion, the consciousness of the relation creating the duty of perfect purity of inner life and being, and the duty of living for others, that they too may be perfectly pure in thought and action; and, lastly, that the world is so ordered that the triumph of righteousness is not impossible through the efforts of the individual will in relation to eternal existence. I speak of God as an idea, and not as personal; I think you will understand what I mean if you ask yourself if the pure love and thoughts of a man are not all that makes his personality clear to you—whether you

would care that anything else of him should be immortal ; whether you do not think of all else of him as the mere expression and symbol of his eternal, invisible existence.”

This indicates as much the kind of process through which Toynbee had passed as any possible utterance of the kind in a letter to a friend could do. And certainly he was no Pantheist, any more than he was a sceptic. His expression about the Comtists will show this, and supplement effectively what has been quoted above :—

“Humanity is really an abstraction manufactured by the intellect ; it can never be the object of religion, for religion in every form demands something that lives and is not made. It is the vision of a living being that makes the Psalmist cry, ‘As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, the living God.’”

We have quoted these passages to show how deep the religious sentiment lay in the life of Arnold Toynbee. It was the inspiring force, the element that imparted energy and unity to purpose and to work. Without it, he would probably have become something of a valedudinarian dilettante.

“Religion,” says Mr. Montagu, “was the inspiring force of Toynbee’s later years, and his efforts to understand and contribute to the cure of social evils were prompted above all by the hope of raising the people to

that degree of civilization in which a pure and rational religion would be possible to them. Sensitive to their physical sufferings he was in a degree which at times almost overpowered his judgment ; but he never imagined that the franchise, regular employment at fair wages, and cheap necessaries, were in themselves capable of appeasing the tremendous cravings of human nature, of quieting the animal appetites, or of satisfying the nobler aspirations. He did perceive, however, that a great number of our people live in such a manner as to make materialism and fanaticism almost unavoidable alternatives for them."

Arnold Toynbee's work was directed to material and physical improvement, but only as a means to an end. Its unity, its persistency, its purpose, sprung from his moral and religious convictions. He had convinced himself by careful inquiry and thought that Christianity did not depend upon a book, but that the book depended on Christianity ; and so vital was it, that no hope for any agency that could act as a lever to raise mankind could be found save through it alone ; and it held its authority because the spiritual nature of man once awakened recognized itself clearly interpreted there. What he says of the great Christian ideas will bear this out :—

"They are not the creations of a particular hour or place, they are universal, but they become a compelling

power owing to the inspiration of one teacher in a particular corner of the earth. What the real character of Christ was, what is the truth about certain incidents in his life, we may never ascertain ; but the ideal Christ, the creation of centuries of Christian suffering and devotion, will be as little affected by historical scepticism as the character of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' by researches into the Danish Chronicles. Prove to-morrow that the Scripture records and the Christian tradition are inventions, and you could no more destroy their influence as a delineation of the spiritual life, than the critics destroyed the spell of the Homeric poems by proving that Hector and Achilles never fought on the plains of Troy. This may seem a paradox, but the time will come when we shall no more think it necessary to agree with those who assert that Christianity must stand or fall with the resurrection of Christ, than we now dream of saying with St. Bernard that it must stand or fall with belief in the Virgin Mary. The Christian records and the lives of the saints will be indispensable for the cleansing of the spiritual vision, and the power which they exercise will be increased as their true value as evidence is understood. The Christian religion itself will in future rest upon a correct interpretation of man's spiritual character."

Such ideas arising upon a man, coincidentally with the study of political economy and inquiries into the condi-



tion of the poor, could not but have their own effect. To reconcile the inevitable laws of ordinary life with the facts of spiritual insight of this kind is the mission of the greatest teachers. Arnold Toynbee, instead of contenting himself with abstract theories, was led to believe that the historical method faithfully applied alone could suggest the adequate machinery of effort as revealing what is special in the present time, both as regards the evils of society, their causes and the latent forces that may be moved to cope with them. This implied not only inquiry, but extended comparison, and the still more essential element of personal acquaintance and broadened sympathy as a result of it. Nothing could be achieved without this. To lay down principles for the guidance of others was comparatively an easy matter: to place oneself practically in the true position for attaining the end desired was far more difficult. Dr. Jowett, who knew Toynbee, and admired his nobility and devotion, has written a preface to a volume of Toynbee's lectures, presenting what may pass as the estimate of him and his aims and work from the standpoint of the older and more experienced Oxford man; and in this preface he admirably seizes this point when he says:—

“There was a unity in all his views which was the unity of his own character. In religion as in political economy, he was an enemy to abstractions, to disputed

dogmas in theology, as much as to abstract theories about capital and labour; religious truths must be clothed with flesh and blood, and brought into some relation with actual life before they had any hold on his mind. He was always seeking to carry out in practice the ideas which he had conceived. He would gather his friends around him; they would form an organization; they would work on quietly for a time, some at Oxford, some in London; they would prepare themselves in different parts of the subject until they were ready to strike in public. Such aspirations, combined with the keen perception of the means by which they were to be fulfilled, will recall to the mind of some the narrative of another movement which commenced in Oxford about fifty years ago, and from a grain of mustard seed has grown to be a great tree."

It was only a natural result that Toynbee should reach the same conclusion as Edward Denison had done, that to aid the poor effectually, mere pecuniary assistance unaccompanied by intimate knowledge and sympathy is not only inadequate, but may do mischief. His philosophical principles, drawn from his study of the historical method, as well as his Christian convictions, led him to this conclusion from very opposite sides. Religion was the motive power of his life, but social progress was its aim. He resolved therefore to see things for himself as far as possible, and during the

vacation of 1875 he took rooms in the Commercial Road, Whitechapel, and furnished them in the barest possible manner. He put himself at the disposal of the Rev. Mr. Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, and heartily aided him in many departments of his work; he taught classes; he helped to organize treats and amusements. At the same time he worked under the Charity Organization Society, and was thus led to visit much in the lowest quarters, with definite practical purpose. He joined the Tower Hamlets Radical Club, and delivered lectures to the members, cultivating his powers in public speaking and readiness in reply to objections raised: and, above all, delivering himself of his views of what was most needed for a beneficial reconstruction of society. He accumulated a vast store of knowledge and experience during this time, of which it is to be regretted that he has not left a more detailed record. But he always looked back to these labours in Whitechapel with pleasure, as having been fruitful of many thoughts and suggestions, and he regretted that he was not able to continue or to renew them. His labours were so unwearying, however, that his health again gave way; and he was compelled to leave sooner than he had intended. Mr. Montagu says:—

“His indefatigable industry, the noisy situation of his lodgings, the extreme dulness and dreariness of the East-End of London, and, most of all, the constant

spectacle of so much evil, so difficult, I will not say of cure, but of mitigation, made residence in Whitechapel too exhausting for Toynbee's delicate constitution. He never found fault with anything, and stuck to his post as long as he could. But he was at length forced to give up his experiment. Although he was never able to repeat it, it confirmed him in the belief that the prosperous must know before they can really assist the poor; and he was fond of insisting that thought and knowledge must now in philanthropy take the place of feeling. His example and teaching in this matter have resulted in the foundation of Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel, the inmates of which are enabled, without forsaking their own friends and pursuits, to live amongst those whom they wish to benefit."

A short period of quiet and rest in the country restored him, and he returned to the University. It was necessary for him to think of some means of procuring a livelihood. He was more and more disinclined to enter any profession, and from various causes, his ill-health among them, had failed to secure a fellowship. The authorities of Balliol College showed their appreciation of his gifts and character by appointing him tutor to the students at that college, who were qualifying themselves for the Indian Civil Service. The duties of this appointment left him a good deal of leisure, which he knew how to utilize. He prepared lectures on

Political Economy and other subjects, all with a direct bearing on the great object of his life, the amelioration of the condition of the masses; and by proceeding faithfully on the line he had marked out for himself, was able to show in some important respects that the so-called principles of political economy as formulated by the great masters are not so absolute, universal, or invariable as they had fondly conceived. In the lecture introductory to the course on "The Industrial Revolution," he used these words:—

"The historical method has revolutionized political economy, not by showing its laws to be false, but by proving that they are relative for the most part to a particular stage of civilization. This destroys their character as eternal laws, and strips them of much of their force and all their sanctity. In this way the historical method has rescued us from intellectual superstitions."

He delivered these lectures at Balliol College and at other places, attracting as much by happy and unexpected illustrations drawn from a wide range of reading, as by luminous statement of principles; and he differed from most political economists in having direct practical aims.

Into everything he imported the moral element; the throes of society that disturbed old arrangements were in his eyes but a vague and painful demand for an

ethical principle. "Competition of old time," he urged, "was controlled by custom; in the future, like the other great forces of society, it will be controlled by morality. . . . In the past, all associations had their origin in unconscious physical motives; in the future, all associations will have their origin in conscious ethical motives. Here, as in so many other things, the latest and most perfect development of society seems to be anticipated in its outward form by the most primitive; only the inner life of the form has changed."

And one remarkable element in his application of these principles was the endeavour to make the workers themselves conscious and active agents in the transference of the controlling agent from custom to morality, from law to equity, from coercion to respect, by their own personal advance or improvement. He rested on the ethical. He followed his principles all round, and did not flatter, and, by flattering, take a side. Here is one passage from his lectures on "The Industrial Revolution" which exhibits this :—

"What," he asks, "have been the remedies which the workmen have relied upon? The workmen, in the first place, have relied upon Trades' Unions, and I believe myself—and I think this, again, is a thing which London workmen do not realize as fully as workmen in the North, in the Iron and Coal Trades—that the great Trades' Unions, when properly organized, and supported

as they will be more and more by public opinion, the public opinion of the whole of the people, will be able, not by coercion mainly, but by forcing the employer to respect them, and slowly to conceive of the idea of introducing equity into his dealings with workmen—I do think that the Trades' Unions may enforce a rise in wages in the future. As a matter of fact, the Trades' Unions have so far succeeded that in the North of England, and in other parts of the country, boards which are not known in London, called Boards of Conciliation, have been formed, upon which employers and workmen sit at the same table to discuss the question of wages. These boards, I think myself, are of very great significance, because they could not have been formed unless the employer had recognized the political equality and independence of the workman. And mark what that means. The workman, as Mr. Mundella told the Trades' Unions Commission in 1867, had in the past been treated by the employer as a serf and a dependant; when he obtained the franchise and got political rights, the employer was forced to respect him, and admit him to an equal footing. And—this is the point—directly you get the idea of citizenship extended from one class to the whole people, it is inevitable that in time the relations between classes and classes must change. I do not mean to say that they will change at once, but I do know that these

considerations slowly begin to act upon the employers, and that if we, the English nation, are only true to ourselves, and to our ideals, we shall be able to coerce the employers, not by physical force, but by a far more powerful and subtle force—public opinion—into yielding the workmen the wages which they deserve. The employers, as I say, may be worked upon in that way; but there is also one other method of dealing with them, that is, by international co-operations of workmen. There was a society formed some years ago, of which Professor Beesly knows the history—for he was concerned in it—which was called the International, and was much misunderstood in England; but it had for its main object a thoroughly legitimate thing, viz.: the combination, the peaceful combination, peaceful and intelligent combination of workmen in different parts of Europe, to prevent employers reducing the wages by importing foreign labour. Now, that society broke down, and it is important to remember why. It broke down because workmen were not yet fit to co-operate, that is, they were not yet fit for international co-operation; because it involved co-operation with men of different races, different languages, different ideas and prejudices. But the history of that society teaches us one great lesson, which is this: that the thing can be done, and will probably be done in time. But remember that the material change you want can only be got by the



development of higher moral qualities. This is a thing which I am afraid a great many of you do not understand. You do not realize what a subtle and delicate and complicated thing civilization is. Civilization has not been built up by brute force; it has been built up by patience, by self-sacrifice, by care, by suffering, and you cannot, and you will not, obtain any great material change for the better unless you are prepared to make an effort to advance in your moral ideas."

He was not a theorizer, but a practical reformer, bent on supplying impulse, and uniting men for social objects. With this end in view, he had at Oxford drawn together into an informal society several of the most promising of his contemporaries. His one idea was to utilize and to direct into available channels the fresh thought and eager curiosity of younger men. This society took more definite shape as time went on.

Each member was to select for his special study some principal department of politics, but all were to work in concert, and to maintain, by meeting from time to time for discussion, a general level of sympathy and information. When they had matured their views they were to take part in forming public opinion, by writing or by speaking, as best suited each man's talent and opportunities. The conception of such a society had long been familiar to him, and this was not the first attempt to carry it out. He would dwell

mournfully on that practical impotence of clever and earnest University men which has afforded so much matter for exultation to the enemies of polite letters. "Every one is organized," he wrote, "from licensed victuallers to priests of the Roman Catholic Church. The men of wide thought and sympathies alone are scattered and helpless."

The Society held its first meeting in June, 1879, and continued for three years to meet once a term, sometimes in London, oftener in Oxford. Questions were raised and answers given from different points of view, with the definite result of agreement on the necessity of organized efforts to communicate something of their thoughts to the great body of the people.

Amid other means hit upon for this object, Toynbee himself resolved to prepare and to deliver courses of lectures. His studies in political economy and in history had not been neglected. In January, 1880, he gave a series of addresses at Bradford on Free Trade, the Law of Wages, and England's Industrial Supremacy. He did not write out his lectures, but trusted to the inspiration of the moment. This, in the case of a man who is fluent, and is full of his subject, is the most effective form of address, but it is apt to tax the nervous system of a sensitive person. Toynbee felt the strain; but he persevered in the practice: his great aim was to be effective and to enlist others in his crusade

The Bradford people did not neglect him; his lectures were well attended both by employers and workmen. In the beginning of 1881 he became one of the "Guardians of the Poor" in Oxford; and lectured again at Newcastle and Bradford, on "Industry and Democracy." Next year he gave an address at Newcastle, Bradford, and Bolton, on the question—"Are Radicals Socialists?" Many other addresses he gave; but these are the more important. Each and all of them showed careful inquiry, much thought, thorough grasp of facts and figures, and a careful dialectic. Above all, his character and his high ethical ideal penetrated all, and added a rare force and conviction to what he said.

He was also very interested in questions of Church Reform, and endeavoured to infuse fresh life into the Church Reform Union, of which Mr. Thomas Hughes and the Rev. Llewellyn Davies had been the chief movers, but which had lost its impetus.

In June of 1879, Toynbee had married a lady in every way sympathetic to him; but he had continued to pursue, with as much persistency and energy as before, all the objects with which he had become identified. The short holidays he took invariably turned themselves into journeys of investigation and inquiry, before he had proceeded far. Wherever he went there were factories to be seen, or the condition of the workers to be investigated. "In the summer of 1880 he had spent

some delightful weeks in Switzerland, and on his return journey stopped at Mulhausen to inspect its cotton manufactories and *cit  ouvri re*—a town of model houses for the operatives, which they might acquire in perpetuity by gradual payments. Part of the summer of 1882 he spent in Ireland, but this was not for him a time of rest. He used his utmost endeavours to become acquainted with the true state of the peasantry; would stop them by the wayside, or sit for hours in their cabins listening to endless talk. Mr. Davitt, whose acquaintance he then made, thus writes of him:—

“I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the late Mr. A. Toynbee during his Irish tour, as well as the advantage of a subsequent correspondence, and few men have ever impressed me so much with being possessed of a passionate desire to mitigate the lot of human misery. In his death this unfortunate country has lost one thoroughly sincere English friend and able advocate who, had he lived, would have devoted some of his time to the task of lessening his countrymen’s prejudices against Ireland.”

He had prepared some lectures discussing some of the positions of Mr. Henry George, and had delivered them in Oxford; and, in spite of great weakness and exhaustion, he unfortunately consented to re-deliver them in January, 1883, at St. Andrew’s Hall, Newman Street London. His audience was large and re-

presentative, we learn, and the first lecture was listened to with great attention; but at the second a disturbance took place from the presence of some noisy dissenting minority; and the excitement and strain on the system caused by this proved too much for him. He returned to Wimbledon to die. He was sleepless: opiates had little or no effect; and now and then his mind wandered. At times he showed an almost unearthly cheerfulness. "He constantly asked," says Mr. Montagu, "to lie in the sun, to let the light stream in upon him; murmuring, 'Light purifies—the sun burns up evil—let in the light.'" After seven weeks of illness, he passed away on the 9th of March, 1883, and lies buried beside his father in the churchyard of Wimbledon.

A truly remarkable man; who, in face of the greatest drawbacks, accomplished a great work. Had he been spared, the wide world would doubtless have come to know him, and to confess it. As it is, dying in his thirty-first year, and never enjoying robust health, it is marvellous what he accomplished. Only a man of the most resolute and buoyant spirit could have achieved what he did. His biographer says:—

"Had Arnold Toynbee lived in the thirteenth century, he would probably have entered or founded a religious order, unless he had first been burned as a heretic. In the nineteenth century, he lived to show how much may be done, nay, how much may be enjoyed, by a man

whom society would think poor. When about to address audiences of working-men, mostly artisans and mechanics, he used to say that he liked to think he was not himself much richer than they were." In one sense he was poorer than most of them—in that he had a feeble constitution, and an excitable and over-sensitive nature.

With regard to the definite results of Toynbee's effort much might be said. He made it clear that no abstract principle, however patiently built on the phenomena of any period, can be so presented as not, under changed conditions, to become misleading. "The old political economy," he held, "told only half the truth, and in practice had, in some respects, turned out to be the reverse of truth. It had preached the accumulation of wealth, leaving the distribution to take care of itself." Toynbee's purpose was to find the correcting influences proper to our conditions; whether he absolutely found these or not, he hit on truths that at once touched the moral nature of man, and suggested a redistribution based not on competition, but the higher law of a modified altruism, of which respect of class for class was to be the motto.

Like Denison, he did not expect much from emigration, and soon came to discredit most of the nostrums of benevolent well-meaning reformers. So far as mere reconstruction or organization of industry were con-

cerned, he was inclined to hope most from co-operation wisely developed. "Of all the means employed by the poor to better their condition," says Mr. Montagu, "the co-operative system appeared to him the most effectual. This system, we know, has proved more successful in distribution than in production; but it is capable of indefinite expansion in the hands of intelligent and honest men. Toynbee hoped that it might be made to include a teaching organization. His hopes, in this last regard, have so far been realized by the institution which bears his name, and which is doing noble work, and even leading others in distant lands to buckle themselves to the same great battle, as is seen in the institution of the Neighbourhood Guild of New York." It is of the nature of a seed to grow; it is inevitable that such an influence should spread.

Professor Jowett will furnish us with a fitting passage with which to close our sketch:—

"The peculiarity of Arnold Toynbee's position was this: He was not a socialist or a democrat, though he had some tendencies in both directions. He was not a party politician at all; but he had a strong natural sympathy with the life of the labouring classes, and he was a student of history. Beginning with the *à priori* hypotheses of Ricardo and Mill, he turned aside from them to study the actual condition of the poor in past times, especially the progress of enclosures, the growth

of the factory system, the remuneration of the labourer, the administration of the Poor Law ; by the use of the 'historical method' he thought that he would better understand the altered country in which we are now living. He had learnt how to distinguish these two lines of inquiry, and yet was able to combine them. This further point of view has been reached by few ; no one has started from it. Nor has any one associated such studies in the same manner with a personal knowledge of the working classes."





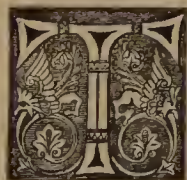
*JOHN CONINGTON.*



JOHN CONINGTON.



## JOHN CONINGTON.



THE general idea of the Academic personage is that of a remote, cold-blooded kind of being. He loves seclusion, and delights to regard himself as the centre of his own little world. Outside the university precincts he is at sea. The whole universe is conceived to mirror itself in his mind as moving round the university in which he is a prominent and imposing figure. When he moves out of it, he is without a true centre of gravity for his thoughts, as it were; and is apt to look at everything as though it were out of focus because he is "from home." No doubt the tendency of academic life is in this direction; but that is a very exaggerated and untrue idea of it, though novelists even of such mark as Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant,

and Miss Sarah Tytler have not been wholly guiltless by lending some countenance to a modified form of it. Happily some of our most active and public-spirited men have been professors and tutors, rectors and vice-presidents and presidents of colleges, and never had any appointment or function other than academic. Not to go far back, we might name for one the late Professor Thomas Hill Green, whose writings and whose life attest the beatings of a heart in sympathy with the great waves of life and thought outside. We are now to deal with another scholar, who was never, for any period worth speaking of, other than academic, and who, had he only been blessed with robust health and longer life, would undoubtedly have done good work for the world alike in the social, political, and religious sphere. Our choice of him will impart a certain variety to our pages; and his life, which has lessons, will not be without effect if briefly and faithfully told in outline.

John Conington was born at Fishtoft, near Boston, on August 10, 1825. His father, the Rev. Richard Conington, was rector of that place—a studious, scholarly man. John was from his birth a grave, thoughtful child, and soon became almost the inseparable companion of his father. He preferred books to play. He knew his letters when he was fourteen months old, and could read well for his own amusement at three and a half. He was fond of reading the Bible, and the greatest treat that

could be given him was to allow him to go into the library to choose a book for himself. When only eight years old, he would pass whole days in comparing the different editions of Virgil; and if his memory failed him occasionally in other things, it was faithful here, for at this age he could repeat correctly to his father a thousand lines; and we are told that even then "the purity and refinement of his taste was remarkable."

In 1834 he went to a small school at Silk Willoughby, where he remained for two years, and was then transferred to the Beverley Grammar School. His letters to his friends show him even at this time a remarkably correct and easy writer; and he delights to send home news of the doings of the school. He was one of five librarians, who read by themselves, and studied subjects other than those required by the masters.

"We have also agreed," he writes, "that every one of our number should devote an hour on Saturday afternoon to the reciting of a lecture on some art or science, the composition of some one or other of the librarians. None but our five knew anything of the scheme, so that, between ourselves, you are the only one to whom these arcana have been communicated. My finances are at present reduced to a very low degree; but they have not been expended in eatables, or anything like that. Two or three weeks ago, seeing a copy of Sotheby's Homer, I resolved to make myself master of it. It was quite

new, uncut, unsullied ; its publishing price is £3 12s., this one cost me £1 15s. It is accompanied with seventy illustrations by Flaxman. As soon as Mr. Warren [the master] saw it, he told me that I had made a very excellent bargain, and soon after procured one for himself, but I should hardly think at the same low price. . . . I have written a poem of 104 lines on the Witch of Endor."

The tastes of the scholar are here quite developed, and the art of the book-buyer and the affection of the book-lover too. The ambition of the author has also awakened in him. He was only twelve years of age. Though he was in no sense a sour, stand-off kind of boy, he was disinclined to rough exercises. But he was genial, social, kindly, and at this school does not appear to have suffered from any of the persecution and badgering to which boys of this type are often exposed at our public schools. Probably his physical defects were accepted as full excuse for his disinclination to rougher sports and exercises. He was very short-sighted.

In 1838, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to Rugby, then in the height of its reputation under Dr. Arnold. He was placed in the house of Mr. Cotton (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta), to whom he became deeply attached. The intense interest felt by Mr. Cotton in all philanthropic and missionary work, in all social and moral improvement, left its own effect on Conington,

which led him to sympathize, as we shall see, with all the great efforts made for human improvement throughout the world, though he was not qualified by temperament to take active practical share in some of them. But the rough life among elder boys brought its penalty at Rugby. He was compelled to take his share in some games, and did not like it. His biographer, Mr. Smith, tells us that his first recollection of Conington was seeing him "wearily pacing to and fro inside the goal at the sixth-form football match."

"The Rugby of those days," Mr. Smith continues, still retained some of its primeval roughness; and though it may be hoped that even then all the worst forms of bullying had already disappeared, enough of the spirit of it remained to interfere seriously with the comfort of a sensitive boy, whose character and tastes were so much in advance of those around him.

"These disadvantages, however, did not very seriously affect him, and might not have been borne in mind at all, had it not been that he always remembered any kindness shown to him at this period by his older school-fellows." The notorious Hodson of Hodson's Horse—about some of whose doings in India experts in that subject are not wholly at one even yet—was one of the seniors, and head of Cotton's house for the last half-year Conington was there, and towards the shy young scholar the adventurous Hodson was considerate and kind,

“He was at Rugby years ago with me,” wrote Conington long after, “and though my senior, and for the last half-year head of Cotton’s house, to which he had been sent to restore law and order, a sort of patron of mine, having considerable literary taste, while he was a great athlete, so that I used to have the privilege of going to see him in his study, and hearing him talk about eminent persons in and out of Rugby, and in return used occasionally to do him a copy of verses, both before and after I got into the sixth form—a piece of compliance which, as you know, I do not approve of now. I felt quite inclined to regard him as a hero then, and am proud to think that he proved himself so on a wider stage to the world at large.”

Conington was fortunate in never having been a fag. He was placed in the fifth form immediately on his arrival at school, and escaped it. Such a position would no doubt have proved very galling and irksome to him. Dr. Arnold had formed the highest opinion of him, and wrote home the most gratifying letters to his parents. The only scrape which he ever got into was the bringing in by the other boys of some fireworks to celebrate the 5th of November, when he was nominal head of Cotton’s house, and this he really had no power to prevent. Conington always maintained that more had been expected from him than was possible under the circumstances, and felt no real degradation in the loss of a few



places in the sixth form, which it needs hardly to be said that he soon recovered.

Mr. Smith thus gives some recollections of Conington at Rugby :—

“To us his conversation was delightful, and was certainly as instructive as it was entertaining. In the long summer walks, which then as now were one of the chief pleasures of Rugby boys, he would sometimes, if we pressed him to do so, awaken our admiration with some marvellous display of his powers of memory, repeating to us, for instance, our own unsuccessful and forgotten prize poems. But he would much oftener interest us in a discussion relating, it might be, to some incident of our school life, or to some question of literary or poetical criticism, or perhaps to matters of graver import ; and to these descriptions his genial wit and pleasant fancies, and above all his varied stores of knowledge, which to us seemed inexhaustible, gave a perpetual charm.”

His father's utter dislike to anything that savoured of ritualism or Tractarianism made him think of sending his son to Cambridge, but the son's prepossessions were naturally strong for Oxford, and fortunately he found a warm supporter in Dr. Tait. He was fortunate enough to secure an Exhibition for three consecutive years ; and matriculated at University College on June 30, 1843, but did not then enter on residence. But he continued

to study hard, not only in his favourite classics, but in political economy and allied subjects, day by day adding to his stores of knowledge. He had meanwhile offered himself for a demyship at Magdalen, and was successful, entering on residence there. He was fortunate in his tutor—the Rev. Mr. Linwood, of Christ Church, between whose mind and his there was much affinity and sympathy in many respects. He succeeded in carrying off both the Hertford and the Ireland scholarships.

Before offering himself for final examination he quitted Magdalen, having been elected in March, 1846, to a scholarship at University College. He took this step, we are told, because, having already decided not to take holy orders, he found that there was only a very remote chance of succession to a lay fellowship at Magdalen. "I shall never fail," he wrote, "to speak of the authorities there as having been very kind to me personally, and as having made my residence there as comfortable as they could; and it is a satisfaction to me to think that in leaving them I acted with their entire concurrence."

He now began to take a great interest and an active part in the discussions of the Union Society, where some of the greatest orators of England have first essayed eloquence, and where they have found practice and attained self-confidence before stepping into a wider arena. Conington's interest in public matters, and his powers of clear logical statement, soon made him noticed

and spoken of; and he had, as so many have had before him, a definite practical object in view; for as yet he cherished the idea of sometime taking part in public life, and regarded this as the best preparation for it. The Union was then in great favour, and Conington had for fellow-debaters some men who have risen into the front rank. Such questions as that of the Corn-laws, the condition of the people, the treatment of Nonconformists, were now studied by him in something of a systematic and exhaustive way; he read much and thoroughly in works which students, save of a very grave and serious turn, are apt to neglect and to make up for it by light literature. His interest in such subjects is proved by the fact that one of the events of a tour on the Continent which he took then was a visit paid to the distinguished Godfrey Hermann.

On his return from this tour he settled in London. It was necessary for him to turn to something for income, and he formed a connection with the *Morning Chronicle* (now defunct) as one of its leader-writers. His talents did not perhaps lie, in any special sense, in this way. He lacked, perhaps, a little, the brilliancy which goes for so much in newspaper writing. But he had accumulated a vast store of knowledge on many subjects; he had the gift of clearness, and the power of presenting facts forcibly, and of reasoning from them with effect. The files of the *Morning Chronicle* of these days present a

succession of articles from his pen, solid, moderate, and masterly beyond most. If it might be said that they were somewhat more of essays boiled down than "leaders" proper, the judgment would not be far out. He felt that this kind of work was not precisely that which he would choose for permanence. He was a candidate for the Greek Chair at Edinburgh when Professor Blackie was appointed to it; and knowing what one knows now, one reads his testimonials, so numerous signed by men of the highest position, with a feeling that if Professor Blackie made the brighter, more sparkling professor, Conington might have made the more solid one. But fortune was soon to smile upon him. In 1854 he was elected to the Professorship of Latin at Oxford. In all questions of scholarship he became a high authority. His editions of several of the Latin poets are acknowledged to be masterly—especially his translation of Virgil. He wrote much in the *Quarterlies*, and later in the *Contemporary Review*, then under the editorship of Dean Alford, not confining himself to the classics or to literature, but touching social and present-day questions in his own calm and judicial manner. One of his most characteristic articles was that on the volume of essays titled "A Liberal Education," in which a very strong plea was made for a reform of the whole system as it then existed, and generally urging a displacement of what is called the "humanities"

for science and the study of nature and the "real." This article is so thoroughly characteristic of Conington, that we must find room for one short extract:—

"My belief is that what we want is not the substitution of one theory of liberal education for another, but an arrangement by which different theories shall be allowed to subsist side by side. The prejudice of which we require to be disabused is not faith in classics as an exclusive training, but faith in any training whatever as exclusive. It is the growth of free opinion which is undermining the supremacy of the present system; it is only by the suppression of free opinion that any other system claiming to be universal can be established. As I read the present volume, I find that when the essayists advocate their favourite branches of study, I can go along with them heartily, even where my own knowledge is not sufficient to make my sympathy a very appreciative one. When they desire that their studies shall be made compulsory, still more when they attempt to discredit the studies advocated by others, they seem to me to be venturing beyond their tether, and I no longer listen to them with satisfaction. I believe that there are many minds which do not require the training into which it is proposed to force them. I know that there is at least one who has derived great and abiding profit from exercises which are described as injurious and futile."

His moderation and far-sightedness were seen in most

things that he did—here, perhaps, as effectively as in any; unless, indeed, we might be challenged by those who carefully followed the career of Conington with the grievous omission of overlooking his writings on the Repeal of the University Tests—on which it must be said he certainly saw both sides of the question.

In his letters, too, we meet with very piquant bits of criticism and clever remarks on character—always with a tendency, hardly expected in the mere scholar, to find the man behind the writing. Here is a passage about Mr. Buckle, author of the “History of Civilization,” which may be read with interest as confirming this:—

“My brother Frank has got Buckle at home, and I have been looking more at him, though still not consecutively. Do you know an exceedingly impertinent note of his about scholars, and the harm they have done to their own language, where he goes so far as to say that the reason why women *confessedly* write and speak their own language so much better than men is that they have had no classical training? I suspect it is a sample of his one-sided and random way of writing. He is right in attacking Parr, who did corrupt his mother-tongue certainly; but Bentley’s ‘Milton’ is not a case in point, while Bentley’s own English was exceedingly good and vigorous. As for the scholars of the present day, their English style is not more Latinized or foreign than Buckle’s own; in fact, the very passage in which Buckle

makes the attack is anything but free from Latin or technical terms."

And he was not without a light playfulness and humour of his own which hardly found outlet in his more proper work, but which his biographer and his friends dwelt on lovingly as forming a rare attraction in his conversation. Sometimes in odd moments it slipped to the point of his pen in his letters. Here is a good parody of Mrs. Barrett Browning's style, which he relieves a moment by inditing for one of his friends:—

“(*Metrum Barrett Browningianum.*)

“Aye, routine may do for planets, and the stars may have their courses,

But we are no planet-system, we are living thinking men ;  
Framed with higher aspirations, and impelled by other forces  
Than the bodies which are measured by the telescopic ken.

Both alike are bound by nature in one vast harmonious concord ;  
We and they move on together, but move on in different ways,  
For the human spirit's music is not played alone on one chord,  
But results at once from many—it is free while it obeys.

Lo, the chains with which you bind it, it has cast them far  
behind it,  
Owing, paying no allegiance, save to Truth's eternal laws ;  
Drawn by them it hastens onward, like an eagle soaring sunward,  
And, through infinite successions, gazes ever at a cause.”

By this time, it may be said that Conington's reputation as a scholar and a thinker was of the very highest ;

but if John Conington had been only the scholar and thinker, he would hardly have the interest, or at any rate not an interest of the kind, to have led us to include him in our list of names in this volume. Studious as he was, by inclination a man of books, his sympathies were at once keen and broad, and his instincts were true. His interest in politics had always been active, as his letters to friends attest; so much so that at one time, as we have seen, he thought seriously of attempting to find a seat in Parliament, though it is doubtful whether he would ever have made a figure as a popular speaker. From his published essays on topics more of a political and social nature, it is evident that he would have been a valuable man in many ways in the House of Commons—a man somewhat probably of the style of Henry Fawcett; an earnest worker, with a decided inclination to force social questions to the front; and with an earnest religious conviction, broad and human, lying behind all his efforts as an impelling motive. To the work of party wire-pulling he could have felt no call; and the exceedingly moderate, and discriminating, and, we had almost said, judicial style of his mind would have unfitted him for temporary and trivial polemics. But he would have brought with him into a disturbed arena an air of settled sagacity and prudence which could not have failed of effect, and on all educational questions he would have been an authority.



One of his relationships it is only needful to note and to trace the progress of, to be assured of his interest in the welfare of the people. On the publication of Charles Kingsley's "Saints' Tragedy" he wrote a review of it, which was perhaps more discriminating than favourable, not to speak of flattering. A mention of these circumstances in a letter to a common friend led to a correspondence between author and critic—very characteristically on points bearing on social development and political economy—so characteristically indeed that we must find space to quote a few sentences from Kingsley's first letter to Conington, in which he seeks to disabuse him of a wrong impression as regards his views of certain questions of political economy.

"You seem to think," says Kingsley, "that scene 9, act ii. contains 'a sweeping denunciation of political economy.' I beg to say that I should be very angry with myself if I had cause to agree with you. Political economy is a true inductive science, and its laws (as far as laws, and not mere empirical maxims, have been discovered in it) are God's laws, and not mere physical ones, but holding true, I think, in the higher region of pure metaphysics—*e.g.*, 'supply and demand.' And I think that a good initiation into the said science would be of good service to our clergy in these very days. But for this very reason we are bound to testify against the miserable eclecticism of certain small-minded men—

Scotch glen-clearers and others—who take up just as much political economy as suits their own selfishness and laziness, and by working out one single law to the exclusion of its fair limitations, arrive at results more diabolic than social. Thus in the scene in my play the individual principles which the Abbot, &c., vent are true in themselves; it is the speakers who caricature them into falsehood in the details. You must not forget that in free art an author is not to be supposed to be execrating every opinion which he sees fit in an execrable mouth. For anachronisms—they are intentional—in that particular scene the anachronism is in the expressions, and not in the notions embodied in them. But throughout my play I have followed the Shakespearian method of bringing the past up to my readers, and not the modern one of bringing my readers down to the past, and should follow it, unless my opinions change, in any future work."

This letter has a value of its own in view of certain principles of criticism; but we have not quoted it on that account so much as to show how two remarkable men of very different temperaments and tendencies were brought to acquaintance—an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimate friendship and confidence. Letters were exchanged; they met in London at the house of Mr. Maurice and others; and when, later, the "Politics for the People" were published, Mr. Conington became,

as Mrs. Kingsley says in her "Memoir," not only a warm ally in the cause, but a regular contributor and constant visitor at Eversley. We should not expect from Mr. Conington's contributions the same fire and flow of style as those of Kingsley; but they breathed precisely the same spirit and pointed the same way; and the fact that a man of Conington's type of mind was led to identify himself with the publication, might have sufficed to save those connected with it of many charges of socialism, chartism, &c.—words which had a very vague meaning even in the mouth of those who uttered them, and were used in most cases because they were calculated to arouse a vague, undefined sense of horror as at some threatened revolution, which certainly had no ground in the actual things themselves. Conington was not only a sympathizer, but an actual worker in the cause up to the close of the series. For this we honour him—not that expressions are not to be found in the Tracts which might not be misconstrued—but that he found himself led by honest conviction to withdraw himself for a time from his books, and to show how warm a heart he had under a somewhat cold and academic exterior, and say his word in favour of the suffering and struggling masses who could not speak effectively for themselves or help themselves.

Unfortunately, at one stage of his life, Professor Conington was overshadowed by a kind of religious gloom

and depression which did much to disturb the even tenor of his way, if it did not even have a tendency to induce the ill-health from which, for a period of years, he suffered. It had the effect of withdrawing him almost entirely from the social and political interests on which at one time his heart was set, and for which he might have done so much. It witnesses to the extreme sensitiveness of his mind and conscience, as well as to his extreme conscientiousness towards himself. He emerged from the gloom, but it left its effects. His friends afterwards were scarcely ever rid of some fear on his account—as though the seeds of disease had struck root in his system and were secretly at work. He laboured assiduously, but with more and more of effort, and the sense of having to exercise strong will in the doing of it. For the last three or four years of his life he was really an invalid. But throughout all he was calm and resigned, notwithstanding that there were reasons to distress him for the fate of those he was to leave behind. Here is a note about his last illness, which will fully show this:—

“The eminent surgeon who was summoned from London to see him, and whose painful duty it was to confirm the worst fears of his friends, wrote :

“‘I am on my way home from a sad visit to Boston, where I have left Professor Conington, apparently dying quickly. . . . He is the last son of his mother, who is a widow, blind, and past eighty. It would have been

nearly the saddest sight I have ever seen, but for his calmness and resignation.' ”

He died on the early morning of Saturday, October 23, 1869, in his forty-fourth year ; and in his too early death the cause of scholarship, of social and political progress, as well as of liberal principles, sustained a severe loss.



*CHARLES KINGSLEY.*



## CHARLES KINGSLEY.



HAT is that peculiar influence in some men which causes them to be spoken of with such fondness and familiar freedom as can dispense with all titles and formal adjuncts, and which yet causes no loss

of respect, but the reverse—is a sign of deepest affection, love, and reverence? Dr. Norman Macleod, while he lived, was seldom spoken of in Scotland save as Norman Macleod, or Norman merely, as being shorter and more handy. And Charles Kingsley, though in his later years a Canon, was hardly ever spoken of save as Charles Kingsley, or Kingsley, as if there were but one Kingsley and never could be a second, and no ecclesiastical title could add to his claims on regard and love. It signifies not only that the man was

regarded as a great man, but that his personal ascendancy was great. It meant that he was not only admired, but affectionately regarded, as one who had the sense of brotherhood largely developed in him, and that all men felt and admitted it. Great gifts in the case of such men did not set them apart in any way; their great learning, their power of thought, their finer imagination did not, as in the case of too many others, separate them from those around them, but only drew them nearer as if by a kind of magnetism. They had kindly hearts as well as fine brains; they were men of genius, but their genius was consecrated for the common good; and whatever they did, there was the sense of what is nowadays called *altruism* (care for others) in it, though they were not self-conscious and were not always asserting it.

There is always something in the case of these men which is very distinctively individual, and, as it were, inseparable from their personal presence and influence. They may write a great deal, but only a flavour of the influence can be conveyed in writing; and the idea is summed up in what one literary man once said of another in a letter to ourselves: "He is tenfold better than any of his books." There is a charm of sympathy and tenderness and largeness about such men; they have the grace of giving royally; their presence is always felt to be a benefaction. They



stimulate ; they inspire ; they invariably have followers and disciples, if they do not found a school or build up a system. Nay, they are for the most part un-systematic, disinclined to formalize anything : in their disinclination to this work lies a part of their power. They do not care so much to command the intellect as to win the heart ; they are more ambitious of loving and of being loved, than to attain supremacy and become leaders of men ; and their work, in a more definite sense than in that of others, is a revelation of the character.

And though time has a tendency to lessen the impression of these winning personalities, so many-sided by their sympathies, and quick perceptions, and genial play of impulse, by gradually removing those who came within its circle and could bear the most direct testimony to it, yet it not seldom happens that the very defects of the literary product bear testimony to it, and continue to captivate the young and eager, whose tastes are less severe as their minds are less mature than those of their elders. And every author that would be long read must have more or less of this quality, whatever he may be deficient in. The young are always in the majority ; and they have more opportunity, and the power to follow their own likes and dislikes in these matters, than those who are more advanced in life.

Hence arises a peculiar conflict between merely literary judgment and the judgment of the general reader. Mr. Carlyle spoke of Kingsley's creative works as showing restlessness, and as promising more than they performed; but Kingsley's victory is that, if we have insight enough to detect these faults we are only the more interested in the man, and curious and eager to know more about him, and feel an indescribable glow of satisfaction in finding that the books so truly interpret him. When we come close enough, we find that they cannot be viewed apart, and that a literary judgment that would be broad and comprehensive enough cannot afford to leave this fact out of the reckoning. There are a select few in the past to whom the severe remark applies: and notable among them is Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his eccentric brusqueness, his tenderness of heart, his stern uprightness, and his odd likes and dislikes; and in a less emphatic sense it is true also of the more genial and hospitable-minded Addison. The books are faithful commentaries on the men; and only exercise their full effect when they are so read. Kingsley is of this rare brotherhood: whether we regard him as a parson, a preacher, a poet, a novelist, or a social reformer, this is found to be true of him—it was the man that lay behind all the work that was of the greatest interest. To see such a mind as this in the growing, to follow step by

step such a character in the making, is to be made a sharer in the finest delights of companionship; and this is what we would fain hope would in some degree be felt in perusing a short sketch of Kingsley's life, which beyond most exhibited the fine unity proclaimed in the line, "The child is father of the man."

Charles Kingsley was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, Devonshire. We learn that the family claimed descent from the Kingsleys of Kingsley, or Vale Royal, in Delamere Forest, with a genealogy which stretched very far back. We can easily believe this; for there was a strain of chivalry and uncalculating ardour in Charles, implying some indebtedness to adventurous, high-minded progenitors. His father is described as having been a magnificent man both in body and mind, and with every talent save that of using his talents. He had been educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was a man of many attainments in many different fields. He was a fair linguist, something of an artist; an enthusiastic sportsman, and extremely fond of natural history. He was early left an orphan, and others had, during his minority, done a good deal to lessen the fortune that had been left him. He himself, the victim of a too easy and unpractical disposition, did something to dissipate the rest in the earlier years of his life, though nothing worse than this lack of practicality is recorded of him.

Kingsley's mother, whom he early married, was, we are told, a remarkable woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm. She was the daughter of a judge in Barbadoes, and keenly practical, shrewd, and active; but a great lover of scenery, and full of imagination, which she continued to be even up to an advanced age. "She believed that impressions made on her mind before the birth of this child, for whose coming she longed, by the romantic surroundings of her Devonshire home, would be mysteriously transmitted to him; and in this faith, and for his sake as well as her own, she luxuriated in the exquisite scenery of Holne and Dartmoor, the Chase, the hills and the lovely Dart, which flowed below the grounds of the little parsonage, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of every sight and sound which she hoped would be dear to her child in after life. And also she would dwell on the glories of the scenery of the West Indies, preparing the mind of the child to receive readily the impressions produced upon it in after years when the judge returned to spend his old age at home, and loved to recite in his grandchild's ears pictures and stories of life in Barbadoes." "From his father's side," say the biographer, "he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting-blood—the men of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden,

and elsewhere. And from the mother's side came not only his love of travel, science, and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour, and a force and originality which characterized the women of her family of a still older generation."

Charley Kingsley drew much from his parents—their better traits combined were transfigured and found full expression in him.

Kingsley's father, finding his fortune exhausted at the age of thirty, decided to enter the Church, and, with his young wife, went for a second time to college, and by-and-by took orders. His first charge was in the Fens, but he was soon transformed to Holne, where Charles was born. From thence he went to Burton-on-Trent, and from that to Clifton, in Nottinghamshire; and while here the Bishop of Peterborough offered him the better living of Barnack, to hold for his own son Herbert, then a youth of seventeen—a sort of device for family interests then only too common. The Kingsleys resided at Barnack for six years; and here it was that the child Charles's precocious genius began to display itself. At four he composed little poems and sermons, to deliver which he would make a little pulpit in his nursery, arranging the chairs for an imaginary congregation, and putting on his pinafore as a surplice. His mother, unknown to him, took down some of these juvenile sermons

at the time and showed them to the Bishop of Peterborough, who thought them so remarkable for such a young child that he begged they might be preserved, predicting that the boy would grow to be no common man. Here is a specimen of these, the first :—

“It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God, and not follow the Devil, for if we follow the Devil we shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God we shall go to Heaven. When the tempter came to Christ in the Wilderness, and told him to make the stones into bread, he said, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan.’ He has given us a sign and an example how we should overcome the Devil. It is written in the Bible that we should love our neighbour, and not covet his house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his wife, nor anything that is his. It is to a certainty that we cannot describe how thousands and ten thousands have been wicked; and nobody can tell how the Devil can be chained in Hell. Nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good. And if we go to Heaven, we shall find them all singing to God in the highest. And if we go to Hell, we shall find the wicked ones gnashing and wailing their teeth as God describes in the Bible. If humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back by

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being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies, and not speaking evil, and not calling their brother Fool and Raca. And if we rebel against God, He will to a certainty cast us into Hell. And one day, when a great generation of people came to Christ in the Wilderness, He said, 'Yea, ye generation of vipers.' "

What an odd, quaint way of expressing himself for a boy of four! His father drilled him in his lessons, and had already initiated him into Latin, and when one time, as he was receiving his Latin lesson, something in the grate caught his attention, he cried out, "I do declare, Papa, there is *pyrites* in the coal!" Button Cap was a ghost, and had a room all to himself at Barnack Rectory, and Charles was much interested in that too, but hardly believed in the ghost! He was eleven years old before the family left Barnack, and was able to appreciate the fine effects of sunset and sunrise often seen in the Fen country, with its wide horizons, and never forgot them, and has reproduced them in a masterly manner both in his "Prose Idylls" and in "Hereward the Wake"; and he would often go out on shooting-days with his father (who, though an excellent parish priest, was still a keen sportsman), and, mounted on his father's horse in front of the keeper, would proudly bring back the game-bag. With a tone of regret in later years he wrote of the

transformation effected in the Fen country by the advances of drainage and so on, evidently feeling that "improvements" are not unqualified advantages. "No longer do the ruffs trample the sedge into a hard floor in their fighting rings, while the sober reeves stand round admiring the tournament of their lovers, gay with ruffs and tippets, no two of them alike. Gone are ruffs and reeves, spoonbills, bitterns, avosets; the very snipe, one hears, disdain to breed. Gone, too, not only from the Fens, but from the whole world, is that most exquisite of butterflies—*Lycæna dispar*—the great copper, and many a curious insect more."

It was a great change in almost all respects when the Kingsley family removed to Clovelly, in Devonshire, to the living of which Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly Court, presented Kingsley's father in 1830. Here for nearly two years was his home. In many ways it was well fitted to supplement and to afford contrast to what he had seen and felt before. "The contrast between the sturdy Fen men and the sailors and fishermen of Clovelly—between the flat Eastern Counties and the rocky Devonshire coast, with its rich vegetation, its new fauna and flora, and the blue sea with its long Atlantic swell, filled him with delight and wonder."

Just as we can understand how the "people sprang to touch the more readily under the influence of a man who, physically their equal feared no danger, and could



steer a boat, hoist and lower a sail, 'shoot' a herring net, and haul a seine as one of themselves," so we can understand how the boy would be enchanted with the ever-changing interests of the life at Clovelly. It was so full of picturesque situations and colouring, with unexpected incidents, wild passionate episodes, and all the excitement of sudden contrast. The fishermen, with their quaint ways, their many adventures, and their homely stories of risks and exposures in danger and in tempest; the crafts going out and coming in; the anxious wives and children gathered on the beach when the winds blew, and boats were belated or exposed—all powerfully appealed to his imagination and poetic sympathy already developed beyond that common in boyhood. And then there was the setting to the varied scene. The cliffs stretching away on both sides, breaking into bold headlands here and there—each with its story of smuggling or of shipwreck; and, inland, the sweeping downs and fruitful valleys, with little streamlets tumbling down to the sea, where he could wander at will, alone or with chosen companions, and indulge his eager desire for knowledge of nature and of the wonderful world of animal life. And then, not far off, stood those furze-grown ruins of the great Roman Camp, to which doubtless he had often gone to feed his wonder about those Romans he would now hear and read of, who had come there so long ago, and had

vanished, leaving only the record of themselves in these ruins and in the name they had left behind them—for Vallis Clausa, as they called it, had become Clovelly, as his father or his tutor would tell him. The boy's quick, inquisitive nature was already alive on all sides ; and here, in his many roving at the seaside and in the country, he laid the foundations of his knowledge of botany and geology as well as of shells and fishes, which he afterwards used to such good purpose in "Madam How and Lady Why," and in the delightful romance called "Water-Babies."

Each day must have been to him as the chapter of a new romance. Here it was, doubtless, that he first learned to love the sea, and all connected with it, to feel the awful mystery of its extent and its power in storm, its sunny sweetness and dreamy attraction when in calm. The experience has left deep marks on his works. There are two or three ballads that in themselves would tell this, and several of his prose writings are suffused with it. Every incident connected with some of the scenes he witnessed at Clovelly was engraven on his memory. In his "Prose Idylls" he has made record of some of the most striking, especially revealing the feelings stirred in him by scenes of shipwreck. Here is one—valuable truly as a bit of biography :—

"One morning I can remember well how we watched from the Hartland Cliffs a great barque, which came

drifting and rolling in before the western gale, while we followed her up the coast, parsons and sportsmen, farmers and Preventive men, with the Manby's mortar lumbering behind us in a cart, through stone-gaps and track-ways from headland to headland. . . . The maddening excitement of expectation as she ran wildly toward the cliffs at our feet, and then sheered off again inexplicably; her foremast and bowsprit, I recollect, were gone short off by the deck; a few rags of sail fluttered from her main and mizen. But with all straining of eyes and glass we could discern no sign of men on board; and then, how a boat's crew of Clovelly fishermen appeared in view, and how we watched the little black speck crawling and struggling up in the teeth of the gale, till, when the ship had rounded a point into smooth water, she seized on her like some tiny spider on a huge unwieldy fly; and how one still smaller speck showed aloft on the mainyard, and another—and then the desperate efforts to get the topsail set—and how we saw it tear out of their hands again, and again, and again; and almost fancied we could hear the thunder of its flappings above the roar of the gale, and the mountains of surf which made the rocks ring beneath our feet,—and how we stood silent, shuddering, expecting every moment to see whirled into the sea from the plunging jerk one of those same tiny black specks, in each of which was a living human soul, with sad women

praying for him at home. . . . The ship was breaking up ; and we sat by her like hopeless physicians by a death-bed side to watch the last struggle, and the 'effects of the deceased.' A sudden turn of the clouds let in a wild gleam of moonshine upon the white leaping heads of the breakers, and on the pyramid of the Black Church Rock, which stands in summer in such calm grandeur gazing down on the smiling bay, with the white sands of Branton and the red cliffs of Portledge shining through its two vast arches ; and against a slab of rock on the right, for years after discoloured with her paint, lay the ship, rising slowly on every surge, to drop again with a piteous crash as the wave fell back from the cliff and dragged the roaring pebbles back with it under the coming wall of foam. You have heard of ships at the last moment crying aloud like living things in agony ? I heard it then, as the thumps of her masts rocked and reeled in her and every plank and joint strained and screamed with the dreadful tension."

And then the pitiful human interest was never forgotten.

"And well I recollect," he goes on, "the sad records of the log-book which was left on board the deserted ship ; how she had been waterlogged for weeks and weeks, buoyed up by her timber cargo, the crew clinging on the tops, and crawling down, when they dared, for putrid biscuit-dust and drops of water, till the water was

washed overboard and gone; and then, notice after notice, 'On this day such an one died,' 'On this day such an one was washed away'—the log kept up to the last, even when there was only that to tell, by the stern business-like merchant skipper, whoever he was; and how at last, when there was neither food nor water, the strong man's heart seemed to have quailed, or perhaps risen into a prayer, jotted down in the log, 'The Lord have mercy on us!'—and then a blank of several pages scribbled with a famine-shaken hand, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth';—and so the log and the ship were left to the rats, which covered the deck when our men boarded her."

Here is still another, with a yet more pathetic note of personal reminiscence, touching one of his child-companions:—

"Your gayer fancy would perhaps prefer the scene when it is as still and bright as if this coast had never seen the old bay darkened with the grey columns of the water-spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at

the feet of wife and child, till, in one case alone, a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage. Hardly an old play-mate of mine but is drowned and gone.

‘Their graves are scattered far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.’

One poor little fellow’s face starts out of the depths of memory as fresh as ever, my especial pet and birds’-nesting companion as a boy—a little, delicate, precocious, large-brained child, who might have written books some day if he had been a gentleman’s son; but when his father’s ship was wrecked, they found him, left alone, of all the crew, just as he had been lashed to the rigging by loving and dying hands, but cold and stiff, the little soul beaten out of him by the cruel waves before it had time to show what growth there might have been in it.”

“The Song of the Three Fishers” is not a creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen again and again. “Now that you have seen Clovelly,” he said to his wife in 1854, “you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you.”

In 1831, Charles, who with a brother Herbert had had a private tutor at home, was sent to the Rev. John Knight’s preparatory school at Clifton, Bristol. The famous Bristol riots took place while they were there,

and Charles was wont to say that then he received his "first lesson in what is called Social Science," though he was not able quite to master it for more than ten years after, though he never forgot what he had seen and heard. In 1832, he was transferred to the school of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, at Helston, in Devonshire. He formed some lifelong friendships at this school, and made wonderful progress in many ways. A school-fellow, the Rev. R. C. Powles, gives some recollections of this time. He tells us (which we can quite understand) that Kingsley was not popular as a schoolboy. "He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours. He did not consciously snub those who knew less, but a good deal of unconscious snubbing went on ; and all the more resented, perhaps, because it was unconscious. Then, too, though strong and active, Charles was not expert at games. He never made a 'score' at cricket. In mere feats of agility and adventure, however, he was among the foremost. He had great tenderness for others in pain ; but could endure it well and unflinchingly himself. On one occasion he had climbed up a tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. He had done it two or three times before with impunity, but this time the hawk was on the nest ; and on the hand being put in, it was severely bit and torn. To most boys the surprise of the hawk's attack, apart from the pain inflicted by her claws, would

have been fatal. They would have loosed their hold on the tree and tumbled down. But Charles did not flinch. He came down as steadily as if nothing had happened, though his wounded hand was streaming with blood. It was wonderful how well he bore pain. On one occasion, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cauterization. He heated the poker red-hot in the schoolroom fire, and calmly applied it two or three times till he was satisfied that his object was attained."

In 1836, his father was preferred to the Rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, and Charles was called to rejoin his parents there that he might attend classes at King's College. He greatly felt the change, and the loss of his companion, and of his much loved scenery. His parents were engrossed with parochial cares, and had but little time to spend with the boys. The whole atmosphere of Chelsea was that of a prison to him. He walked to and from King's College and Chelsea every day, and found some satisfaction in the "hard grinding" which was his only relief. But these disadvantages were not wholly without profit to the reflective lad. Trudging forward and backward he first saw something of the life of London, more especially the life of the poor, in which he was thus early interested; and impressions were made by the sights he occasionally saw which were not forgotten any more than those of Clovelly.

After two years of this, he went up to Magdalen



College, Cambridge. He soon gained a scholarship, being first both in classics and mathematics, a thing which had not taken place in Magdalen College for several years. This scholarship was a great gratification and relief to him, because it enabled him so far to support himself.

He had not been long in Cambridge before his questioning nature made itself felt as regards religious beliefs and dogmas. Hitherto, on this subject, he had perhaps taken things a good deal for granted—accepted them as they were given ; but just at this time two great intellectual waves from opposite sides were sweeping almost everything before them, if not tending to confuse and to destroy definite opinion altogether. One was what is called Rationalism, the tendency to explain away miracle or to account for it on natural grounds, to discredit it, if not to do away with it altogether. Kingsley's eager intellect could not escape from this struggle. It is clear that he had a very tough wrestle with himself. But by-and-by he reached safe standing-ground. "I am swimming against a mighty stream," he says of himself, "and I feel every moment I must drop my arms and float in apathy over the hurrying cataract, which I see and hear but have not time to avoid." Man does want something more than his reason ! Socrates confessed that he owed all to his demon, and that without his supernatural intimations, right and wrong, the useful and

the hurtful, were shrouded in mist, and that he alone smoothed to him the unapproachable heights which conducted to the beautiful and good. But by-and-by he has to declare himself "Saved--saved," as he writes, "from the wild pride and darkling tempests of scepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me ! . . . Saved from all this, and restored to my country and my God, and able to believe ! And I do believe firmly and practically as a subject of prayer, and a rule of every action of my life."

Prior to this, his idea had been to become a lawyer. He had gone so far indeed as to enter his name at Lincoln's Inn, and, unvexed by any idea of inconsistency, he had been ready to take his share in any innocent sport, boating, fishing, coaching, or anything else that was on go ; and one can easily believe that he was accepted as a very good fellow, and that he was exceedingly popular. But the moment that he came to terms with himself about religious matters, and found secure footing, he made up his mind that he was both physically and mentally more fitted for the Church than for any other calling, and he abandoned all these sports, and entered on a very thorough study of philosophy and divinity. It must not be thought from this that anything of the prig grew on him. Far from it. He had chosen his own path, and recognized certain duties

and fitnesses of behaviour as appropriate to it ; but he did not wish to curtail the innocent and healthful pleasures of others, and in fact always looked upon them with a large amount of sympathy and delight. There was nothing of the sour-face or kill-joy about Charles Kingsley. The personal element was that always which most interested him, and doubtless it was in the course of his reading at this time that he was first fascinated by the story of Hypatia, which blossomed afterwards into the brilliant romance we know under that name.

The other wave of which we have spoken was that with which the names of Pusey, Newman, and Hurrell Froude were so intimately bound up. The ferment caused at Cambridge, as at Oxford, was very great, notwithstanding that there it was not fed by the personal presence of the leaders of that movement. But everybody was talking about the Oxford Tracts which had recently appeared. Kingsley's whole instincts were against their tendency. He disliked asceticism. He hated anything that savoured of priestly pretension. He could not escape altogether from the attractions of some of the fascinating intellectual personalities who were at the back of the Tracts ; and his opposition arose rather from healthy English instincts than from any carefully reasoned-out position. His biographer says that "he discussed them from the merely human and not the

religious point of view, and fiercely denounced the ascetic view of sacred human ties which he foresaw would result from them. Even then he detected in them principles which, as he expressed years afterwards in his preface to 'Hypatia,' must, if once adopted, sap the very foundation of the two divine roots of the Church, the ideas of family and national life."

Other two influences which Kingsley came under whilst at Cambridge need to be noted—that of Coleridge and of Carlyle. In a certain sense the one balanced the other. It is clear that Carlyle impelled him to definite practical effort for the amelioration of the toiling masses; and that Coleridge aided him to secure a settled ground of faith amid the conflicting voices and tendencies of the time—materialism and scepticism, on the one side; bigotry and ritualism, in their many phases, on the other. Frederick Denison Maurice, whom he shortly afterwards came to know, carried forward the work that Coleridge had begun, and reinforced the tone of spirituality and *humaneness*, which is alas! too much lacking in the temper and teachings of Carlyle. No doubt Carlyle's teachings were more influential at first than they were afterwards, and Kingsley, in later days, was careful to warn those that wrote of him as a disciple of Carlyle that, though he had agreed with him in much of his social and practical teaching, he had no part or lot with him in his grim theology.

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Kingsley took his degree in November, 1841, and began seriously to read for Holy Orders. It was no perfunctory work with him, aiming at no more than to secure entrance into a profession. In order at once to secure rest and quiet he betook himself, with the true instinct, to Holne, in Devonshire. But he had room for friendship too—that was never dropped out of account. Thus he writes to one of his college companions :—

“I am going there to recover my health, not my *spirits*—I defy the world to break *them*; and you will want calm and relaxation after your labours. . . . Come down and see me. I shall be most happy to have you as a temporary sharer in the frugalities of my farmhouse lodging. Whether you will despise hard beds and dimity curtains, morning bathes and evening trout-fishing, mountain mutton and Devonshire cream, I do not know; but you will not despise the calm of a few weeks in which to commune with God in His works, and to strengthen mind and body together, before you again commence your labours; for remember always, *toil is the condition of our being*. Our sentence is to labour from the cradle to the grave. But there are Sabbaths allowed for the mind as well as for the body, when the intellect is stilled and the emotions alone perform their gentle and involuntary functions, and to such a Sabbath I will lead you next summer. Pardon auto-schediasms of paper and obscurity of style for I have

walked ten miles down the Cam to-day, pike-fishing, and back, and have been sleeping in an armchair quite tired. My panacea for stupidity and over-‘mentation’ is a day in a roaring Fen wind.”

He was ordained in July, 1842, to the curacy of Eversley, in Hampshire, henceforth to be so closely associated with him in life and with his name afterwards. He was then only twenty-three years of age.

Eversley (Aper’s lea) is on the borders of the old Windsor Forest. It is divided into three hamlets, each standing in its own little green, surrounded by the moorland, with young forests of self-sown fir-trees cropping up all round. In old days there had been a good deal of poaching; once on a time many a deer from the royal forest had been surreptitiously caught or taken there. The instincts of the former race remained.

“The clod of these parts,” says Kingsley himself, “is the descendant of many generations of broom-squires and deer-stealers; the instinct of sport is strong within him still, though no more of the Queen’s deer are to be shot in the winter turnip-fields, or worse, caught by an apple-baited hook hung from an orchard bough. He now limits his aspirations to hares and pheasants, and too probably once in his life ‘hits the keeper into the river,’ and re-considers himself for a while over a crank in Winchester gaol. Well, he has his faults, and I have mine. But he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless.

Civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome : a far shrewder fellow too—owing to his dash of wild forest-blood, from gipsy, highwayman, and what-not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure Saxon of the South Downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy and tall of bone ; swaggering in his youth, but when he grows old a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince.”

Charles Kingsley—student, scholar, and poet though he was—was quite the man for the place, because he was also manly, frank, vigorous, an English gentleman, who liked to dwell on the better points of those he came into contact with. He had the art of taking things by their smooth handles ; it, so to say, came to him by instinct. No sooner was Kingsley settled among the people than they were made to feel at home with him. There was no patronage or sentimental whining—that he detested, and all forms of cant, which he was quick to detect—but bore an open-faced, open-handed frankness, and a genial commandingness with him.

Mr. John Martineau, one of the young men who resided at Eversley, and was eighteen months there, has this anecdote :—

“Nothing aroused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on his doorstep and began the

disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by the collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, to remonstrate. He had at that time great physical strength and activity, restless, nervous energy, which I have never seen equalled. All his strength, physical, mental, and moral, seemed to find expression in his keen grey eyes, which gazed with the look of an eagle from under massive brows, divided from each other by two deep perpendicular furrows—at that time, together with the two signally deep lines from nostril to mouth, very marked features in his face.”

The parishioners had gradually to learn to go his way, and at last they did it, without their feeling that they were held in rein. He gained great influence over them: if he had not done so, he could not have done the work he did. His fine physique and athletic proportions, his sporting knowledge and his readiness to “lend a hand,” stood him in good stead among these people, as it had done his father before him in similar circumstances.

“He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. From knowing every fox-earth on the moor, the ‘reedy-hover’ of the



pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word for the huntsman and the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching. And yet, while he seemed to ask for more information, he gave more than he received."

The Church services had been much neglected; he strove to draw the people by cultivating in his preaching a simple conversational style which they could understand. He did not shoot his arrows over their heads, and then complain that nobody was hit. He made it felt that he had something to say—something direct to their hearts, their businesses and bosoms, which they would care to listen to; and soon the public-houses, which had been crowded, were deserted for the church. He set up all manner of classes—Bible-classes, sewing-classes, &c., and had evenings with young men and young women. All the time he was studying hard, and little that took place in the great world but he heard of it and reflected on it in the isolation and quiet of his parish. He even studied medicine a little that he might be able to give simple remedies where a doctor could not be got, and made a special study of music that he might improve the singing. It was quite clear that the young curate was not half-hearted in his work; and greatly grieved were the people when they heard that he was about to leave them for the curacy of Pimperne,

in Dorsetshire. Early in 1844 he did go there, having married the lady, Miss Grenfell, who through life proved so efficient and faithful a helpmeet for him.

Changes, as unexpected as they were welcome, however, made it possible for him to return to Eversley as its rector in the course of a few months. Now that Kingsley was his own master a marked change was effected, and no end of beneficent agencies set in motion. An adult school was held in the rectory three nights a week for all the winter months (the lack of a school-house being in his view an advantage, as the frequent visits of the people to the rectory had a good and humanizing influence); a music-class was soon established, and met there too. A Sunday school met also every Sunday morning and afternoon, and weekly cottage lectures were given in outlying districts for those who, through age or illness, were unable to come to church. Shoe-club, coal-club, maternity society, a loan fund and lending library, were soon in full working order; and Kingsley was incessant in house-to-house visiting.

“If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five or six times a day—and night as well as day—for his heart’s sake as well as for their soul’s sake. Such visiting was very rare in those days. For years he seldom dined out; never during the winter months, when the adult school and the cottage readings took up six evenings in the week; and he seldom left

the parish except for a few days at a time to take his family to the seaside, which occurred the more frequently from the constant illness produced by the damp rectory, but he was never easy away from his work. His only relaxation was a few hours' fishing in some stream close by. He never took a gun in his hand, because from the poaching tastes of the people he felt it might bring him into unpleasant collision with them; and for this reason he never wished to be made a magistrate, lest he should have to sit on the bench in judgment on his parishioners. He could not afford to hunt, and when, in after years, he took a gallop now and then to refresh himself, and to see his friends on the hunting-field, where he was always welcome, it was on some old horse which he had picked up cheap for parson's work."

"One great element of his success with his parishioners," says Mr. Kegan Paul (who, like Mr. John Martineau, as a young man resided in his house and read with him), "was his abounding humour and fun. What caused a hearty laugh was a great refreshment to him, and he had the strongest belief that laughter and humour were elements in the nature of God Himself. . . . No man loved a good story better than he, but there was always in what he told, or what he suffered himself to hear, a good and pure moral underlying what might be coarse in expression. While he would laugh with the keenest sense of amusement at what might be

simply broad, he had the most utter scorn and loathing for all that could debase and degrade. And he was the most reverent of men, though he would say things which seemed daring because people were unaccustomed to hear sacred things named without a pious snuffle. This great reverence led him to be even unjust to some of the greatest humorists. I quoted Heine one day at his table. 'Who was Heine?' asked his little daughter. 'A wicked man, my dear,' was the only answer given to her, and an implied rebuke to me."

He became Professor of English Literature at Queen's College, Harley Street, of which his friend Mr. Maurice was Principal; and his frequent visits to the metropolis in this capacity enabled him to see more of the working classes of London than he would otherwise have done. He went up to London for a few days with this object in view in April, 1848, and witnessed the collapse of the effort made by the Chartists in the metropolis to gain what they considered their rights. During these days he spent much time with Maurice, Mr. Tom Hughes, and others of the same way of thinking, and became more convinced than before that, notwithstanding errors, the result of ignorance and political incapacity, the cause of the working classes was the right one, and that some, at all events, of the wrongs they groaned under demanded redress. It was resolved to do something to state their case to the Government and the public more

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effectively and moderately than they could do it for themselves. The result was the appearance of the papers known as "Politics for the People," in which Kingsley wrote a good deal of a very striking and eloquent character under the signature of "Parson Lot." But, though he admitted that the Legislature ought to do certain things for the working poor—especially make it easy to provide facilities for brightening their lot, as in the improvement of dwellings by careful inspection, the opening of picture galleries at available times, &c., he never failed to tell them that their own best means to success was to learn self-restraint and self-respect, so as to command respect from others. The refrain of all these letters was: "To be what you want—to be free, you must free yourselves. Will the Charter by itself cure you? Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give." He assured them that always they had more friends than they knew of; and, if they did not wish to drive them from doing their utmost to aid them, they must be wise, and patient and self-restraining. "Alton Locke," which embodies a vivid picture of the "sweating" system as it existed in these days, and "Yeast: a Problem," dealing mainly with the condition and the sufferings of the agricultural labourer, are the outcome of his observations and studies there; both of them powerful, full of impulse, of character, of humour, and of good practical lessons.

It was clear that Kingsley's heart was in the work. Though he was interested in many things, he could concentrate himself keenly on one that absorbed him, and put all else aside. We are told that he lived in the book he happened to be writing, occasionally becoming so excited that he could not proceed till he had calmed himself by a hurried walk in the garden and taken a few whiffs from the pipe (of which it must be owned he was so uncommonly fond, that, in going his rounds in the parish, his companions would be astonished at the odd corners of hedge and wall from which he would draw his favourites). That was the case with him too when the condition and the claims of the poor took possession of him. His imagination and sympathy consumed him, till he had found characters through which to embody his thoughts. He was not a systematic thinker—political economy or sociology was not exactly his mistress—and he was not able to formulate any complete theory of a reconstructed society, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has done, or attempted to do; but he saw clearly that great reforms were needed, beginning alike with those in power and with those in lowly condition, and he valiantly set his shoulder to the wheel to give impulse and direction. This is his glory; and if in the process he offended this party and that party, Time has done much to vindicate his position; for both in the Church and in the State most thoughtful men have come almost to his mind on the subject. The Church he

regarded as the great medium to minister the conciliation through which alone this great work could be accomplished ; and it may be because of his manner of stating this, rather than the spirit of his words--though the very claims of the Church to be the Church of all classes implies it--he was severely taken to task as though he were a disturber of the peace, a democrat and a rebel. His sympathies were more with the people than with democracy ; and there was not a spark of the rebel in his nature. On the contrary, he was very loyal to everything that had any claim by reason of antiquity or tradition, only he felt with and for the poor, and would have modified antiquated methods to meet the needs of the times. It is very odd to find, indeed, that the most incisive and severe criticism on his writings ever penned is directed to showing that he was too attached to the past and to old customs and systems. This was dwelt on as the great fault in "Two Years Ago." Like his friend Mr. Maurice, he had even a kind of sneaking fondness for theological dogmas to which he was opposed, because he could not help viewing them from the side of historical sympathy : he tried to realize what they stood for to the men who would have died for them, and thus they got a value in his eyes. We have seen that even the draining of the Fens he did not regard as all gain, because he so loved the wild life of heron and bittern and avoset and the rest. His contest with the High Church party arose rather

from an inrooted English prejudice bearing on social and domestic order, than from any quarrel even with their doctrines proper. It is characteristic as illustrating what we say, that one of the most frequent quotations with him was that from Lord Tennyson—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

It is perhaps more remarkable still that he cannot help sympathizing with a good deal in Conrad in “The Saint’s Tragedy,” though Conrad embodies the principles which he wrote the piece to oppose. This is his statement of his view of the working-classes question (which he never really abandoned, though, when reforms and modifications had been affected there was less need for his taking such a share as before in public agitation:—

“The new element is democracy in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil and its good, we cannot stop it. Let us Christianize it instead, and if you fear that you are therein doing evil that good may come, oh, consider, consider, whether democracy (I do not mean foul license or pedantic constitution-mongering, but the rights of man as man—his individual and direct responsibility to God and to the State, on the score of mere manhood and Christian grace) be not the very pith and marrow of the New Testament—whether the noble structure of mediæval hierarchy and monarchy were not



merely 'schoolmasters to bring Europe to Christ—tutors and governors,' till manhood be of age and fit for a theocracy, in which men might live by faith in an unseen, yet spiritually and sacramentally present king, and have no king but Him."

Kingsley's outward life after this was not very varied. He was unfortunately (for he was hardly a master in dialectics) engaged in some controversies; he became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; and by-and-by he was promoted to a canonry at Chester. Preferment was long in coming to Charles Kingsley — the public had grown so familiar with his name that they could not get into the way of calling him Canon. It sounded pompous and unfamiliar somehow. He had been misinterpreted, and he was not the man to go about and petition for advancement. At last it came, and when it did come he welcomed it, as an additional means of doing good, of extending his influence, just as he would have welcomed any other good thing in life.

He held the Chester canonry from 1869 to 1873, when he accepted a canonry at Westminster, where he enjoyed the additional privilege during his residence there of intimate association with his friend, Dean Stanley, who could well appreciate his character and gifts. But the work at Eversley remained the leading interest to the end.

As the years went by, the clouds that had gathered about

him and his name dispersed. He became a power. But access of reputation unfortunately added to his labours : and the strain on his restless active nature had been too long continued. In October 1874, he was made anxious by the serious illness of his wife. She recovered, and immediately that she was out of serious danger, he went to London to fulfil his duties as Canon at Westminster. On the 29th of November, he preached with great fervour his last sermon for that year in that historic sanctuary. It was the last he ever preached there. Soon afterwards he returned with his wife to Eversley. She was taken very ill on their reaching home. He was told that a fatal result was certain, and in his loving care for her, he neglected to attend to a cold that he had caught in London. Bronchitis came on, got complicated with pneumonia, and in a few weeks—on the 23rd of January, 1875—Kingsley died, while his wife recovered. He was conscious to the last, and even calm and happy. He was buried at Eversley, and a simple memorial—a white marble cross—marks his grave. A more mixed assembly than that which gathered at his funeral could scarcely be imagined : authors of note, members of Parliament, bishops and deans, country gentlemen and men high in scientific repute, walked alongside of villagers, labourers, and even gipsies—for he had been the friend of all.

In person Kingsley was tall and muscular, and, in his earlier years, as we have seen, had great physical strength.

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His complexion was dark ; the nose prominent, and, together with the close well-knit lips, gave the impression of resolution and force of will. The eyes were fine, dark, full, frank, with lambent lights that, in moments of easy conversation, broke into a kind of soft, penetrating diffusiveness over you, and this a little qualified the expression of resoluteness and strength, suggesting rather a flexible, almost feminine readiness that could pass freely from one subject to another. His conversation was brilliant, and lost but little through the slight stutter, which, by-the-by, was overcome, oddly enough, altogether in the pulpit. These are our impressions of him as we saw him at the Deanery at Westminster during the earlier residences there. And it may not be out of place to say how little clerical he was in his attire ; though always clad in dark. Parson-grey trousers, velvet jacket and vest, and silk tie with sailor knot ; and a wide-awake hat—such was his dress as on the last occasion he walked with us down the Thames Embankment, smoking, and telling as he went about the vast changes in that part of London since, as a youth, he attended King's College.

It would be out of place to attempt any detailed description of Kingsley's writings : a few sentences must suffice. They will remain as the record of one of the most genial, manly, and sympathetic of Englishmen as well as one of the most gifted. He had the nicest discernment of character, and a humour peculiarly his

own. His observation was keen, but his imagination ran in rein with it. He had the power of clothing the dry bones of history, and making them live and move. "Westward Ho!" does for the bold adventurers of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," what Sir Walter Scott did for the Scottish adventurers of a later time. "Hypatia" wonderfully restores the conditions under which Christian thought and feeling came in contact with Neo-Platonic and Oriental mysticism, inexplicably mixed together in the Alexandrian philosophy of the fifth century; and so vividly are the contending elements exhibited and delineated in living characters, that few who have become acquainted with Hypatia and the Monk Philammon are likely ever to forget them, or the tragic crisis in which both were involved at the close. Dramatic clearness and concentration are evident throughout, and are not lessened here, any more than elsewhere, by the presence of the great lessons enforced. For Charles Kingsley never forgot that he was the Christian teacher. His stories for the young are delightful. Science is there made as charming as any fairy-tale. Indeed in his hands, as in "Madam How" and the "Water-Babies," it becomes the true fairy-tale. All these were written for his children at the first with hardly any thought of publication. They are perhaps the finest offerings of paternal affection we possess. Through them Charles Kingsley will speak to many generations of young folks yet to

come ; and they will feel the charm of his genius and character. And we should not forget to name the "Stories of Greek Heroes"—perfect in its way.

As a poet, he had to the full the lyrical gift ; if what has been called the "lyrical cry" is not in "The Sands of Dee" and "The Three Fishers," we know not where to seek for it. In his longer poems, there is the same thrill and glow and penetrating *ethos*. If, through their very length, they are less fitted to be popular, they will bear witness for him that he had "the gleam ; the light that never was in sea or shore, the inspiration and the poet's dream." "Andromeda," though its form—the hexameter—is not well adapted for a long English poem, is very perfect and beautiful : something in the Greek spirit corresponded to his sentiment and fancy. "The Saint's Tragedy," the dramatized story of "Elizabeth of Hungary," is instinct with noble thought, and fine sympathy for human nature even under perversions of feeling with which he had no sympathy ; for its purpose is to expose the evils of celibacy as taught by the Roman Church. Everywhere he is a teacher, and the lesson may be summed up in the lines :—

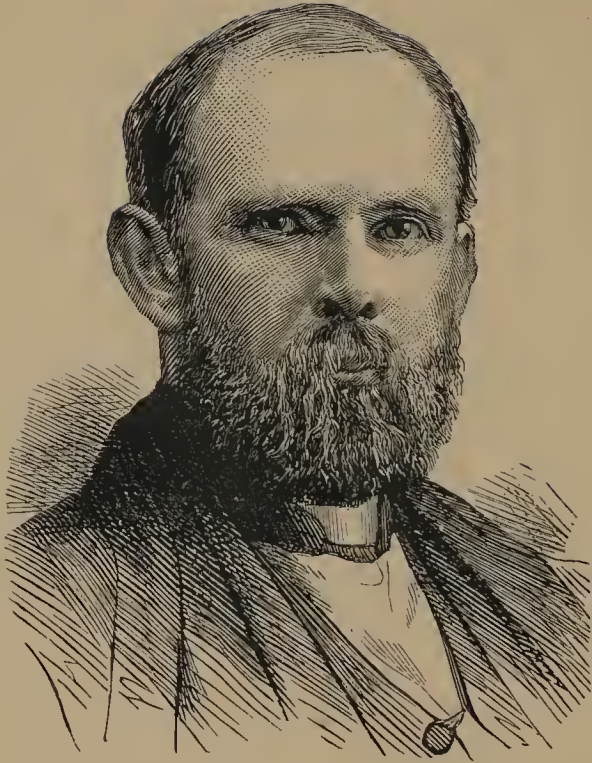
" Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,  
And so make life, death, and the vast forever  
One grand sweet song."

Hardly is it possible that his character, his influence, and

his peculiar powers could have been better summed up than in this extract from his funeral sermon by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey :—

“ He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God had made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise, or disguise, of a clergyman—fishing with the fishermen, hunting with the huntsmen, able to hold his own in tent or camp, with courtier or with soldier ; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman — that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of man. He was sent by Providence, as it were, ‘ far off to the Gentiles’—far off, not to other lands or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, to ‘ fresh woods and pastures new,’ to find fresh worlds of thought and wild traits of character, in which he found a response to himself, because he gave a response to them.”

*BISHOP HANNINGTON.*



BISHOP HANNINGTON.

[From Photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246 Regent Street, W.]





## BISHOP HANNINGTON.



IT is only too common in some quarters to sneer at missionaries as though they were only a kind of adventurous Chadbands. Sometimes it is hinted that they serve themselves instead of serving the heathen, and that all their zeal is apt to evaporate in unctuous talk—the very worst kind of influence to which savages can be exposed. Even in Canon Taylor's very able work on Mohammedanism there is implied, rather than expressed, a suggestion that Christian missionaries are less likely to be effective with the Arab-negro of Central Africa than the Mohammedan settler. True, there are a set of writers who, though not committed to any sympathetic attitude, have done missionaries justice.

Mr. Andrew Wilson, in his "Abode of Snow," could not help his admiring reverence for the Moravians in the Himalayas, who had literally made the desert to blossom as the rose. Sir Monier Williams, the great Sanscrit scholar, has said the same of the missionaries of India. Miss Gordon-Cumming has borne her testimony to the goodness and thoroughness of their work in the South Pacific. Lord Lawrence, when Governor-General of India, liked nothing better than to entertain missionaries, and learn from them about their works and the people among whom they lived. There are doubtless black sheep in every flock; some missionaries may not be all that they ought to be; but in judging a class it is only fair to judge them by the general run, if not by the finer specimens, and not by the exceptions; to accept the better side rather than the dark. Emerson has a very good saying, which wraps up a valuable practical truth in very quaint and easily remembered words: "We surely owe to men the same due as we owe to pictures—to try to see them in the best light."

Towards no class of men is this more a duty than towards the missionary. He is far removed from the direct sympathies of his brethren: he often lives alone and apart, with no available society, to stimulate and to inspire, and bring the relief so cherished at home; and the uncongenial and monotonous conditions amid which he is often placed are exceedingly trying to spirits and to

temper—not to speak of dangers run, and hope deferred, and the frequent positive ill-treatment received from those he fain would help. Think of Robert Moffat in his first years in Africa ; of Bishop Patteson living amid his black boys, sharing their life in every detail, in the South Pacific, and at last falling a victim to the distrust inspired by the deeds of vile men of his own race. But to enumerate all worthy to be here mentioned would make a long list that would prove tedious to the reader.

Putting aside for a moment the question of higher motives, there is one aspect in which missionaries may be viewed, and in which no doubt can be raised of their claims to honour. When we look at them as pioneers of travel and exploration, we must soon feel that the work done has been so great that no cavil can be raised regarding it. The facts are enough ; even if, as we say, the motive that impelled them were entirely put out of count. Would Stanley ever have been enlisted in his grand crusade, but for the daring of Moffat first and Livingstone afterwards ? It was missionaries who first suggested inroads into the wild regions of Central Africa, and themselves showed the way. Livingstone's words at Ujiji on Tanganyika inspired Stanley with the idea of exploring the Congo, and thus opening up the Dark Continent. Burton and Speke would never in all probability have set out on their great mission had

it not been for the labours of Rebmann and Erhardt of the Church Missionary Society ; and Baker would never have set out on his expedition which revealed the Albert Nyanza, but for the work of those missionary pioneers. The desire to carry the good news to darkened races did more to unseal the secret of the source of the Nile, than adventurous instinct and enterprise in themselves. Turn where we will it is the same—in Thibet, among the Mongols of Siberia, and the Esquimaux of the Arctic Regions.

These reflections are not unsuitable to introduce our present subject. He was one of the most resolute and adventurous of missionaries, who, had he been spared, would have done not a little for the exploration of Central Africa, as well as its evangelization. He seemed as if born for his work ; as though he had been specially prepared for it ; and the fact that he was struck down almost before he had shown what was in him, adds a touch of pathetic and tragic interest to the story of his life.

James Hannington came of good middle-class English people, known for many generations as reliable, industrious, resolute, courageous, truthful ; loved at home, respected abroad, and making their influence felt in all the relations of life. Family affection was very strong in them. We are told that James Hannington's grandfather—a man of superb physique and with the strength

of a giant—when a young man, refused an appointment of great promise in the north of England because his mother could not accompany him. This grandfather lived long enough to see James a lively boy, and liked his open, fearless ways, and his candour and fine looks. The Hanningtons had been engaged in business in Brighton for several generations ; and had been, on the whole, successful in their enterprises. They too had made happy, if not wealthy, alliances ; choosing wives not only fair and pleasant to look on, but of gentle manners, and often accomplished. They were Non-conformists ; and exhibited not a little of the courage and sturdy independence which Nonconformity in former days, when it laboured under disabilities, was very apt to favour.

Charles Smith Hannington, the father of our subject, succeeded to and carried on the Brighton business, but had been able to purchase the property of St. George's, Hurstpierpoint, in 1847 ; and very shortly after he had gone to live there—on the 3rd of September—James was born, the fourth of a family of seven children. He himself takes occasion to remark that the only peculiar circumstance about his birth was that his father was in Paris at the time, and adds : “ Can this have anything to do with my passionate love of travelling ? because none of my brothers seem thus affected.”

His childhood and youth were particularly happy.

He had a sunny temper, full of spirits and energy, and his surroundings were favourable to his health and strength. Hurst is a beautiful little village, almost Arcadian in its peacefulness, with surrounding clumps of wood; umbrageous and sweet-smelling. His father was strict in his ways, if not a little formal; but essentially kind, and tender towards his children. His mother supplied abundantly what might have been lacking in the father; the "sweetest, dearest mother," we are told, and not only loving, but thoughtful and accomplished. She delighted in the dawning intelligence and frank fearlessness of her boy, and welcomed his curiosity and his love of nature, and was glad to aid and to advise him. She had herself a considerable knowledge of botany, geology, and conchology, and her tendencies in this way were one of the happy influences of James's life. He early developed a great love of "specimens," and was fond of wandering afield further than was altogether approved. If in some things the upbringing was too unsystematic, the liberty was not untempered with severity; and at all events, it was pre-eminently healthy alike for body and mind. James was full of ardour, and showed plenty of activity and pluck. He was in many scrapes, and in many dangerous situations. At the age of seven he climbed the mast of his father's yacht and got hooked, and was seen suspended on a belaying-pin in mid-air. When he was about twelve, he

lost his thumb in blowing up wasps' nests with gunpowder. "I was always," he said, "very excitable and noisy, and was called 'Mad Jim.'" Once, when older, he fractured his foot, and was too impatient to let it heal properly; and when it was still swollen and useless, he went off in the saddle to a meet of the staghounds, and though some days after he could not get a boot on this foot, he would go and skate on the ice with the sound one. We mention these things merely to show that James Hannington was a boy of character and in no respect a milksop.

A voyage in his father's yacht, when he was about eleven, was a great event—so great, that when he got aboard he had to pinch himself to make sure he was not dreaming; and this taste of the salt-water, as in the case of Bishop Stanley, gave rise to a great desire to become a sailor;—but this was denied to him because an elder brother had died at sea. He had a "keen observant eye," and when at sea, or travelling in Wales, as he did with his brother and a tutor, he was sure to pick up more than most boys of information and experience. Though unmanageable, he was very straightforward and generous, abhorring the thought of anything mean or underhand, and was much liked by his companions and even by some of his teachers.

His education was conducted at home under tutors till he was about thirteen. It is to be feared that he

was too bold and active to be "tamed" by tutors, and did not, in the ordinary sense, profit as he might have done by their exertions on his behalf. The tutor they had now left, and the question arose what was to be done with James. After much consideration, it was resolved to send him to the Temple School at Brighton. He went home from the Saturday till the Monday morning. But he was just as ungovernable at the Temple School as he had been at home—nothing of the conventional good boy about him. "I was idle," he says, "and never would learn myself, and unfortunately never was driven to learn." He was guilty of acts of disobedience and rebellion manifold—lit a fire in the middle of the dormitory, and was anything but repentant when reproved. There was a certain bully in the school, however, to whom he did a good turn. James would not submit to be bullied even by a boy bigger than himself, and engaged the fellow in fight, and though he was severely punished, would not give in, and gave greater punishment than he got. The bully let him alone afterwards, and probably was more inclined to let others alone also.

On leaving school about fifteen, he went into his father's business in Brighton, where he was for six years—the record being that he had succeeded only in gaining "a certain amount of knowledge and experience in almost everything except business." A seeming incor-



rigible, with good qualities all misdirected ; likely, unless some influence more deep and powerful than he has yet felt comes into play, to turn out that sorrowful affliction to a family—a man who is his own worst enemy, and will never settle to anything. At sixteen he became a volunteer, and was a captain at eighteen.

One of the most delightful recollections of his life was a trip in his father's yacht through the English Channel up the Mediterranean, disembarking wherever he and his brothers felt inclined. They saw something of sunny Spain, fruitful in wine and oil, with its far-stretching orange-groves ; dipped into classic Italy too ; and on the south side of the Mediterranean make a dash into the mountains of Algeria. Scotland, too, was visited on one of these yacht trips, and he saw something of the wild scenery of the West Coast as well as of the less picturesque East. We can imagine what this must have been to a restless, adventurous boy like James Hannington. It was to drink for once of a Circe's cup of delight.

The delight of his leisure when in business in Brighton was to wander about in search of specimens ; and his holidays always found him abroad. Before he was twenty-two he had visited every capital in Europe except two. He hated business, and probably would not have tolerated it even for a month had it not been for these interludes, and for the persuasive words of his mother. In his twentieth year he wrote a very earnest

letter to his father, urging him to let him try something else, and was induced to "stick" to it a little longer only at his mother's urgent entreaty.

In his twenty-first year there came a great change—a crisis in his life. His family, as we have seen, were Nonconformists; and his father had built a large chapel in his own grounds at Hurstpierpoint. Hannington had now come under Church influence, and he resolved to go to Oxford, with a view to Holy Orders. He says: "I had it fixed in my mind that I was to be ordained, but as for real motives, I had none. I was a mere formalist, and fast drifting into ritualism." He had continued his position as a volunteer officer, and had found in it more of satisfaction to his nature than in business. He had served with great credit, strict in his rule, but greatly liked by the men. He now resigned this post in order to give himself wholly to study. In 1869 he entered St. Mary's Hall; but under the advice of the Principal, he repaired for a time to Martinhoe, North Devon, to read with the Rev. C. Scriven. Here he found a rare attraction. The country round was lovely; he found a friend in Mr. Scriven, and during the next few years he went between Martinhoe and Oxford, as intent now on one object as he had before been indifferent and unsettled. At Martinhoe he not only read and studied, but he went on many walking tours, climbed hills, explored caves, slid down precipices, and did a little botanizing.

Give a man a great object in life, and it binds all the faculties together, and harmonizes them. What before seemed defects, now become transfigured. Nor must it be supposed that Hannington became a sour recluse, a bookworm. Nothing of the kind. He is described as "one of the most good-natured and fun-loving undergraduates." He was a captain of the boats, and a very good captain. He was President of the Red Club. He was a bold rider, a skilful carver. He was thoroughly popular; one says he was the most popular freshman of the year. But a new element had come into his life, and was deepening and enriching his character. And now an event happened which was calculated to confirm the influence. His mother died. On June 6th, after passing his final examination, he says that "a different tone began to steal over him; insensibly he prayed more." In February, 1874, he was ordained at Exeter by Bishop Temple. "So I am a parson," he wrote in his diary, "and the world has to be crucified in me. Oh for God's Holy Spirit, without which I must fall, I must perish!" But his mind was not yet wholly possessed of the truth. He was often in terrible bondage and doubts and fears. One of his college companions, Mr. E. C. Dawson (his biographer), had written to him, telling of his own experiences as a converted man. Mr. Dawson had done this with some fear and trembling, knowing Hannington's "detestation

of cant, and shams, and scorn of religious enthusiasm." Mr. Dawson received no answer for some time; but the seed dropped into his friend's mind was not lost; it was only striking root. At last Hannington wrote, begging Mr. Dawson to come and see him. This was impossible at the moment, but instead Mr. Dawson sent him a book—Dr. W. P. Mackay's "Grace and Truth," recommending him to read certain sections of it.

"I read on three chapters or so," says Hannington, "until at last I came to one called, 'Do you know your sins are forgiven?' by means of which my eyes were opened. I was in bed at the time, reading; I sprang out of bed, and leapt about the floor, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me: and from that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in assurance of faith that I am His and He mine."

In 1875 he accepted the curacy of St. George's, Hurst. With the utmost ardour he entered on the work. He was active in season and out of season. "He held Bible-classes, visited diligently, joined the rector in starting a temperance society, being himself the only pledged total-abstainer in the place. He started a mothers' meeting, and organized Sunday classes. After the toils of the day, the evening was usually spent in his study with a succession of young men and boys. To attract the young folks to him he

was pleased and proud to teach them whatever they wanted to learn. To one boy he gave lessons on the Jew's-harp; to another a lesson in botany; to a third a drawing exercise. One youth he coaxed into his confidence by finding rare birds' eggs for him. A master-worker, willing to be all things to all men, if so be he may win some.

In 1877 he married—very happily—a lady in every point in sympathy with him, and well fitted to prove a helpmeet.

And now begins the train of events which at last linked James Hannington with the Church Missionary Society's Mission in Africa.

“On November 15, 1875, appeared Stanley's famous letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, describing his intercourse with Mtesa, and challenging Christendom to send missionaries to U-Ganda. Three days after, a sum of £5,000 was offered to the Church Missionary Society towards the establishment of a Mission; another offer of £5,000 quickly followed; and ultimately no less than £24,000 was specially contributed. Arduous as the enterprise confessedly was, doubtful as seemed the policy of plunging a thousand miles into the heart of Africa before the intervening countries were occupied, the Society could not hesitate. It was felt that this was no mere call from a savage heathen king, no mere suggestion of an enterprise never thought of before.

The past could not be forgotten. The long chain of events which had led to the invitation stood out before the memory. At one end of the chain was a fugitive missionary of the C. M. S., led by the providence of God to a point on the coast where he heard vague rumours of a great inland sea, covering a space till then blank upon the map. At the other end of the chain was the C. M. S. again, offered a noble contribution to undertake the work of planting the banner of Christ on the shores of the largest of the four or five inland seas discovered in the meanwhile.

“In June, 1876, within seven months from the resolve of the Society to undertake the work, a well-equipped party were at Zanzibar, actively preparing for their arduous march to the Victoria Nyanza. They were eight in number, but three of them, engineers or artisans, were only with the expedition a few months, one dying on the coast, and the other two returning home invalided. Another fell sick, a fourth died, and only three reached Rubaga, the capital of U-Ganda, on June 30, 1877.

“They received a warm welcome from Mtesa, who avowed himself a believer in Christianity, and asked for further instruction; and regular Christian services in the palace were at once begun. But a quarrel arising between the king of the Island of Ukerewé and an Arab trader, the latter fled for protection to

the Mission camp, which was forthwith attacked, and Smith, O'Neill, and all their native followers but one, were killed, on or about December 13, 1877.

“Mr. Wilson was now left alone in the middle of Africa ; but after some months he was joined by Mr. Mackay, who had meanwhile been doing good service, exploring new routes near the coast. From England reinforcements were sent both *viâ* Zanzibar and *viâ* the Nile ; the latter party (Pearson, Litchfield, and Felkin) ascending that river under the auspices of Gordon Pasha, who showed them the greatest kindness. In the spring of 1879 seven missionaries were in U-Ganda. But at this time serious difficulties arose, through the hostile influence of the Arab traders and the arrival of a party of French Romish priests, who greatly perplexed Mtesa by their repudiation of the Christianity he had been taught. He agreed, however, to send an embassy to Queen Victoria, and Wilson and Felkin left for England with three envoys in June, 1879. After their departure the king's friendliness returned, and a remarkable eagerness for instruction manifested itself among chiefs and people. By means of a small printing-press, reading-sheets were supplied, and large numbers learned to read ; and the public services, which had been stopped, were resumed. But another great change came in December, 1879, when, under the influence of a sorceress, who claimed to be

possessed of the *Iubari* of the Nyanza, Mtesa and his chiefs publicly prohibited both Christianity and Moham-  
medanism, and returned to their heathen superstitions. The year 1880 was a time of great trial; but Mackay and Pearson went on quietly teaching a few lads who came to them, despite atrocious charges brought against the former by the Arabs, who said he was an insane murderer who had escaped from England, and for a time put his life in imminent danger.

“A new era for the Mission seemed to open in March, 1881, when the envoys, who had reached England in 1880 and been presented to the Queen, returned to U-Ganda, accompanied by the Rev. P. O’Flaherty. From that time Mackay and O’Flaherty (the others had left) laboured with much encouragement. Their secular work greatly prospered. They described themselves as builders, carpenters, smiths, wheelwrights, sanitary engineers, farmers, gardeners, printers, surgeons, and physicians. Linguistic work was vigorously prosecuted; portions of the New Testament were tentatively translated, and hymns, texts, &c., printed in “Lu-Ganda” and widely circulated. Through the blessing of God, some spiritual fruit also began to be gathered. On March 18, 1882, were baptized the first five converts in U-Ganda (one lad, who had accompanied Pearson to the coast, had before that been baptized at Zanzibar); and in 1883-4 many more were baptized, making a



total at the end of 1884 of eighty-eight who had been admitted into the visible Church. Another event in this period, which relieved the Mission of frequent embarrassment, was the departure of the French priests in November, 1882, after a residence of three years and a-half in the country."

This Mission in the interior of Africa had much engaged the attention and the heart of James Hannington, and when he heard the news of the murder of Smith and O'Neill, he felt, as it were, a call to run to the rescue of the Mission. But then it did not seem to him as if his way was perfectly clear. He was in a sphere where he was going good work, and was unwilling to relinquish it. He waited; but the impulse grew. Nearly four years passed, and at length he resolved.

In February, 1882, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and was accepted. By this time he had three children. All the ties that combine to hinder a man from such a venture were now as powerful as they could be. But his heart was fixed on a great purpose. He landed at Zanzibar on June 19th, at the head of a missionary party of six.

It took Hannington and his party, with their caravan of some hundred porters, four months to reach the Nyanza. It is certain that the brave leader did not spare himself; and during the journey he suffered much. Exposure to damp, bad water, and other priva-

tions, brought on repeated attacks of dysentery. Again and again his brethren advised and even urged him to return, but he would not listen. He felt that, as leader of the party, he needed to set an example of courage and endurance. But illness at last overcame the bold and dauntless spirit. He began to realize that he would only be a burden to them, if he did not actually die ; and at length he suffered them to send him back. On the journey to the coast his illness increased. Twice the natives who carried him in a litter thought him dead, and left his body on the ground behind them ; but twice he was enabled to put forth life enough to crawl after them. His cheerfulness triumphed over all suffering. At one place his men said to a missionary : "Master must die—he is sure to die ; but how is it master is always so cheerful?"

On June 10, 1883, he reached England, and, thanks to his naturally robust constitution and his indomitable faith and hope, he was soon completely restored to health. He resumed his connection with his congregation, and was once more in the thick of the work at Hurst, when, early in 1884, the project of founding a bishopric in Eastern Equatorial Africa once more came to the front. The question, "Where was a fitting man to be found?" of course followed ; and not a few at once answered it by saying, "James Hannington." He had no reserve on any score but health ; and having

consulted Sir Joseph Fayrer, and being assured that he might have many years of health and work in Africa, he agreed to go. He now had four children, the youngest only one month old. On June 24, 1884, Hannington was consecrated first Bishop of the Church of England in Eastern Equatorial Africa by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Lambeth Parish Church, and sailed the second time for Africa on November 5th.

At the end of January, 1885, he landed at Mombasa, the Church Missionary Society's headquarters in East Africa. "A thousand people," he says, "were on the shore; guns were fired, horns were blown, women shrieked, and laughed, and cried. Altogether there was a grand welcome. The moment we could get a little quiet, we knelt down and thanked God, from whom all blessings flow."

During the next six months Bishop Hannington did an amazing amount of work. He made journeys into the interior—to Sagalla and to Chagga, the "Switzerland of Africa," from the midst of which rises the mighty Kilima-Njaro, snow-crowned, covering as large an area as the Bernese Oberland, and rising to a height of 3,000 feet above the altitude of Mont Blanc. He settled a Mission in Chagga under the direction of the Rev. E. A. Fitch.

At length, on July 22nd, he started on his most serious and, as it proved, his last expedition—a journey

on which he had set his heart, and from which no prospect of danger could turn him aside. His ultimate purpose was to visit the native Christians of the Church Missionary Society's Mission in U-Ganda, that most beautiful and interesting portion of Central Africa, to which so much attention has been drawn by the account of Stanley, and by the character and conduct of the late King Mtesa. Here is a short description of it, as clear as it is compact:—

“U-Ganda is by far the most powerful, organized, and (in its way) civilized state which has been found in Central Africa. The country is fine, fertile, and healthy; the population is large; in industries, navigation, and war, the people are much superior to most African nations. They are probably of mixed descent: the ruling caste, who are known as Wa-Huma, claiming to be conquerors from the north, and belonging probably to the Hamitic Galla race; while the bulk of the inhabitants are in the main Bantu, as is the language. The prefixes common on the East Coast, and with which we are familiar, are not in use among them. They call their country, not U-Ganda, which is the Swahili form, but Bu-Ganda; themselves, not Wa-Ganda, but Bu-Ganda; and their language, not Ki-Ganda, but Lu-Ganda or Ru-Ganda. Their religion does not greatly differ from that of other Pagan Africans. The Supreme Deity, who is called Katonda, is regarded as

too exalted to interfere with human affairs. The real object of such worship as prevails (there is no idolatry) are the *lubari*, demons or spirits of war, thunder, &c., and especially the great *lubari* of the Nyanza. This spirit is supposed to enter from time to time into some man or woman, who thus becomes an honoured, though dreaded oracle, as possessing supernatural powers. The *mandwa*, priests or medicine men, have great influence, and charms and fetishes are in universal use."

The Bishop meant to take a new and unopened route—north-west from Mombasa, past Kilima-Njaro, and through the country of the fierce Masai tribe. This route had been travelled only once by a white man, Mr. Thomson, and that not completely. The Bishop was well aware of the perils of the route, and on this account would not allow any white missionary to accompany him; but took one of the African clergyman whom he had himself just ordained, the Rev. W. H. Jones, once a slave, rescued by a British cruiser from a slave-ship.

Though there were frequent difficulties in getting the men to move, and many hindrances, the first part of the journey was accomplished in perfect safety. Here is an entry from his diary on August 17th, which will illustrate one species of difficulty :—

"Started badly; could not get the men on their feet, and it is so important to me to get the cool hours; got sadly angry, and afterwards despaired of ever getting

through the journey. Suffered much from the burning sun. Arrived in camp about one o'clock. People came in crowds, and at first assumed an unpleasant air, and met in solemn conclave. They were, however, reasonable in their demands, and we were soon on the best terms, and dinner revived my drooping spirits. A wizard arrived on the scene, and prophesied a pleasant journey, and a present of milk to-night. 'Tis with much misgiving that I have consented to break away from Thomson's route for a little, and take a still more northerly direction."

This was a considerable risk to run, but no evil results ensued, and this part of the journey also was successfully accomplished. At Kavirondo the Bishop left his companion, Mr. Jones, and the larger number of his bearers, and with about fifty picked men struck out for U-Soga—a district lying to the East of U-Ganda. Here the Bishop was arrested by Labwa, a chief tributary to the King of U-Ganda, who kept him and his suite in imprisonment, and subjected them to barbarous treatment, while, as he pretended, messengers could bring back word from the capital.

The young King of U-Ganda, with his chiefs, had, it seems, become greatly alarmed by rumours spread by the Arab traders that a great German "invasion" and "annexation" were to be attempted in East Africa; and they at once associated these with the appearance

of a white man, said to be a great priest, by an un-trodden way through which no white man had ever before penetrated. The Bishop fully believed that in a week's time his release would be ordered. Instead of that, after much suffering, he was treacherously put to death with about forty-six of his men. His diary was kept up to the end, and fortunately recovered. It gives a very faithful and touching account of the treatment to which he was subjected. Here are a few entries from it ; the first tells the story of his arrest :—

“ *October 21st (Wednesday).*—Suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. Me they threw violently to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, ‘Lord, I put myself in Thy hands ; I look to Thee alone.’ Then another struggle, and I got to my feet and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought in contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion and struggling directly after dinner gave me an agonizing pain in the stomach. In spite of all, feeling I was being

dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus' and 'My God, I am Thine,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed, wet through with being dragged along the ground, strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. 'Now I am to be murdered.' As they released one hand I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly, 'No.' We then made out that the Sultan had had me seized. Then arose a new agony. Had he had all my men murdered? Another two or three hours' awful suspense, during which time I was kept fixed, shivering with cold, when, to my joy, Pinto (the Portuguese cook), and a boy, were brought with my bed and bedding, and I learnt that the Sultan had seized me, and simultaneously my men and loads, and meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga. I am in God's hands.

"October 22nd (Thursday).—I found myself, perhaps about ten o'clock last night, on my bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.*, fearfully shaken, strained in every limb, and great pain within, and thirst, and



sleep departed from my eyes, and it was very, very little I got during the night. Pinto may cook my food, and I have been allowed to have my Bible and writing things also. I hear the men are in close confinement, but safe, and the loads, except a few small things, intact. Up to one, or thereabouts, I have received no news whatever, and I fear at least a week in this black hole, in which I can only see to write by a strain. Floor covered with rotting banana peel and leaves and lice. A smoking fire, at which my guards cook and drink pombe; in a feverish district, fearfully shaken, scarce power to hold up small Bible. Shall I live through it? My God, I am Thine!

“ 1 P.M.—Good breakfast, but no appetite to eat it; however, if it was not here I should no doubt feel starving. Towards evening I was allowed to sit out for a little time, and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again, and as I fell exhausted on my bed I burst into tears—health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I fear I am in a very caged lion frame of mind; and yet so strained and shattered, it is with the utmost difficulty that I can stand; and yet, though in close confinement, there are many mercies to be thankful for. I ought to be praising His Holy Name, and I do.

“*October 25th (Sunday).*—Fourth day of imprisonment.

“Still a great deal of pain in my limbs. The fatigue of dressing quite knocks me over. My guards, though at times they stick to me like leeches, and, two rifles in hand, remain at night in my tent, are gradually getting very careless. I have already seen opportunities of escape had I wanted so to do, and I doubt not that in a few days’ time, especially if I could get a little extra pombe brought to them, I could walk away quite easily, but I have no such intention. I am more inclined to stop when they say go, and to be a thorn in the old gentleman’s side, I fear from that feeling of contrariness that is rather inborn. I send him affectionate greetings and reports on my health by his messengers twice a day. What I fear most now is the close confinement and utter want of exercise. The Sultan sent a detachment of twenty more of his wives to inspect the prisoner. After they had feasted their eyes and made their remarks, they respectfully retired. When I was almost beginning to think of my time in prison as getting short, the chief has sent men to redouble the fence around me. What does it mean? I have shown no desire or intention of escaping. Has a messenger arrived from Mwanga? There is just time that it should be so, to tell them to hold me fast. The look of this has cast me down again.

“One of my guards, if I understand him rightly, is making me offers to escape. He has something very

secret to communicate, and will not even take my boy into confidence. I do not, however, want to escape under the present circumstances; but at the same time I take great amusement in watching and passing by various little opportunities. My guards and I are great friends, almost affectionate, and one calls me, when he speaks of me, 'My white man.'

"Three detachments of the chief's wives—they say he has 1,000 nearly—have been to day to see me. They are very quiet and well-behaved, but greatly amused at the prisoner. Mackay's name seems quite a household word; I constantly hear it, but of the others I scarce ever hear a word.

"The men are kept in close confinement, except about two who come daily backwards and forwards to bring my food; this they take in turns, and implore, so I hear, for the job.

"*October 26th (Monday).* — Fifth day in prison. Limbs and bruises and stiffness better, but I am heavy and sleepy. Was not inclined to get up as usual, and, if I mistake not, signs of fever creep over me.

"About thirty-three more of the chief's wives came and disported themselves with gazing at the prisoner. I was very poorly and utterly disinclined to pay any attention to them, and said in English, 'Oh, ladies, if you knew how ill I feel, you would go.' When my food arrived in the middle of the day I was unable to

eat. The first time, I think, since leaving the coast I have refused even the most humble meal. To-day I am very broken down both in health and spirits, and some of the murmuring feelings that I thought had gone have returned hard upon me. Another party of wives coming, I retired into the hut and declined to see them. A third party came later on, and being a little better I came out and lay upon my bed. It is not pleasant to be examined as a caged lion in the Zoo, and yet that is exactly my state at the present time. My tent is jammed in between the hut and high fence of the Boma, so scarce a breath of air reaches me. Then at night, though the tent is a vast improvement on the hut, yet two soldiers, reeking with pombe and other smells, sleep beside me, and the other part of my guard, not far short of twenty, laugh and drink and shout far into the night, and begin again before daylight in the morning, waking up from time to time to shout out to my sentries to know if all is well. I feel all this is telling on my health tremendously."

The last entry of all is perhaps the most affecting:—

"All I can hear in the way of news is that the chief has sent men to fight those parts of the way we passed through. I begin to doubt if he has sent to Mwanga at all, but thinks I am in league with the fighting party, and is keeping me hostage. I am in very low spirits; it looks so dark. . . . I don't know what to think, and

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would say from the heart, 'Let the Lord do what seemeth to Him good.'

"(*Seventh day's prison*).—A terrible night; first with noisy drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one hour's sound sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me, and release! I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading the 27th Psalm. In an hour or two's time fever developed very rapidly. My tent so stuffy, I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious."

And so this noble and fearless man, in whom the finest natural talents of the leader and commander had been consecrated by the highest service, met his doom—by vilest treachery. He was only on the threshold of a great career. He astonished all who were near him by his complete self-possession and fearlessness. Even the Africans were astonished at these, no less than at his patience, his unflinching good temper, and his perfect superiority to privations. He was the very stuff of which great missionaries are made. The ungovernable elements which were so prominent in his boyhood and youth had been subdued, and gave to him power of command and—still more rare and precious—of self-command. All was purified, refined, and chastened, and, under the transforming power of

the Gospel, had gone to build up a character of the very loftiest type. Had he been spared, he would have shown a record worthy to be set beside that of Selwyn and Patteson, of Moffat and of Brainerd.

“ The world that dotes on what is done,  
Is cold to all that might have been,”

sings the poet laureate in the “*In Memoriam*”; but Bishop Hannington’s spirit was so powerful an inspiration that it cannot be said that he is dead; but that he is living and working still for the cause he had so deeply at heart.



*THE STANLEYS: FATHER AND SON.*



DEAN STANLEY'S FATHER.





## THE STANLEYS: FATHER AND SON.



LIKE father, like 'son" is not always realized in any exact or exhaustive sense. Much is nowadays made of heredity; and very careful and methodic inquiries are carried on with the view of finding what is the prevailing bent or temper of a race: but not infrequently subtle variations present themselves unaccountable and inexplicable. It is easier to lay the finger on points of likeness than to explain unexpected traits; to follow the line of commonalty, and exaggerate it, than to account for the most extraordinary outbreaks or irruptions of something strange and foreign. Who would ever have expected a sensitive, over-excitabile, sympathetic, democratic poet to have emerged from the Shelley stem, with its tradition of hard shrewdness, blunt,

ness, and indifference to everything ideal and speculative? Who would have expected the Thorwaldsen race to have produced a great sculptor? There may have been in them, at some remote time, vague yearnings towards the expression of the beautiful in form, and, long latent and hidden, the impulse may have sprung into full flower and force in one select member of the race. But the unexpected variations—and more especially these surprising developments of genius—which seem, so far as we can see, to falsify in some measure the laws of heredity as at present laid down, certainly do lead us to doubt the full truth of George Eliot's maxim that we are each of us only an omnibus carrying down the traits and tendencies of our ancestors.

There is one thing clear, that influences on the moral side are much more influential in perpetuating themselves than on the physical or intellectual side; and for this we ought to be thankful. We see sons who resemble fathers in nothing save a certain tone of thought or a kindredness of purpose; the structure of the mind and temper and the tendency of habit being almost exactly diametrical. The father is a man of action intent on governing; he aspires to command, to move among his fellow-men and lead and influence, to see the result of his work clear and patent on the minds or hearts of others as he proceeds: the son is studious, secluded, intent only on realizing his own

ideas, indifferent to any kind of direct or practical influence, incapable on the side of affairs; the butt of the playground at school, the "unpopular student" at college, because self-involved and self-withdrawn, with interests of his own in which his fellows may not share; the scholar, the thinker, it may be, the philosopher, or even the poet and dreamer of the later time.

To some extent we have this contrast presented to us in the case of the two men of whom we are now to write. Both made a deep impression on their contemporaries; both were men of singular powers; both occupied a very high position in the English Church; both were, in a sense, happy and successful men, much beloved and much admired—but they were admired for qualities almost the opposite of each other. Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, was an active, eager worker, constant in service, keen to organize and improve—the very man to deal with the rough peasants of a rural parish or to cope with the difficulties of a responsible episcopate: the son was a student, a scholar, somewhat sensitive and cold in manner; a man to whom books was a necessity, and intercourse with the learned a delight; who was of the most philanthropic spirit, but disinclined to practical effort on his own account—a kind of modern Melancthon, who needed to be linked to a Luther. This will come out fully in sketching the careers of the two men; and we believe that the reader will find additional

interest in contrasting characteristics and tendencies as we proceed.

Dr. Edward Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich, was the second son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Bart., of Alderley Park, Cheshire, and Margaret, the heiress of Hugh Owen, Esq., of Penrhos, Anglesea. His father was the representative of an ancient branch of the Stanley family, and was succeeded in his title and property by his eldest son, created, in 1839, Baron Stanley of Alderley. Edward, the youngest of seven children, was born on the 1st of January, 1779, at his father's residence in London. There was nothing very noticeable in his childhood, save a certain decision of character and a power of concentration on anything that interested him; and the things that interested him were mostly objects real and tangible rather than things read of or described: what he heard of he was very fain to see for himself, and even as a boy he laid the foundation of some of the work of manhood which gained him reputation as a naturalist, particularly in the department of ornithology. His education, unfortunately, was not conducted on any very systematic principle: he was moved from school to school without much, if any, regard to ultimate destination—a thing which his son in his Memoir dwells on with a tone of regret, though we doubt whether he was, as a boy, fitted to profit to the full extent Dean Stanley fancied by exactitude and thoroughness in this particular.

A visit which he paid to Weymouth, with his father, when he was about four years of age, needs to be more particularly signalized, because it had a lasting effect upon him through life. He then formed a passion for the sea, which grew rather than lessened with the years. As time went on, he learned to look with more and more satisfaction to the prospect of entering the navy. On this point his son says :—

“His whole character eminently fitted him for the naval profession. A cheerful and sanguine temper, readiness of decision, fertility of resource, activity and quickness of mind and body, and a spirit of enterprise that knew no danger, no impossibility, no difficulty, could hardly have failed to ensure success in the sphere to which his tastes had thus been early formed. The passion was overruled by circumstances beyond his control, and it gave a colour to his whole after-life. He never ceased to retain a keen interest in everything relating to the navy. His memory, though on other points not remarkably good, rarely failed in minute particulars of this.”

His own predilections were overruled by what we are led to regard as family necessities ; and, instead of joining the navy, he was sent to college with the view of entering the Church. He went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1798 ; and with that duty-loving and devoted character which characterized him, he did all

that in him lay to make up for unsystematic education before. This spirit is sure to meet with appreciation and aid ; and he always looked back to his college life with pleasure and gratitude.

“I can never,” he said on one occasion, “be sufficiently grateful for the benefits I received within those college walls ; and to the last hour of my life I shall feel a deep thankfulness to those tutors and authorities for the effects of that discipline and invaluable course of study which rescued me from ignorance, and infused an abiding thirst for knowledge, the means of intellectual enjoyment, and those habits and principles which have not only been an enduring source of personal gratification, but tended much to qualify me from the period of my taking orders to the present day for performing the duties of an extensive parish.”

Having completed his studies, he was ordained, and became curate of Windlesham, in Surrey, where he assiduously applied himself to the work, bringing to bear the keenest personal interest and a systematic method such as is seldom shown by so young a man. At the end of three years, he was presented by his father to the family living at Alderley. But, though he had been disappointed in realizing his own ideal of a profession, and though he owed his position to family influence, he did not make these any ground for perfunctory performance of duty. Far from it.

Alderley is a parish with many elements of beauty ; woods and boscsages and coppices delightfully intermixed, and giving relief to the extensive area under the plough. It is entirely an agricultural parish, with a population of about 1,300. It had previously been much neglected, we learn, and Dean Stanley gives some too striking evidences that it had been in the hands of the sporting, or, at all events, careless parson. He says :—

“The clerk used to go to the churchyard stile to see whether there were any more coming to church, for there were seldom enough to make a congregation. . . . The Rector used to boast that he had never set foot in a sick person’s cottage.”

Edward Stanley showed a very different spirit. He at once set about reform and reorganization. His parish was his ship ; and he showed here precisely the same qualities as would have made him a successful officer in the navy. He had not only the capacity of work himself, but the knack of attaching and engaging others in it, with the nicest discernment of what each one was fitted for ; and the needful sympathy supplemented by the needful authority to keep them to it. He sought to lead rather than drive ; but he could also be severe and determined when occasion arose. His sense of order was extreme ; in small matters as in great, he abhorred slovenliness, untidiness, and dirt. He would have

everything ship-shape, and he had great tact in making one thing help the other.

He established schools; he instituted Temperance Societies—coming to the conclusion, as most faithful men in similar circumstances have done, that drink was at the root of most of the evils he had to contend with. He even managed to get the public-house keepers to expose placards inculcating sobriety in the most prominent parts of their houses. He became a warm advocate for the education of the lower classes; he set up a small lending library; he paid weekly rounds of visits to the sick and poor, so that he became intimate with every family and every person in every family. “He entered into their humour,” we are told, “and tried to make them enter into his; caressed their children, and through them won the parents’ hearts.” He never failed to express the joy that order and neatness gave him, and encouraged the keeping of flower-gardens, recognizing the refining and elevating influence of flowers. (One of his daughters, sister of the Dean of Westminster, was many years afterwards one of the first and most energetic in the establishment of window gardens among the poor of London—the annual show of the results of which used to be a great centre of interest and attraction once a year in Dean’s Yard, Westminster, in Dean Stanley’s time). He used regularly to issue printed and lithographed addresses, which



were of a more interesting kind than was common then, and all at his own expense. Infant schools, mechanics' institutes, and statistical societies found in him a most active and consistent patron.

As drunkenness had prevailed in the neglected parish, it need not surprise us to learn that fights were also common. He resolved to put an end to these, and came to the conclusion that his appearance might be more effective than the advent of a policeman. "Whenever there was a drunken fight down at the village," says one who knew the parish, "he would always come out to stop it—there was such a spirit in him." He was utterly fearless; but, whilst firm and decisive, he was also very kindly in his manner towards the offenders. On one occasion his friends were rather concerned for his safety when a riotous prize fight was in progress, and when a quite unusual crowd of "roughs" from the district round had assembled. But he stuck to his colours. He rode into the midst of the crowd as usual, and with a few quiet words succeeded in dispersing them.

This was the spirit of the man. He never ceased to mourn over the lack of a regular classical education, and now did his best to supply the want, setting aside regular hours for this purpose as well as for natural history studies, in which, as we have seen, he delighted. Goethe wisely said that, by system, the wise man may

even *gain* time. It is not too much to say that Edward Stanley acted on Goethe's motto without knowing it. Temperament and the lack of early discipline alike tended to indispose him to purely literary studies ; and niceties of scholarship and criticism remained distasteful to him ; but now he read extensively in Church history, and formed a keen relish for it. But his great delight was in natural history ; and he managed in the most remarkable way to combine parochial visitation with scientific observation, and from this combination of pursuits he greatly profited alike in an intellectual and ethical and spiritual sense. He was wont to say : "The perversions of men would have made an infidel of me, but for the counteracting impression of Divine Providence in the works of nature."

In the year 1810 he had married Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, Rector of Stoke-upon-Trent—a union of sympathetic hearts and minds such as the Laureate celebrates in that delightful and memorable passage towards the close of "The Princess." They had five children.

Many references to Edward Stanley are to be found in Mr. Augustus Hare's "Memorials of a Quiet Life" : wherein he appears most winning and attractive. Mrs. Augustus Hare was Maria Leycester, a younger sister of the lady Edward Stanley married ; and in a note by her we find this passage :—

“Edward Stanley was to me the kindest of brothers, and great was the amusement he gave by the playful verses he wrote to please me, especially those on the death of one of my pet bantams. These bantams were given to me by Lady Corbet, and were fed after breakfast from the dining-room windows: it was the time when Buonaparte’s name was held up in terror to every one, so that when two of the cocks fought the hens, they were named Buonaparte and the King of Rome.”

Maria Leycester, before her marriage to Mr. Augustus Hare, was almost a resident at Alderley Rectory; and much she acknowledges that she owed to the influences potent there.

Reginald Heber was then Rector of Hodnet, which lay at no great distance from Alderley, and much pleasant intercourse the Hebers and Stanleys had, with Maria Leycester (Mrs. Augustus Hare) as a delightful connecting link. The sorrow and sense of blankness that fell upon all when the Hebers went out to India, has been well described in “The Memorials of a Quiet Life.”

It was a favourite maxim with Augustus Hare in his parochial work in the somewhat familiar parish of Alton: “We must get at the souls of the poor through their bodies.” And if Edward Stanley did not formulate such an axiom for himself, he acted on it with the utmost discernment and prudence. He was never tired in in-

venting means of relief when any special trial was laid on any one, or when any epidemic prevailed, and always the children had his peculiar care; and in winter the distribution of warm clothing was a thing looked forward to and remembered.

Thus he went on for upwards of thirty years, content with his work in the sphere in which Providence had placed him. But though the sphere was small and unobtrusive in one respect, the spirit and the thoroughness which he carried into his work did not fail to attract the attention and the admiration of others. If what has been, with some savour of ribaldry, set down as the old-fashioned qualification for a bishopric in the Church of England—to have written a Greek play and to be a good boon-companion, certainly Edward Stanley could not have been regarded as qualified. But, luckily, all such sayings are more smart than true; and exceptional cases, at all events, are to be found, and help to restore a more cheering view of matters. In the thirty-second year of his residence at Alderley, Lord Melbourne offered him the See of Norwich. His son tells us that he had already declined offers of the same kind with regard to Manchester; looking on himself as more fitted for parochial duties than for the work of an episcopate. It is characteristic of him that, after much struggle with himself, he accepted Norwich because he found that he could still carry on, with the hope of good

results, his visitation of the poor, and other like duties, in which he found most pleasure. And he was not disappointed. One of the most pleasant pictures we remember to have read is that of the old Bishop moving about in the lowest quarters of Norwich, chatting with the people, and interesting himself in their condition and their affairs, with the warm heart, but also with the keen eye to detect the slightest attempt at imposition.

“He used to say to me,” wrote a Norwich curate, “‘If there are any deserving cases of sick in your parish, always tell me, that I may visit them—it is a kind of work that I enjoy beyond all other.’ And thus did he go about all those backyards and alleys which exist in Norwich only amongst the poorest of the poor—for I never mentioned the name of any sick poor but he visited or relieved them that day, or as soon after as possible. He prayed and read with them, and talked with them, just as if he was any poor man himself—he was so very humble.”

This, at all events, is one of the notes of the true bishop. He was not disappointed, and never regretted his choice.

“I feel,” he himself wrote, “that in some points I have chosen rightly, and I often meet with proofs that what my conscience tells me to be right is indeed right. I have been of late more frequently than before, though always more or less so, in the habit of visiting the poor,

and in sitting and talking with them have seen and heard much to encourage me to persevere in this life. I have been particularly struck with the case of a poor outcast girl. How ought I to shrink from complaining of any bitter drops in my cup, when I see a poor, ignorant, uneducated creature can rise above her misfortunes, supported by religious principles! If in my position I could establish a system to relieve and to add to the comfort and happiness of a few such unfriended poor, it would tend much to make me go on my way rejoicing."

The residence in London to attend the House of Lords, which is part of the functions of a bishop in our country, was skilfully made the means of opening up new spheres of practical work and influence by Bishop Stanley. He was very interested in the homes of the London poor, and was one of the first to give practical support to Ragged Schools. Here is a very good incident given by the late Lord Shaftesbury, when he was still Lord Ashley, and had not yet attained that power over the great body of the public, or had not yet brought to his side the suffrages of the influential classes, as he afterwards did :—

"I recollect that in the year 1845 I had taken the charge of a large Ragged School meeting in the depths of Lambeth. It was about seven o'clock, in the month of June; the meeting consisted of all ranks and degrees of persons, the children themselves having no rank or

degree, but all pretty nearly on the same dirty level. Soon after we had begun, the door of the room was opened, and the Bishop of Norwich came in, and placed himself on the platform by my side. 'I saw your name,' he said, 'on a placard, and I instantly determined to attend, for wherever you go, I will go too.' I felt the force of his kind expressions, and the practical fulfilment of them; the more so as the locality was remote and uninviting, and many who were present were Dissenting ministers. He afterwards addressed the children with parental feeling and great effect: every one present was truly gratified; and when he quitted the room there was a general sentiment that such episcopal visits would do more to conciliate the mass of the people, and root the order in their affections, than all the laws we could pass for the maintenance of ecclesiastical authority."

Before this, in 1843, he had reached his sixty-fifth year, and began to acknowledge to himself that he had lost the buoyancy he had formerly felt. But he bore bravely on: unremitting in his work and his devotion, increasing the number of the causes in which he was interested. His liberality of feeling was as remarkable as his devotion to the Church to which he belonged. He foresaw that any tendency to exact by law any privilege or pre-eminence to the Church could only react and recoil upon her disastrously—the more that, with the cheapening of literature and cognate influences, the

mass had more chances of information than formerly ; and on this ground, as well as on others, he opposed the unconditional enforcement of the Church Catechism in schools. His sagacity and his liberality were well exhibited in his expression to a friend about the work of Miss Sellon—much as he disliked everything savouring of ritualism and monkery : “ I cannot approve of all she did ; but there was real good at the bottom.” His pamphlet, “ A Few Words in Favour of our Roman Catholic Brethren,” breathes the same spirit ; and the same may be said of his “ Speech on Education in Ireland” in the House of Lords. His skill in organization and systematization of work are well shown in his “ Heads for the Arrangement of Local Information in every Department of Parochial and Rural Interest.” His work, “ A Familiar History of British Birds,” the labour of love of his spare hours, was a valuable contribution in its time, and even to-day is referred to for keenness of insight, and many incidents of bird-life carefully observed and accurately recorded.

More and more he felt the pressure of years, though he was wont to speak of himself as “ suffering under few of the infirmities of advancing years ; age,” he said, “ has crept on so imperceptibly, that it is difficult to bring the reality of decay and the rapid approach of earthly non-existence visibly before me.” He had a youthful spirit ; he was childlike and hopeful, and drew





DEAN STANLEY'S MOTHER.

great strength from this. He was gently active almost up to the end, and passed away on the 6th of December, 1849, in his seventy-first year.

Such was Bishop Stanley—the distinguished father of a yet more distinguished son, whom he resembled in some things, and differed from in yet more. In his faithful fulfilment of duty in a profession so different from what he himself would have chosen, in his practical and benevolent aspiration, in his hopeful constancy, and in his unobtrusive faithfulness, there is to be read a lesson for the young perhaps even more useful, and calculated perhaps to be more effective, than that furnished by the career of the scholar and dignitary who rose to world-wide fame. To him we will now turn to find the points of likeness as well as of contrast.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born at Alderley, on December 13, 1815, the second son of his parents. In his childhood he was weakly, but soon he showed an eager inquiring turn of mind. To his mother he owed much: she watched over his infantile years with a fondness and a bright hope that surely was felt to justify itself in the after years. He was very carefully taught and trained; being initiated betimes into Latin and Greek, partly by his father and partly by tutors. While still young he went to Rugby, in the fulness of its fame under Dr. Arnold, whose story he lived to tell in his own delightfully graceful, picturesque, sympa-

thetic way. He soon became the favourite pupil of the great pedagogue. He scarcely seems to have had any period of intellectual boyhood—none of that indefinite, twilight morning mistiness which generally characterizes the mental condition of youth, when all the faculties are immature, and all the purposes vague. He passed at one step to mental manhood. His aims were clear. He knew exactly that to which he would aspire, and he worked and studied with one aim in view: he would be a scholar, a historian, a divine, a preacher of righteousness and of Christian unity. He would bring a new touch to the writing of the lives of the great men and saints of the past. He never knew a temptation otherwise. When other lads of his own age were dreaming of the cricket-field, of the boats, or of the fives' court, he was tracing the felicities of the Latin or Greek authors, or peeping into the Fathers, or pondering on the difficulties that lay in the way of accepting some of the miracles recorded in Scripture. He was premature in thought, as in powers of absorbing knowledge.

The order and discipline of Rugby were to him an education in the true sense, and the influence of Arnold was an inspiration. The way in which, in his *Memoir of Arnold*, he dwells on the order of the school-life, no less than the manner in which he traces the influence of the head-master, is proof of the effect produced. That picture of the chapel with the faces all

upturned towards the preacher, every word listened to and appropriated by all—though by many, at all events, of the younger pupils they could hardly have been completely understood—tells more than any effort at directly imparting personal impressions could do. The picture is in the highest degree artistic—not only as the description of a scene often witnessed, but as a revelation of the feelings that had been stirred in the painter of it. We could hardly have had such a picture if the scholar had not already had stirring in him something of the literary artist. This, as we shall see, remains the prevailing interest of Arthur Stanley. Whatever he was deeply interested in translated itself into picture before him: he could realize it and represent it in vivid colours, and with the sense of fresh and youthful contact. Indeed, it may be said that just as in mental development he had no proper definite season of youth; so by happy adjustment or compensation he preserved always a savour of youthfulness about him in this fresh vivid realization of that with which he was brought into interested association.

Dr. Arnold, it is clear, was one of those happy men, nicely balanced though finely organized, whose personality is magnetic. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere spoken (in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," we think) of words that are *polarized*. The man who uses such words is a master—a magician, we

might say, who must attract others towards him as the loadstone attracts the iron.<sup>1</sup> He cannot help it. Virtue goes out of him. Dr. Arnold had the gift; and in a certain sense, though the quality did not express itself in quite the same way, he had, notwithstanding his gravity and the weighty responsibility he had borne for years, some touch also of this wondrous youthfulness which so attracts the young. In Arthur Stanley he soon discovered a companion and equal as well as a scholar, and the consequent relation of closer intimacy than ordinarily exists or can exist between the head-master of a great public school and a pupil, was one of the most fruitful and benignant for both.

Stanley appropriated the best of Rugby as only such a boy could, and when he left to enter Christ Church, Oxford, he was well equipped. His course was only such as might have been foretold—fruitful, successful, in the highest degree—filled with interests, though always of the refined and scholarly kind. Arthur Stanley as he walked, could not but people all these cool, shadowy squares and cloisters, those gardens and sheltered terraces, with the great men of other days who had lived and moved there, and whose memories now were trea-

<sup>1</sup> Were we asked to cite an instance of this in an *unexpected* place, it would be in that letter written to Mr. Thomas Carlyle regarding the Society which Dr. Arnold proposed to collect materials about the state of the poor in all parts of the country.

sured by their successors. If he had written the Memorials of Christ Church, or even of Oxford itself, as he afterwards wrote the Memorials of Canterbury and of Westminster Abbey, we should have such a book as we may hardly hope now to see. But definite studies had to be definitely pursued. These he followed in no superficial or perfunctory sense. Here is a letter from Dr. Arnold to him not very long after he had entered, which suggests a good deal of what Stanley had to say of Oxford and of his studies :—

“RUGBY, *March 4, 1835.*

“. . . . I am delighted that you like Oxford, nor am I the least afraid of your liking it too much. It does not follow because one admires and loves the surpassing beauty of the place and its associations, or because one forms in it the most valuable and most delightful friendships, that therefore one is to uphold its foolishness, and to try to perpetuate its faults. My love for any place, or person, or institution, is exactly the measure of my desire to reform them; a doctrine which seems to me as natural now, as it seemed strange when I was a child, when I could not make out, how, if my mother loved me, more than strange children, she should find fault with me and not with them. But I do not think this ought to be a difficulty to any one who is more than six years' old. I suppose that the reading necessary for

the schools is now so great, that you can scarcely have time for anything else. Your German will be kept up naturally enough in your mere classical reading, and ancient history and philosophy will be constantly recalling modern events and parties to your minds, and improving in fact, in the best way, your familiarity with and understanding of them. But I hope that you will be at Oxford long enough to have one year at least of reading directly on the middle-ages or modern times, and of revelling in the stores of the Oxford libraries. I have never lost the benefit of what I enjoyed in this respect, though I have often cause to regret that it is no longer within my reach."

And then to show how fully Arnold regarded Stanley as competent to reflect on matters of wide political moment, he proceeds :

"Of one thing I am clear, that if ever this constitution be destroyed, it will be only when it ought to be destroyed ; when evils long neglected, and good long omitted, will have brought things to such a state that the constitution must fall to save the Commonwealth, and the Church of England perish for the sake of the Church of Christ. Search and look whether you can find that any constitution was ever destroyed from within by factions or discontent, without its destruction having been, either just penally, or necessary, because

it could not longer answer its proper purposes. And this ripeness for destruction is the sure consequence of Toryism and Conservatism, or of that base system which joins the hand of a Reformer to the heart of a Tory, reforms not upon principles, but upon clamour; and therefore both changes amiss, and preserves amiss, alike blind and low-principled in what it gives and what it withholds. And therefore I would oppose to the utmost any Government predominantly Tory, much more one exclusively Tory, and most of all Government at once exclusively Tory in heart, and in word and act simulating reform. . . . So I have filled my paper; but it is idle to write upon things of this kind, as no letter will hold all that is to be said, much less answer objections on the other side. Write to me when you can, and tell me about yourself fully."

We do not quote this letter because some impressions in it are definitely political, but only to exhibit the footing on which the two men stood. Arnold's liberalism was entirely his own, in a sense; but he inspired others with it. They applied in the larger world what he taught and preached at Rugby, and from his position could not so effectively proclaim in writing as others could do. All his more gifted pupils bear witness to his powers in this respect. They were disciples, apostles, men sent forth with a message. To spread the principles of what might, with no sinister application,



be called liberal, truly rational, manly Christianity, was the purpose of the Rugby men—the purpose with which their master sought to inspire them. Arthur Stanley was one of the most efficient.

He remained at Christ Church several years ; and then became a Fellow of University College. His course was still that of the student, but he had begun to find means of contact with the great public. The big Quarterlies found space for his reviews, and he had already begun to write some of those chapters which now form parts of his Church-History lectures. It was while he was Fellow of University College, and resident there, that Arnold died ; and he was still there when he wrote the *Life*. It was the first work that made his name familiar to the great world. The fine sympathy, the insight, and the self-restraint so noticeable in it, were as remarkable as the rare powers of arrangement, the graphic pictures and stirring passages of narrative that were so cunningly used to introduce and connect the “*Letters*.”

In 1845, Stanley became “*Select Preacher*” to the University of Oxford ; and in the University pulpit preached some of his most finished and eloquent sermons. Some years later he was made Canon of Canterbury ; and his residence here he has celebrated in a volume of memorials, marked by the most thorough knowledge and by the most vigorous and polished style.

In 1853 he became Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, in which capacity he delivered those remarkable lectures on the "Jewish Church," and on the "Eastern Church," as well as those on "Ecclesiastical History." We are not surprised to find Charles Kingsley writing to him as follows on reading these last :—

"EVERSLEY, *April* 10, 1858.

"MY DEAR STANLEY,—I must write and tell you the perfect pleasure with which I have read your three lectures on Ecclesiastical History, which that excellent fellow, Edward Egerton, lent me.

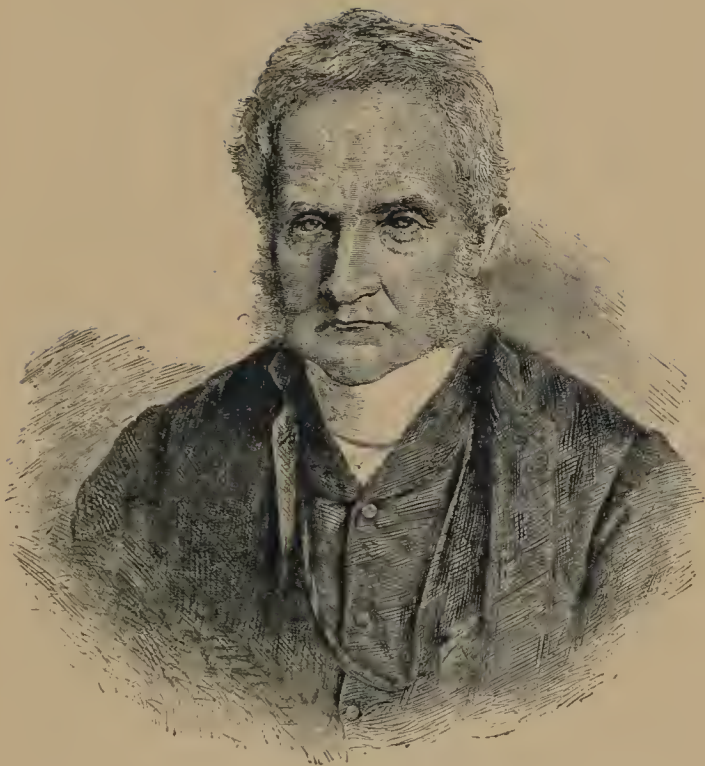
"It is a comfort in this dreary world to read anything so rational and fair, or genial and human; and if those Oxford youths are not the better men for such talk, they deserve the pool of Hela.

"What you say about learning Ecclesiastical History by biography is most true. I owe all I really know about the history of Christianity (*ante Tridentine*) to thumbing and re-thumbng a copy of 'Surius' *Actæ Sanctorum*.' In that book I found out for the first time in my life what they were all about. But you have, from your greater knowledge and wider view, a spirit of hope about it all, which sadly fails me at times; and therefore your lectures have done me good, and I thank you for them, as for personal and private consolation

which I sorely wanted. God bless and prosper you and your words !”

In 1863 he became Dean of Westminster.

In the case of a scholar holding such dignities as these there is necessarily a lack of the kind or of the variety of incidents usually to be found in the career of a great public man, soldier, missionary, or traveller. The interest is more in the results than in the incidents of the life. Its whole charm lies in its unity of purpose, the persistency of effort, and therefore the sameness day by day of all that can be chronicled in a memoir. Dean Stanley, however, loved travel ; to walk amid the scenes of which he had read, where great deeds had been done and great results for mankind had been achieved, seemed to have the same effect on him as Sir George Trevelyan tells us it had upon Lord Macaulay. It at once renewed and intensified impressions and concentrated the imagination. He travelled in Palestine and Sinai in 1852-3, and the outcome of that memorable journey is one of the most carefully critical and finely descriptive works in English or in any other language. He returned to the Holy Land with the Prince of Wales in 1862 ; he went to Russia to perform the English ceremony at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh in 1874 ; and he paid a visit to the United States in 1878.



DEAN STANLEY.

*[From Photograph by S. A. Walker, 230 Regent Street, W.]*

Shortly after he became Dean of Westminster, he was married to Lady Augusta Bruce, fifth daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin; and this marriage effected a marked and happy change in Dean Stanley's life. Lady Augusta, besides being one of the most cultured and benevolent of women (she had much to do with the institution of the Westminster Institute for Trained Nurses, for one thing), was also gifted with great social tact. She had long held an important post close to the Queen, and had the knack of "entertaining," and the judgment to raise "entertaining" to a higher level than is only too frequently the case amongst us. She gathered at the Deanery the choicest and selectest society, whether English or foreign; the finest, brightest, most thoughtful spirits in the metropolis were ever to be met there. And it is to her honour that, through her hearty co-operation with the Dean, one of the greatest works in the way of conciliation and Church "comprehension" was accomplished, simply by the meeting there from time to time of the leading Non-conformists with Churchmen, and with distinguished writers and foreigners. Goethe has said penetratingly that if you stand long apart from men, you are sure soon to misunderstand them. The manner in which most Churchmen, more especially of high position, had stood apart for years and years from Nonconformists was one of the secrets of their misjudgment and of their

failure to conciliate them. Dean Stanley's father had nobly shown the way in this, and had given the finest practical example—a point in which the son indeed resembled the sire. We have seen how he, with the utmost moderation in several instances, stated the case for the Dissenters; and it is significant enough to observe at that day that the good Earl of Shaftesbury thought it a circumstance worth noting that he had more Dissenters than Churchmen round him at that memorable Ragged School meeting at Lambeth, at which the Dean of Norwich so welcomingly and opportunely appeared to address the poor children so admirably—not feeling himself at all out of place at being the solitary bishop present on the occasion. Here was a fine platform for union in practical work.

Much praise as the High Church party deserves for zeal and persistency in its own lines of effort for the benefit of the poor and lapsed, it must be confessed that in some degree they have been blamable by widening the breach between the clergymen of the Church of England and their brethren outside it. Dean Stanley could fully sympathize with a good deal in their work; but it was impossible that he could sympathize in this;—it was inevitable rather that he should be irritated and grieved, because, above all things, he held that unity of spirit was better than formal or doctrinal identity; that ideas of apostolical succession strictly construed, how-

ever well based on ancient writings, and ritualistic practices, however defensible under rubric and statute-books, should go to the wall if by them the spirit of disunion, sectarianism, and bitter opposition should be maintained and perpetuated. This was all the more honourable in him that he brought with him a fine historic sympathy for all dogmas and formulas and ceremonies that time had consecrated, and had in the past been the means or mediums of spiritual edification to multitudes of men and women. Bishop Stanley had said a good word for Roman Catholics : Dean Stanley had a good word to say for almost everybody, unless he found that they would not receive it in the spirit in which it was given, but resented it as an insult.

The means, so delightful and often charming, which he took to show all this practically, claims not only warm admiration but sincere gratitude. There met Presbyterians like Dr. Norman Macleod, Dr. R. H. Story, and Dr. Macgregor, with English Congregationalists like Dr. Henry Allon, Dr. Raleigh, and Dr. John Stoughton ; and Methodists like Dr. Rigg with men of learning like Professor Max Müller. Here surely was a declaration of brotherhood and comprehension at once of the most practical and the most human kind. Here it was in especial that the influence and example of the old Bishop were seen most effectively working ; and in this we would recognize, too, the gentle tact and tenderness of Lady

Augusta, as the element which practically made it possible, as she made possible much of the Dean's work besides of a literary character. How touchingly he bears testimony to this in the Dedication of the volume of lectures on the Jewish Church published in 1876, the year of her death:—

“To the beloved memory of the inseparable partner in every joy and struggle of twelve eventful years, this volume, the solicitude and solace of her later years, is dedicated, with the humble prayer that its aim may not be altogether unworthy of her sustaining love, her inspiring courage, and her never-failing faith in the enlargement of the Church and the triumph of all truth.”

Dean Stanley was never the same man after she died. There came into his eye a soft, far-out-looking glance, as if it passed over the object on which it seemed directed to rest on something beyond; the steps were feeble; the always thin figure more attenuated; less firmness and more sweetness in the expression of the long curved lips. Such was he as we saw him at service in Westminster Abbey on a memorable occasion during the latter years. He wore a velvet skull-cap, and preached with a voice very soft and low, but finely penetrating. Its tones answered better to his subject than it would even have done in days of greater physical strength. Active in his quiet gentle way he was almost up to the



end ; but his heart was more than half in heaven already. His strength had so gone down under the sense of irreparable loss and solitude, that his constitution had no stamina to resist the disease that had set upon him. Among the broken sentences that escaped him in the last hours were these : "The end has come in the way I most desired it should come. I am perfectly satisfied—perfectly happy—I have no misgiving. . . . I always wished to die at Westminster."

He passed away about midnight of July 18, 1881.

Unlike his father, Dean Stanley never held a cure of souls, any more than he was calculated by temperament and bent of mind to succeed where his father succeeded. We can hardly think of the somewhat shy, urbane, courteous Dean, shrinking from all contact with coarseness, and with some defect of ready humour, riding up among the village "roughs" to stop a prize-fight, and doing it ; nor can we fancy him indulging in familiar talk with the old women in the closes and back alleys of Norwich that he might win them and through them their families. He might have forced himself to attempt such things under a sense of duty (which was strong in him), but the feeling of constraint would have been too patent for the impression of that complete sense of authority, which only comes from the consciousness a man has of being in his right place. Dean Stanley's fate was different, and no doubt it was happier. The cultured

repose, the cloistered seclusion of an Oxford college or a Cathedral close, was more suited to him than visiting slums, and drilling ill-clad urchins in Sunday school or Bible-class. Not that he would have regarded such work as in any sense beneath him, had he been called to do it; only he had naturally little of that ready kind of spontaneous flexibility and adaptability which is seen in men like Norman Macleod, and, if he had tried it, ten to one he would not have been able to sit so continuously at his books and at his desk. With that exquisite sense of proportion; that artistic, vivid style of narrative; that power of reading the life of the past in dry chronicles, and summaries of divinity and giving it shape and presence, which enabled him to touch closely the heart of the present, as having found there the trace of the very same problems and difficulties that distress and sometimes daunt us, he was essentially the student, the scholar, with much of the strength, but also some of the weaknesses, associated with the type. When we say this, we must not be understood to seek to detract in any way from his greatness. He was not, like his father, a practical ruler and administrator, a strong organizer and captain of men. He had his own work: it lay in a different direction, and happily also it had a wider sphere and a fuller scope. He spoke to the world, which, in perhaps a more expressive sense than the words could be used when first applied, was his parish. His praise is

that, if, as some say, he tended to make too little of doctrine, his practice was right, and his example altogether beneficent. As we look on that white recumbent effigy, which so well commemorates him in the Abbey over which he so lovingly presided, we think of his purity, his truth, his fearlessness, and his gentleness, his love of unity, and all that makes for peace and brotherhood—"Unspotted from the world."



*THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.*



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IF you were to search the whole round of biography, it is doubtful if you would meet with an instance of happier knack and felicity in turning apparent disadvantages into helps than is to be found in the life of Dr. Thomas Guthrie. He was a great preacher, but he had much to surmount before he held his audiences spell-bound; a model pastor, who drew hints from work in very different lines of early experience; a wise philanthropist, who had also learnt the principles of commercial enterprise and knew how to apply them, and make them yield fruit in a higher field. In a word, his life is not only interesting because of the outward success that he

gained, and deserved to gain, but because of the incessant effort after self-discipline and the complete formation of character, and all this in view of the good of others—of the weak, the helpless, and those without any to care for them. “A character,” says a great German thinker, “is a completely fashioned will”; and when we see a man who shows great will and purpose in achievement in any direction, we speak of him as a man of strong character. But the results are often secured by what Hugh Miller has acutely characterized as a certain narrowness and spareness of nature, a lack of sympathy and imagination as seen even in some of our great Anglo-Saxon leaders—Wellington, Washington, and Cromwell. How much more expressing is it when we can apply the words “strong character” to a man whose humour and playfulness, whose imagination and impulse and childlike naïveté might have tempted him to seek diversions in many fields, who consecrates all to one great end, and having once taken up a cause never departed from it.

Dr. Guthrie’s temperament was sensitive and sympathetic, with wondrous readiness of response to all kinds of impressions, but it was balanced by a rare good sense and self-control, which enabled him to concentrate and to direct all his impulses into one groove. He had all the “*ingenium perfervidum* Scoto-

rum," but he had also the Anglo-Saxon reserve and caution and persistent perseverance—a combination less uncommon in Scotland than almost anywhere else. Like most men who have done great work in the world, he had a strong will, but, naturally, like all men who are sympathetic and easily impressed on the side of sentiment, he had in early life many temptations to dissipate his energies, or scatter them in many directions. He was one of those men of whom you feel that he might have been almost anything—for his natural gifts on many sides were great, and of the kind that fit a man to lead and influence others.

The effect of his early training had something to do with it, as well as the traditions of race, of which he never ceased to be proud, though these traditions were more associated with suffering for noble causes, than with the holding of high place in the world's eye. The very name of Guthrie itself is full of associations. It is linked with the history of the Covenant, and the freedom of conscience. It figures in the glorious list of martyrs: a Guthrie went joyfully to his death for Christ's cause at a time of great and grievous trial for Scotland. How could a boy bearing the name of Guthrie read the tales of the Scottish Martyrs—which every Scottish boy does read as well as the "Scottish Chiefs"—and not be specially moved by it? Certainly Thomas Guthrie was deeply in-

fluenced by them; and that we do not in any way exaggerate here, is proved by what he himself has said in the Autobiography which he left, unfortunately unfinished, behind him:—

“Some names are honourable; and have, or at least should have, an influence for good on those who bear them; and in that case, in the words of the wise man, ‘A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.’ Such a name is mine. It is an ancient one: the name of a very old family in Forfarshire. Greater honour still—in these words:

‘FAMOUS GUTHRIE’S HEAD’—<sup>1</sup>

it stands on the Martyrs’ Monument in the Greyfriars Churchyard of Edinburgh—being, with the exception of Argyll’s and Renwick’s, the only name, of the 18,000 that perished in the days of the Covenant, that has the honour of standing on that famous and sacred stone. James Guthrie was described by Cromwell as ‘the short man that would not bow,’ and his fate forecast by his cousin William Guthrie, who said on one occasion, ‘Ah, James, you will have the advantage of me, for you will die honourably before many witnesses, with a rope about your neck, and I will die whining upon a little straw.’ This famous martyr was of the family of Guthrie of Guthrie; while William, who was

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. James Guthrie, of Stirling, was executed at Edinburgh on June 1, 1664. His head was affixed to the Nether Bow Port.



banished from his charge and home for the cause of the Covenant, was also, like most of the leading Covenanters, a well-born man. He died in his bed; and lies within the old Cathedral Church of Brechin, my native place, below the seat belonging to Pitforthie, his ancestral estate, a mile from the town. He was the author of that precious book, ‘The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ,’ of which it is related that the great Dr. Owen said, on one occasion, taking a ‘little gilt copy’ of it out of his pocket—‘It is my *Vade-mecum* and I carry it and the Sedan New Testament still about me. I have wrote several folios, but there is more divinity in it than them all.’

“To establish, what certain circumstances made highly probable, the connection of my family with those heroes of the Covenant to whom, under God—as is now all but universally admitted—Great Britain largely owes her civil and religious privileges, was an object of my ambition. I failed; yet am conscious that the idea and probability of this has had a happy influence on my public life, in determining me to contend; and suffer if need be, for the rights of Christ’s Crown and the liberties of His Church. Let me be thankful for this. . . . Through my ancestors, so far as I can trace them, I can claim to be the seed of the righteous:—a higher honour than the ‘blue blood’ some boast of, though why noble blood should be called blue,

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which is venous and polluted blood, I have yet to learn.”

We will try to trace the effects of all this as we go on to recount the outward details of the life, modifying quietly, but in no vague or indefinite way, the thoughts and aspirations of our subject.

## I.

THOMAS GUTHRIE was born at Brechin, an old cathedral town of Forfarshire, on the 17th of July, 1803. It is a rather irregularly built town—its chief street lying along a hill, and with many stalks of chimneys scattered through it nowadays; for its chief industry in the old time was hand-loom linen weaving, which naturally yielded to steam-power in due course. The Southesk, here not without touches of picturesqueness, its banks feathered with leafy trees, brushes by the town; the Castle—with its many memories of old lords, amusing if not always edifying—from its height looks down into the waters; and not far off the old Cathedral, with its ancient round tower, rears itself above the surrounding tenements, and, seen from a distance on a clear day, looks imposing enough. Dr. Guthrie's family had for generations been active business or farming folk in and around the burgh, honouring if not adorning its middle-class life. It had been their custom to

marry early and have large families; so that branches from the main stem had spread themselves into surrounding parishes and taken root there: settled, thrifty people, so attached to their holdings that their feelings towards them were almost those of proprietors rather than of tenants. Thomas was next to the youngest of thirteen children, and his father, afterwards Provost, or Mayor, was one of the bailies or magistrates of the town when he was born; much respected and looked up to: industrious, shrewd, to be depended on; his word as good as his bond. His mother had come of *douce* Seceders, and continued to worship in a Secession meeting-house through life, though her husband belonged to the Established Church, very devout, and of decided views on all such matters, though of a very cheery and active temperament, keeping everything in order, and always with a smile on her face. From his father it is clear that Dr. Guthrie drew a good deal of his firmness, thoughtfulness and loyalty to old fashions and institutions; from his mother his humour, his tact, and also his independence and regard for the rights and consciences of others. Dr. Guthrie himself traces some of his decision and resolution to the female side, and gives some telling illustrations of it—especially so in that case of his grandmother very swiftly settling a love affair, in which the sheepishness of her son stood in the way.

“She orders her sheepish lad to saddle a horse. Mounting behind him on a pillion, with her arm round his waist—the old fashion in which I have seen farmers and their wives or daughters enter Brechin on a market-day—she directs him to ride straight to the house of his sweetheart; and on arriving there, before he, the lout, has got the horse well-stabled, she has done the work of a plenipotentiary, and got the affair all settled with the lass and her parents. But, though my venerable ancestress could not be said by gentleness and amiability to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour—a thing desirable in all, but especially beautiful in woman—she was, notwithstanding, a woman of genuine though rather stern piety. For many long years down to her death, she fasted one whole day each week, spending most of the time in prayer and secret devotions. That she might not be disturbed, nor have the sights and sounds of her household interrupt her communion with God, she was accustomed to retire to some of the outhouses of the farm; and I remember of being told by one of my parishioners in Arbirlot, who had been a servant lassie at Knowhead, in Menmuir, my grandfather’s farm, that many was the coin she got from him, all unknown to her mistress—who certainly would not have approved of such extravagance—for watching by the door of the house where she was fasting and praying, so that none might

interrupt her. This singular and severe exercise of religion, dating from the death of an infant she lost, was supposed to be somehow or other connected with that event. But nobody really knew. The mystery lies buried in her grave. . . . To this remarkable woman we Guthries largely owe the decision of character and determination of purpose, of which, unless other people are mistaken, we have a more than ordinary share: a valuable inheritance certainly, especially when controlled and guided by the grace of God."

## II.

An active, lively, inquiring child, Thomas was alive to all the sights and sounds about his home, and ready to put questions to any one who would listen. He was sent to a dame's school when only four, and there he learned his letters, and as soon as short words were mastered, began to read in the Book of Proverbs—to which, though hard reading for so young a child, he attributed good results; contrasting its grave wisdom with the folly of later horn-books: "Tom saw a cow: the cow has a calf: the horse has a foal," etc. His next school was kept by a young seceder, and after two years there, not without some innocent scrapes and escapades, he was advanced to what then would have stood for the High School of the town.

The boy was soon so advanced that he was often out of his class—"Tom Guthrie's class"; but this teacher was fiery-tempered, and the dux was strong and resolute, and once or twice there were struggles for physical mastery. "If I was wrong, he was much more to blame; since, instead of beating me so savagely, he should have turned me, for my insubordination, out of the school. Seeing me return next day with a brow and face all marred and swollen, he regretted, I believe, his violence, and was very gracious. I had no choice but to return. My parents were wiser than my teacher, my mother telling me, when I said I would not return but tell my father how I had been used, 'You had better not: he will lick you next!' We were brought up harder *loons* than the present generation, and did not get on any the worse in life for that."

He kept the top of his classes, and gained the goodwill of the master who had so severely beaten him; but the teacher left the town, and he was sent for a short time to live and study with the Rev. Mr. Simpson, schoolmaster of Dun, by way of preparation for the university, and evidently he became a great favourite with this "dominie," and more of a companion than a pupil. "I was healthy, full of good spirits, and had in Mr. Simpson the kindest of guardians and tutors."

At the ripe age of twelve, Thomas Guthrie set out in

the company of Mr. Simpson to begin his studies at the University of Edinburgh. There were neither steam-boats nor railways then; indeed on some bits of the road there was no coach. They took the coach where they could get it, and could afford it; walked great stretches where there was no coach, and were sometimes glad of a lift in a carrier's cart. But this mode of travelling, if slow and trying, had its own advantages, in letting a youth not only see something of the country, but make real acquaintance with the people, and leisure too, as he trudged along, to reflect on his experiences.

Arrived in Edinburgh, Guthrie began, after the manner of Scottish students, in the most economic way. "Our one apartment," he says, "was bedroom, parlour, and study. For it with coals, attendance, and cooking we only paid five shillings a week. We lived in Bristo Street. Our landlady was a highly respectable woman, the widow of a banker's clerk, whose children, wisely and piously trained at home, fought their way up through their straitened circumstances to affluent and highly respectable positions."

Being so young, it is hardly possible that he could have profited to the full by the classes and lectures. And he confesses that he had a great love of fun, and once or twice got into mischief. And then there was so much stir and excitement in Edinburgh in that year

1815, that it was no wonder a youth with good spirits and a fair share of patriotism should sometimes be so excited as to forget his classes and his text-books. The Napoleon scare had come to an end at last, and the Scottish regiments which had fought at Waterloo came home to receive their due share of honour and welcome and feasting. Guthrie tells us that he saw the entrance of the 42nd Highlanders into Edinburgh—quite the scene to make a deep impression on his memory.

“The town was wild with joy; and as the small but gallant remnant of that noble regiment entered with tattered colours, some with their arms in slings, patches still on the naked limbs that trode, and on the brave bronzed faces that had looked upon that bloody field, the roll of drums and shrill sound of the bag-pipes were drowned in shouts that rent the air. Order was gone; brothers and sisters rushed into the arms of their soldier-brothers, as if they had got them back from the grave. Friends shook hands with friends, and one of the pipers, besides being well blackened, was nearly choked in the embraces of a drunken chimney-sweep. . . . It was a grand procession, the grandest I ever saw, save one”—the march of the Disruption Ministers and elders to Canonmills in 1843.

He has to confess that beyond the departments of fun and fighting, he was no way distinguished at college, though he had been interested and worked well in



mathematics under Sir John Leslie, and moral philosophy under the famous Dr. Thomas Brown, and had got fond of natural science and natural philosophy. But, as is his wont, he finds an advantage in this, urging that something has to be said for his extreme youth; he was only sixteen when his four years' curriculum of literature and philosophy was finished, leaving college at the age when most other youths enter it.

“This was an evil; and yet, like many other ills in life, the parent of good in some respects. It saved me from self-conceit: no prizes inflated me with vanity, making me, as they have done not a few whom I have known, fancy myself a genius who might rest on his laurels, and dispense with hard work that alone ensures ultimate eminence and success. My extreme youth also rendered it advisable that for the first three years at college I should be in charge of tutors, and as these were grown men attending divinity classes, whose associates were fellow-students far advanced in this course, I was thrown into the society of such as were in age and acquirements much my superiors. . . . Elsewhere than in tap-rooms it is a dangerous thing to be ‘the cock of the walk.’”

### III.

Four years at the Divinity Hall followed, not especially marked by incidents, though it is evident that Thomas

Guthrie had grown in intellect and in wisdom, and in experience in many ways. He was now only twenty, and could not pass for license till he was twenty-one, so that another or extra year was spent in study in Edinburgh. The delay was not without its fruits. For one thing he saw something of the shady as well as the sunny side of city life, and he never forgot it. He was licensed (that is, admitted to Holy Orders; ordination in Scotland only takes place after having been called to a parish) by the Presbytery of Brechin in 1825. One thing required of all candidates is to preach a sermon before the Presbytery. The MS. of Thomas Guthrie's sermon remains, and his biographers tell us that it is wholly unlike his later style, more logical, more formal. He preached his first public sermon in the parish church of Dun, some four miles from Brechin, soon afterwards. He had resolved that he should not read but deliver that sermon, and on trying to repeat it as he proceeded on foot to Dun on the Saturday, his memory failed him so often that he said to himself, "I have mistaken my profession! I shall never succeed as a preacher!" He was oppressed with nervousness the whole time, and it was, he says, a real relief to him when he had finished without a break-down.

He was now in the position of looking for a parish. Neither he nor his friends had any influence with the Moderate party, who were then enjoying a lease of

power and influence ; and his prospects were not bright. The only offer he had was of such a character that by accepting it he might have been regarded as pledged to vote with the Moderate party, and he declined it, he admits, with great regret. To fill up the time as usefully as he could, he spent another year, 1825-26, in Edinburgh, pursuing not only theological studies, but studies in chemistry, anatomy, natural history, and the natural sciences, to which he had given some attention during the former two years in Edinburgh.

As no sphere of ministry promised to open for him, and as, happily, it was not necessary for him do devote himself to tutorial work, he made up his mind to spend some time in Paris, with the view of further following up these extra subjects, medical and allied to medical studies. We are assured that this was simply for the love of knowledge in these fields, and with no idea of turning to medicine, though he liked doctors ; and that he never wavered from his devotion to the Church to which his parents had from his early years designed him. We read of none of those violent exercises which are covered by the term "conversion" in his memoirs—his love of Christian truth had been very gradually established by the force of fine example and teaching, acting on a very manly and, at root, earnest character.

He went by coach to London, and spent some time there, seeing a little of the great metropolis. He had

letters to men like Dr. Waugh and Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., of whom he saw something. Then he set forth for Paris, where he saw and heard a good deal—not only in the operating-rooms of Dupuytren, Lisfranc, Larry, and other famous surgeons, and in the class-rooms of men like Gay-Lussac, but also something of the laxity and rottenness of French social life, which only moved his pity or his disgust. In the boarding-house where he was they were evidently a very mixed company, for of some of those he met with there he speaks in the highest terms as good and devout—of others the very reverse.

The French found it hard properly to pronounce the “th” in his name, and as he was very tall—six feet two in his stockings—he went by the name of “Le Grand Monsieur.”

“With all their lacquer and polite manners, and French polish and taste in dressing, the French,” he writes, “as seen in the servant-girls who were in that *pension*, are essentially not only an immoral, but a coarse people, destitute of all true delicacy. But I remember with pleasure one exception—Adèle, the young woman who waited on the suite of rooms where mine was. She was a modest, well-conditioned girl, whom I have seen shedding bitter tears over the misfortunes that had ruined her family, and reduced her to the condition of a servant. A country district in France was her native home. There her father, who united the business of

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a smith to that of a small proprietor, cultivated his own land, had been, if not affluent, in most comfortable circumstances. The Prussian armies making for Paris, and burning to be avenged on the French, passed that way ; and the tide of war rolling over this happy home left it a wreck—a family broken up and impoverished, the provision for widow and children, the gains of years of honest labour, lost in a day. Such is war, man's deepest shame and God's heaviest scourge !”

He was certainly far from idle in Paris. Besides the various classes which he attended daily, he walked the hospitals—the clinical visits of the surgeons being gone through before breakfast,—getting up in the dark and cold winter mornings by six o'clock, and, as necessity is the mother of invention, learning to shave in the dark, as then there were no lucifers to light a candle.

Having accomplished the winter's study he returned home by Belgium—the journey between Paris and Brussels, which is now performed in less than eleven hours by railway, then occupying by *diligence* three days and nights.

His faculty for traits and incidents has already come into exercise : he omits no opportunity of observing and noting ; and is apt to take his part in them. Here is one such note—very characteristic :—

“An incident occurred on our way through France which was very pleasing to my national vanity. At a

*cabaret*, where the diligence changed horses, and we halted for refreshments, a Prussian officer got into a fierce dispute with some French people on how the battle of Waterloo was lost and won. He maintained that '*la grande nation*' was fairly and thoroughly beaten by the English in that fight. What clamour of tongues, volleys of oaths, fierce gesticulations, this bold and mortifying assertion raised! The poor patriots could not get over the fact that they were beaten; but they stoutly denied that the English beat them, asserting that but for the Scotch regiments, they would have routed *les Anglais*. Whereupon, when the war of words had come to that, I, though still taking no part in the dispute, could not help saying, "*Je suis Ecossais!*"—"I am a Scotchman!" an avowal which gained me the kindly looks of the women and the goodwill of the men; one evidence, and there are many besides, that the kindly feelings which subsisted in the olden time between the French and Scotch, when there was much correspondence and many alliances between the two countries, still lingers in France."

#### IV.

After several weeks on the journey, Thomas Guthrie reached home safe and sound. He had sailed down the Thames in a smack bound for Dundee, and "passed the bodies of pirates hanging in chains, and dropping in

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pieces on the banks of the river." He had a good deal to tell when he got home ; for a man who had crossed the Channel and studied at the Sorbonne was not met there every day. But another grand disappointment awaited him as regards a living. He had hopes of a vacant parish—Eassie, in Forfarshire, not far from his home, in the gift of Lord Wharncliffe, through the influence of Mr. Maule ; but his having very decidedly taken part with the Evangelical party was against him, and he was once more passed over. In looking back, however, he, as usual, says that the discipline was good, and that God had chosen better for him than he could have done for himself. He had no fixed employment, and was meditating an escape from the *ennui* of his position by a season of study in Germany, when an unforeseen circumstance called him into active life, though not as a pastor.

His elder brother John, who had for several years carried on a bank agency in Brechin, was suddenly cut down in the prime of life, and left a son, David, then little beyond boyhood. In a few years, could the bank be held on, the lad would then be able to take up the management of it.

“To accomplish this, an important object, it was proposed that I should abandon my plan of going to a German university, and enter the bank, filling my dead brother’s place till his son was ready to take the helm,

or till I was presented to a church and the charge of a parish. This I did ;<sup>1</sup> passing two busy, and not lost, years in that employment. That, in point of fact, was not the least valuable part of my training and education. I became in this way conversant both with mercantile and agricultural affairs ; and those who, both in the country and the town, afterwards became my people, did not respect me the less when they found that their minister was something else than a 'fine bodie,' who knew no more about the affairs, and hopes, and disappointments, and temptations, and trials of men engaged in the business of the world than any old wife, or the 'man in the moon.'"

As these two years really had a good deal to do both with shaping his character and enlarging his influence in the world, we may give these further details of his banking life :—

"Mr. Don well remembers that, in front of the desk at which the clerico-banker sat, were invariably to be found an open volume, and a capacious snuff-box, whose contents rapidly diminished ; for he had early begun the practice of snuff-taking—his mother was, all her life, a snuffer—a practice which, in after years, he advised none to acquire, but which he continued to the last to enjoy.

"Besides the book, however, which lay near the ledger, and which he perused with avidity during the

<sup>1</sup> March, 1828.



lulls of bank business, Mr. Guthrie was carrying on study of another kind. From behind that counter he was, during these two years, studying human nature in its many aspects, the knowledge of which proved of use to him in dealing with men and women in another sphere. Through life, this faculty of a keen observation was a marked feature of his character, and ceaselessly at work. He combined with it an equally constant habit of putting questions to all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, by means of which he was ever adding to his stores of information.

“Twelve years thereafter he wrote to his youngest brother, asking his aid to collect some money in Brechin for the building of a school in his destitute Edinburgh parish, and thus humorously referred to these old banking days:—‘Give my compliments to all my old acquaintances who used to do business with me in the Bank, bearing in mind that, as I often gave them out money on their order, I hope they’ll give me a little on my petition.’”

## V.

It was very odd to think of the man who was in a very few years after this to be accepted as the most effective of Scottish preachers, put to straits to fill up his time usefully. That he did it so well shows what we have said—his capacity to use his disadvantages and to

transform them into benefits, by cheerful constant effort at improvement both of mind and character.

“Little,” say his biographers, “did the strangers from all parts of the world, who left his church in Edinburgh electrified by his eloquence, and with a new idea of what a power the pulpit is, think that the preacher to whom they had been listening was for five whole years without obtaining any settled charge. From 1825 to 1830 this was literally his case. He has himself, in his *Autobiography*, explained how this came about; lay patronage, as then exercised in Scotland, giving to a certain ecclesiastical party power to blast the prospects of such aspirants to the ministry as had independence enough to oppose their policy.”

At last, in 1829, nearly five years after he received license, and when he was in his twenty-seventh year, he was appointed minister of Arbirlot, in his own county. It was a purely agricultural parish, with a population something over a thousand, and not without a beauty of its own. Dr. Guthrie himself describes it:—

“Arbirlot hung on a slope that gently declines to the German Ocean. There was wood enough to ornament the landscape, but not to intercept the fresh breezes that, curling and cresting the waves, blew landward from the sea, or swept down seaward from heights loaded with the fragrance of mown hay, or blooming bean-fields, or moors golden with the flowers of the gorse.

“The moral aspects were much in harmony with the physical, a scene where the fields yielded abundant harvests, and the air, loaded with the fragrant perfume of flowers, rang to the song of larks and woodland birds, and long lines of breakers gleamed and boomed upon the shore, and ships with white sails flecked the blue ocean, and the Bell Rock Tower stood on its rim to shoot cheerful beams athwart the gloom of night—a type of that Church which, our guide to the desired haven, is founded on a rock, and fearless of the gale of storms.”

Though it had sadly suffered from neglect, owing to the penuriousness of former incumbents, in its material condition, its spiritual needs had been well attended to, no less than its educational. We learn that there was only one grown-up person in it who could not read. It had, however, as all places have, its black sheep, its reprobates and “ne’er-do-weels,” with whom Mr. Guthrie had occasionally a good deal of difficulty; but on the whole he can speak favourably of the people among whom he now ministered.

But to the man with a desire for improvement there is always room for effort. Though he found he had a very intelligent and well-conditioned congregation, there was a great lack of that kind of parochial machinery by which they could most profit and work together; and so, as soon as the bat-haunted old church had been made

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decent and water-tight and fairly-well seated (he waived any repairs on the manse, which was rotten-roofed and rat-haunted, and lived in it as it was for five years, notwithstanding that he brought his bride to it five months after his appointment to the parish), he devoted himself to the establishment of a parochial library. He then organized a number of prayer-meetings in different parts of the parish, set agoing a number of Sabbath schools, and these, conducted by the elders or by the people themselves, were a great success. But the savings-bank was the greatest, as it was the most novel, experiment. Here is his own account of it :—

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

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

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

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

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

And it was at Arbirlot, while doing all this work that he found out the power of imagery and illustration. He did not form this style naturally, or without effort, though doubtless the very fact that he hit upon it shows a latent power. Here is his own account of it:—

“When I went to Arbirlot, I knew pretty well how to speak sermons, but very little about how to compose them; so I set myself vigorously to study how to illustrate the great truths of the gospel, and enforce them, so that there should be no sleepers in the church,

no wandering eyes, but everywhere an eager attention. Savingly to convert my hearers was not within my power; but to command their attention, to awaken their interest, to touch their feelings, and instruct their minds was—and I determined to do it.

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

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

“I was careful to observe by the faces of my hearers,

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

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

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

“These things I mention for the instruction and encouragement of others. Here, as in other spheres, ‘prayers and pains’ will do anything.”

His delight to minister especially to the young afforded him the best opportunities for observation of effect and for practice.

“On the Sabbath afternoon he held an exercise for the young, and there he began to let out, at first timidly, his peculiar gifts. . . . The dull eye of the cow-boy and of the servant-girl, who had been toiling all the week among the horses and cows, immediately brightened up as he spoke in this way, and they were sure to go back next Sabbath and take others with them. It should be added that his unsurpassed power of illustration was always employed to set forth the grand old cardinal truths of the gospel.

“His preparation for the pulpit was conscientiously careful. Possessed of a ready power of speech, he could have extemporized a sermon at any time, and thus have saved himself much labour. But during all the seven years he was in Arbirlot, I believe he never entered the pulpit without having his discourse written and committed. Had he acted in any other way, he might have been left in Arbirlot all his life, greatly esteemed, no doubt, in the district, but without ever occupying the wide sphere which God opened to him. Even in writing, he kept an audience before his mind’s eye, and he prepared not an abstract essay, but an address to be spoken to men and women, to young men and maidens. I often found him on the Saturday night amending and correct-



ing what he had written, and filling his mind with the subject. His illustrative style made his discourse more easily remembered by himself, as it was more easily remembered by his audience.”

His interests were not confined to spiritual matters. He was a practical farmer too, no doubt utilizing many a hint he had got from farmers in their talks with him in the Bank at Brechin.

“In addition to his glebe, Mr. Guthrie farmed forty acres of land, which he rented from Lord Panmure. He refers in his Autobiography to his acquaintance with crops, stock-rearing, and feeding, &c. We have heard him tell of his amusement, if not annoyance, at a visit paid to him one evening in the manse by a decent country woman, who was ushered into his study, and who had, he at first supposed, come to consult him as her pastor on some subject relating to her highest welfare. ‘They tell me, sir,’ Mrs. ——— commenced to say, ‘that ye bring up grand calves, the best in a’ the parish; and I’ve just come ower to hear what’s your plan.’”

His interest in ecclesiastical matters increased as time went on. He attended faithfully every meeting of his Presbytery, with an eye open to any appearance of Moderatism in it.<sup>1</sup> He began his platform career in a

<sup>1</sup> Moderatism, we should explain, means the preference of a cold moral style of preaching to doctrinal teaching or fervent appeal. That

discussion on Voluntaryism (against it), and became greatly interested in Church Extension schemes. Thus he went on till 1837; the people growing more and more devoted to him as time passed, and they came to know him well. In July of that year he received an invitation to Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh. But that would hardly have attracted him from Arbirlot had it not been that hopes were held out of a new church being built for him in the Cowgate, and a parish cut out of the old one which would give him such a sphere of activity as he wanted—among the poor, wretched, and degraded. His evangelical feelings had deepened, his thoughts about Church extension had borne practical fruit. The following is a letter which he received on the subject of the Edinburgh call from Dr. Begg:—

“LIBERTON MANSE, *July* 1, 1837.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am truly happy to learn that there is a great chance of your being appointed one of the ministers of Edinburgh on Tuesday. And I have been requested to write to you as I now do, requesting that in that event you will not refuse the situation. Of course, I know the comforts and advantages of a quiet country the “Moderates” did not favour evangelical effort, at all events missionary effort, is proved by the fact that during their period of power foreign missions were discouraged, and parishes, if not neglected, were seldom in any way “moved.” Though the Moderates were highly cultured men, they set their faces against rousing preaching.

parish, and the many reasons which may induce you to remain where you are. But it is of vast importance, not merely to Edinburgh, but Scotland—not for the present generation only, but for ages—that we should have men of energy and popular talent in Edinburgh. Never was there a finer opening. The new church in the Cowgate may be entirely *free from seat-rents*, except so much as shall pay the precentor, &c., if the minister is a determined person—and what a glorious example to Scotland! What an exposition of the advantage of an Established Church! . . .

“ Believe me ever, dear Sir,

“ Yours very affectionately,

“ JAMES BEGG.

“ P.S.—I know no man in Scotland so well fitted for the situation as yourself.—J. B.”

## VI.

Much to the grief of the Arbirlot people, Mr. Guthrie went to Edinburgh as colleague to the Rev. Mr. Sym, of Old Greyfriars, and there had to undergo a discipline of waiting. Already had been heard the mutterings of that tempest in which the brave old ship of the Scottish Church broke up in two. Already had begun that ten-years' conflict which was only to end in 1843. There was nothing but agitation—a ceaseless ground-swell,

rising, falling, rising again higher than before. The temporizing policy even of the Evangelical party had its own share in staving off a definite settlement. Some were so anxious for peace, that they were ready to compromise matters—a fact of which statesmen and moderates and lawyers took good note ; and as long as the Evangelical party failed to show a compact and united front, things might go on as they were. A peace that was no peace. Thomas Guthrie always thoroughly believed that, had the party to which he belonged shown decision, unity, and boldness at the outset, the main points would have been allowed, lay-patronage practically ended, and the grand but ever-to-be regretted episode of the Disruption rendered unnecessary. But in all such matters there are so many that have a vested interest in things going on as they are ; so many also who are unwilling to lay themselves open to the imputation of destroying the peace for which they pray, that they will yield and yield, and fail to act at the right moment. Their compliance is mistaken for weakness—they themselves mistake it for forbearance.

So it was now : and at the time Guthrie went to Edinburgh, the Church was either in a ferment or being threatened with one. This brought a kind of paralysis on effort in the direction of Church extension, home missions, foreign missions, and so much else ; for how could men warmly engaged in debating constitutional

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principles, be also active in season and out of season in the work of visitation among the sick and poor and vile of great cities, or in attending to long reports from workers far away?

Guthrie soon began to have large audiences at Old Greyfriars. His style of preaching *took*. Strangers began to flock there when it was known that he was to preach. But practically there were two churches—Magdalen Chapel in the Cowgate, as well as Old Greyfriars; and Thomas Guthrie avowed that he liked best to minister to the Cowgate one. Seldom were any of the poor of the parish to be seen in Greyfriars: you had to take the gospel to them. Unwilling to be involved in agitation and controversy, for a considerable time he devoted himself to the dark corners of the city, where he met with such scenes as he had hardly dreamt of—among the drunken, the fallen, the idle, the worthless, the degraded, the criminal. Once he found himself in danger in a den of thieves, and was glad to escape sound in life and limb. But he got to know pretty well the people there. He let go the plummet and sounded the depths—with two results that confirmed former convictions: (1) that drink was at the bottom of nearly all the evil, and therefore that Christian workers in such spheres must go for temperance; and (2) that a machinery which would grapple with it must be absolutely located in the midst of it, with a network of agencies, of which the

Church itself was but the centre. While others were debating and agitating, he was intent on the great idea of setting down a church at the very doors of the poor, carving a new parish out of the lowest districts of an old one, and thus practically illustrating those ideas of territorial Church extension which the famous Dr. Chalmers had so long proclaimed and worked for. The Government had been appealed to, and would give no help in the way of endowment for such parishes; and thus the very men who had preached the impossibility of coping with such evils unhelped by the State, had to give the best practical refutation of their own position by turning to the voluntary principle, and appealing to the liberality and beneficence of the Christian public.

“The more Mr. Guthrie got acquainted with the real condition of this population, the more he grew impatient for the time when he could throw himself entirely into the working of the strictly parochial system. This implied a church at the very doors of the poor, the entire area of which should be free to all residents in the parish without distinction; properly equipped schools; elders, deacons, and district-visitors to aid him in his work; such an organization, in short, as should secure the literal carrying out of the blessed truth, ‘To the poor the gospel is preached.’ But all this needed time; arrangements had to be made with the Town Council as the municipal authorities, and with the Presbytery as the

ecclesiastical authorities ; a site had to be secured, and a large sum of money raised, ere such an experiment in the parish of Old Greyfriars could be fairly set agoing."

Dr. Chalmers had thus spoken of the effort being made in the Cowgate and of Dr. Guthrie's work in a speech on Church Extension, in November, 1838 :—

"I look forward with high anticipation—it is by far the most interesting experiment within the present range of Church extension—to the erection that is now going on in the Cowgate ; it is a most interesting subject of contemplation. I know that my friend Mr. Guthrie is a house-going minister, and I also know that this is the potent way to create a church-going people. I have a confident hope that, by the blessing of God, I shall yet live to see the day when, at the sound of its own parish bell, every house in the Cowgate and its collateral closes shall pour forth their families to attend that place of worship. . . . I trust that when this arrangement shall be exemplified in the Cowgate, and multiplied over Edinburgh, it will be found that—what no adjustment of political or civil wisdom has been able to effect—the harmonization of all classes of society shall be at last effected through the medium of gospel ministrations, and by the omnipotence of gospel charity."

The building referred to was St. John's Church, in the Nether Bow. It was commenced in 1838, and completed in 1840 ; and on the 19th of November Mr.

Guthrie appeared in the new pulpit for the first time. He entered on his labours with the utmost zeal, and soon had his machinery in fair working order ; but calls on his energies increased on all sides. He had made good his reputation as a platform orator, whose pathos, humour, drollery, and skill in story-telling made him a host in himself ; and consequently he could not escape from the many pressing entreaties to plead other causes, which he always did with the most telling effect—the causes of Sunday observance, Schools, and Missions being especially served in this way. After St. John's Church was finished, schools were needed ; and the new device of collecting-cards adopted with success, and the schools were built.

It was only to be expected that, as his fame grew, he should receive invitations to other quarters. Even London cast envious eyes on him for Regent Square ; Dr. Duff coveted him for India. But he was “firmly fixed and rooted.” It was not only that others had given aid on the strength of his remaining there, but that he really was in love with the work. He felt himself at home in it, and had no other ambition than to do it well. To Lord Medwyn, who had generously given him help, and who had half-jocularly expressed some fear of his being removed from it, he wrote :—

“I came to Edinburgh with the view of being the poor man's minister, and it was only, my lord, by being



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told that my congregation would consist mainly of plain, unlettered, humble people that I was prevailed on to leave my country charge. I did not think that I was qualified to influence the other class; and that were I placed as minister of this church, unfettered and unshackled, then I would not leave it for the noblest congregation in Edinburgh, even though I could persuade myself that for such a congregation I was a suitable minister."

But coincidentally with the progress of his church towards completion, the constitutional question as to the Church's freedom had reached a head, which compelled him for a time to turn aside from his parish work and do what he could to fight the enemy in the gate—to assert the rights of the Church in the choice of her own ministers, apart wholly from lay-patronage or the powers of the Civil Courts. There had been the Dunkeld case and other cases already. An unsuitable or disqualified minister had been imposed or *intruded* on a parish in the Presbytery of Strathbogie, in Banffshire, by the lay-patron. The Presbytery, by a majority, at first declined to proceed to his ordination; but afterwards, on the presentee appealing to the Court of Session, and getting its order, they consented to do so. This majority were by overwhelming vote of the General Assembly—121 to 14—suspended from ministerial functions for disobedience to the Assembly while obeying the Civil

Court. Here were cross-purposes of function truly. The suspended ministers, however, were averse to allowing their places to be filled by the men, of whom Guthrie was one and the revered McCheyne another, named by the Assembly to minister in the various parishes during the *suspension* of the proper incumbents; and these incumbents appealed to the Civil Court to interdict any such appearances in their parishes, either to preach or administer the sacraments. The interdict was granted. At first it applied only to preaching, &c., in churches and schools; and, as it was possible to preach and administer elsewhere or in the open-air, collision, it was thought, might be avoided. But an *extended* interdict was sought to prohibit such ministry anywhere in the parishes. Dr. Guthrie's copy of this extended interdict was served to him at Keith, on his way to preach at Strathbogie. "The interdict," he says, "forbade me, under penalty of the Calton Jail, to preach the gospel in the parish churches of Strathbogie. I said the parish churches are stone and lime, and belong to the State: I will not intrude there. It forbade me to preach the gospel in the school-houses. I said the school-houses are stone and lime, and belong to the State: I will not intrude there. It forbade me to preach in the church-yard, and I said the dust of the dead is the State's: I will not intrude there. But when these Lords of Session forbade me to preach my Master's blessed gospel, and

offer salvation to sinners anywhere in that district under the arch of heaven, I put the interdict under my feet, and I preached the gospel.”

## VII.

It is beyond our scope to enter into details of the Disruption movement. It must suffice to say that Thomas Guthrie, having once put his hand to the plough, and defied the Civil Courts in his right freely to preach the free gospel, did not turn back. He regarded himself as committed to the fight, much as he grieved the withdrawal of so much energy from his special work in the slums and dens of the Cowgate. He worked, he spoke, he now agitated for the right, as he held it, of conscience and the liberties of the Christian people of Scotland. He was one of the ministers who marched foremost in that memorable procession from the Old Assembly Hall to Canonmills to form the Free Church of Scotland—after tabling their protest—leaving behind them churches (even churches which in some cases they themselves had practically built), manses (which they had adorned and beautified and come to love exceedingly); the status of State-sanctioned, State-endowed ministers, to throw themselves entirely on the liberality of those who followed them from the Church of their fathers. Hugh Miller, Dr. James Hamilton, and others,

with graphic pen have done justice to that historic and touching scene. The panoramic part that could be witnessed or chronicled was not the most memorable to those who were behind the scenes. There were the partings of friends, the bitter alienations, the turnings from long-loved doors never again to be entered; the last lingering look behind at abodes that were sacrificed and to be tenanted by others.

"I remember," said Mr. Guthrie, "passing a manse on a moonlight night with a minister who had left it for the cause of truth. No light shone from the house, and no smoke arose. Pointing to it in the moonlight, I said, 'Oh, my friend, it was a noble thing to leave that manse.' 'Ah! yes,' he replied, 'but for all that it was a bitter thing. I shall never forget the night I left that house till I am laid in the grave. When I saw my wife and children go forth in the gloaming, when I saw them for the last time leave our own door, and when in the dark I was left alone, with none but my God; and when I had to take water to quench the fire on my own hearth, and put out the candle in my own house, and turn the key against myself and my wife and my little ones, I bless God for the grace which was given me; but may He in His mercy grant that such a night I may never again see.'"

The moment the Free Church was formed, everything had to be done from the beginning. Churches and

schools had to be built; a Sustentation Fund set agoing, by which in effect the more fortunate should assure to the less fortunate ministers a fixed minimum of stipend; a Manse Fund to provide suitable houses for ministers; missions to be provided for, and "schemes" manifold set on foot. The masterly way in which this was done belongs to ecclesiastical history, in which the names of Chalmers and Candlish stand pre-eminent, but that of Thomas Guthrie occupies a front rank. After matters had been so far arranged in Edinburgh, he especially devoted himself to the Manse Fund, going throughout the length and breadth of the land to raise money to house in some approachably adequate way the Disruption ministers. His success was wonderful. But in spite of his infectious energy and enthusiasm, he could not be in two places at once. The work in the Cowgate, however, did not pause—a new church and new schools were speedily built, and Free St. John's in the High Street soon became as crowded as St. John's in the Nether Bow had been.

### VIII.

And now, among many other projects, the great work of Dr. Guthrie's life began to take definite form. A man like him could not long move about in these squalid dirty closes and tenements without being moved to pity for the children, the waifs and strays uncared for, and

certain to grow up to be the pests and curses of the next generation. "The streets swarmed with boys and girls whose trade was begging, and whose end was the jail. They rose every morning from the lower districts like a swarm of mosquitoes from a marsh, to disperse themselves over the city and its suburbs; and some of them had become most expert at their trade." If they could but be laid hands on, in time, and taught and trained, what a benefit for society, what a blessing for the Church. Dr. Andrew Reed, when he thought of going to the idiot children, said, "Now I will go to the lowest." We may fancy Thomas Guthrie so saying to himself as he thought of the moral imbeciles of the Cowgate and Canongate, of the old closes and wynds of Edinburgh—far more of a menace to society and a subject for deep concern and heroic effort to the Church than the poor creatures stricken of God in reason and in soul.

"My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools," he says, "was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character; and from beneath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from

the picture to the inscription below ; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name ' John Pounds,' by trade a cobbler, in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets ; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

“ I confess I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment—and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it—‘ That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores !’ Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way—at any rate, he was ingenious ; and, if he could not catch a poor boy any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato ! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with

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a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own." So grows the little seed of a noble action.

Once resolved on any good work, it was not Thomas Guthrie's way to pause and shrug his shoulders under the difficulties of the situation. There was a large underground room at Free St. John's, and questions had been asked what use it was to be turned to. Guthrie soon found a use for it: he filled it with ragged children taken from the streets, and besought his congregation to aid him in maintaining it as a Ragged Feeding Industrial School for some twenty or thirty waifs.

Then he took once more to the platform and to his pen. The result was his appeal on behalf of Ragged Schools, which produced an effect almost unparalleled, for its graphic pictures, its pathetic intercession, and its tone of hope if he could get but help. A second appeal by and by followed and supplemented the first, and a larger and more suitable building was by and by found. It was utterly unsectarian. Dr. Guthrie soon discovered, as all men earnestly intent on such work will discover, that the little points that separate churches are but small matters when you come to a hand-to-hand fight with heathenism and savagery, either at home or abroad, and he made the religious teaching utterly unsectarian. Yet he was assailed on one side by sectarianism, and on the other side by secularism. Even with sections of his own Church he sometimes had to do a bit of fighting for his



much-loved Ragged Schools. To Mr. Maule, in 1850, he wrote, "The jealousies and bigotry and narrow-mindedness of many are sickening. These men are never without a pair of Free-Church spectacles. I suppose they sleep with them on." And again he wrote: "I long and pray for the time when such unfortunates will be educated by the State; nor from such prayer will I ever come down to consider schemes of sects. I don't care, if the people are saved, whether the scheme crack the crown of St. Giles' or hurl Free St. John's down to the West Bow. I love my Church as well as any one, but I love my country more than I love my denomination." The schools should be in the best sense non-denominational; and, after much fighting, he succeeded in this as in other points. He could efficiently justify himself on these points, and kept to his work. It grew and grew till his Ragged Schools became one of the sights of Edinburgh, attracting the notice of men in the highest walks of life, with no tendency to indulge sentimental philanthropy. Lord Jeffrey had thus written to him on reading the Plea:—

"24, *Moray Place,*

"*Sunday, March 14, 1847.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—You must have had too many thanks and compliments from mere strangers, on your late thrilling appeal on behalf of our destitute schools, to

feel any surprise at finding among the bearers of such offerings one whose name probably is not unknown to you, and of whom you may even have heard as one of the humblest and least efficient promoters of the great and good work to which you have rendered such memorable service.

“ I have long considered you and Dr. Chalmers as the two great benefactors of your age and country, and admired and envied you beyond all your contemporaries, though far less for your extraordinary genius and eloquence than for the noble use to which you have devoted these gifts, and the good you have done by the use of them. In all these respects, this last effort of yours is perhaps the most remarkable and important ; and among the many thousand hearts that have swelled and melted over these awakening pages, I think I may say that none have been more deeply touched than my own. If I were young enough to have the chance of tracing his passage to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation ; but, as it is, I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find him a better superintendent ; and for this purpose I enclose a draft for £50, which I request you to apply in the way you think best for the advancement of your great experiment.

“ I trust the object I have in view will be sufficient apology for the trouble I may be giving, and beg that you

will believe me, reverend and dear sir, with all good wishes,

“Very respectfully and faithfully yours,

“F. JEFFREY.”

In his Second Plea, Dr. Guthrie had shown that, after educating the pupils of all the Ragged Schools of the city, there were still in Edinburgh at least fifteen hundred children “growing up to disturb and disgrace society, and destined to entail, in their future career of crime, an enormous expense on the country.” And if this was true of Edinburgh, the same condition of things existed in proportion all over the kingdom. Much, therefore, as private benevolence had effected, it was apparent that the necessities of the case would never be met in this way alone. So long as the success of Ragged Schools was problematical, their friends were contented to depend for their support on the Christian public (and from that source about £2,000 had been subscribed annually for the original Ragged Schools); but when, at the end of some years, the advantage of such institutions was no longer matter of experiment, but of experience, their advocates felt justified in claiming for them the favour and the fostering aid of the country. The State had, in bygone years, spent millions in punishing criminals, and the success of prisons as reforming agencies had been grievously small.

But the State was found to be but a broken reed to lean on in a cause like this, though it might seem that a good Government could find many ways of economizing in order that it might help to affect a reform which would clearly save it so much in the not-distant future. Their policy is a “penny wise and pound foolish” one assuredly. A little aid in such a case would have been the best investment.

“I do not wish to speak evil of dignities,” were Dr. Guthrie’s words, “but there are some things in respect of which it is difficult to keep one’s temper, and this is one of them. We have leaned on a broken reed. For a brief period, in answer to an importunity like the widow’s, we got fifty shillings a year for every child of the abandoned classes trained within our school—only one-third of the cost. But now, and all in a day, these fifty shillings have been reduced to five. Five shillings in the year comes to about half-a-farthing a day; and one half-farthing per day is the encouragement and help we get towards saving a hapless, helpless creature from crime, the prison, the hangman! Munificent donation!

“Incredible mockery as this seems, such is the fact. I am not aware that there is anything to match it in any other department of public affairs. Its injustice and folly are still more plainly brought out by the contrast between the liberality shown to those institutions which attempt to reform the child who has committed crime,

and the niggardliness dealt out to such institutions as ours, that, reckoning prevention better than cure, seek to destroy crime in the very bud. To the man who, like a fool, postpones education till the child falls into crime, and is brought out of the gaol to school, the Government gives *one shilling* per day; and to the far wiser man who, catching the child, so to speak, on its way to the prison, by education destroys crime in the egg and germ, the Government grants but *one half-farthing* per day. What a monstrous state of matters!"

Men like Ruskin and Thackeray came and saw, and were subdued to affectionate admiration and reverence. Here is one record of Thackeray in a letter by Dr. Guthrie to his brother:—

"I should have dined with Thackeray, the celebrated *littérateur*, at Professor Gregory's last week, but could not. He was in church on Sabbath with Robert Chambers. Very odd it was, that I began my discourse by allusion to an awful and sublime picture which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, called 'The Poor Man's Friend.' A wretched old man is pictured a corpse, on a miserable bed, in a miserable garret, with none there but (wrapt in a winding-sheet with his skeleton face only seen) a figure of Death. I paid some compliments to the genius and humanity of the picture and author, but desiderated some evidence that that dead old man was a Christian, before I could say that

Death was his friend. The idea, it appears, was Thackeray's, as also the lines illustrating it.

"Thackeray had never been in Scotland before, was struck with Scotch preaching, and wished to see me ; so they arranged that I should have an hour's talk with him at the Ragged School. There I charged him with my views of the remedies for our social ills (as I know that he has a deal of influence among the literary and upper circles in London). While talking to him, who comes in but Tufnell, one of the Privy Council. He was much interested ; and I have, I hope, sent them both up to do some service at headquarters. Humane, kind-hearted man Thackeray, nearly as big as you ; Tufnell, sharp as a razor." <sup>1</sup>

His biographers thus develop one point at which we have hinted. His experience in the original Ragged School at Edinburgh, where no doctrinal catechism is employed, led him thus to express himself in 1869 :—  
"I would not propose the Shorter Catechism, nor the Wesleyan Catechism, nor the Church of England Catechism, but a Catechism that would embrace all that is general in religion ; all that it would be necessary to teach the children in our schools. I believe that if

<sup>1</sup> The biographers add : "This letter omits to mention how much Mr. Thackeray was touched by the spectacle he saw in the Ragged Schools. Turning to Dr. Guthrie, as we have heard the latter tell, with tears in his eyes he said, 'This is the finest sight in Edinburgh !'"

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you had shut up the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Dr. Bunting, and the late John Angell James in one room together—if you had shut up these three heads of the Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Independent bodies, and told them that out of that room they could not get until they had prepared a Catechism for use in the schools of the country, they would have accomplished the task in five hours !”

In reference to this paragraph of his speech, Dr. Guthrie was both amused and gratified to receive the following note from Dean Stanley :—

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *Dec. 27, 1869.*

“MY DEAR DR. GUTHRIE,—The next time you make a proposal about the Catechism, pray resolve to have the *Dean of Westminster* included in the party that is to be shut up for five hours. He thinks that he should much enjoy it, and that he could even hasten the process!

“Seriously, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of your speech, and from sending a hearty Christmas greeting (if you will receive it) out of Established and Prelatical Westminster to Non-established and Presbyterian Free Church.

“What a blessing to us both that our dear friend at Inverary has been restored to us !

“Yours ever sincerely,

“A. P. STANLEY.”

He enjoyed greatly the summer holidays spent at Lochlee, in Glenesk, in a little house put at his disposal by his friend Lord Panmure. A very famous picture by Sir George Harvey commemorates his residences there—"Dr. Guthrie preaching in Glenesk." In the open-air, his hair fanned by the mountain winds, his hearers seated around him on the hillside and upon the heather—truly a mixed assemblage: shepherds, gillies, cotters and serving-folks, some of them not even in church-going guise, and beside them men like Professor Miller and Hugh Miller, and people of rank like Lord Panmure and his sister, Lady Christian Maule. The congregation was typical of his influence, which touched alike rich and poor, learned and unlearned, child and adult.

We have no room to dwell on these later years, filled though they were with beneficences manifold: no great cause but he sympathized with; no evil of suffering humanity but he would fain have relieved it. He wiped away many a tear, and brought many a smile to worn cheeks. He retired from the active duties of his charge in 1864, remaining pastor-emeritus, dropping all emolument, but retaining thus his seat in the Presbytery, and took up the pen of the editor. The *Sunday Magazine* allowed him scope, which he welcomed, to plead the causes he had most at heart, and some of his most finished writings appeared in it.



He greatly loved travel, and now could in a degree gratify himself in this, and travelled a good deal in these years.

He had visited Switzerland for the first time in 1856 ; he was in the Cottian Alps in 1864 and 1865, and fell quite in love with the Waldensians, and never ceased to plead their cause. He went to the United States in 1865, as one of a deputation from the Free Church of Scotland to the Presbyterian Churches of America ; and he made tours in Italy in 1861, 1865, and 1869.

He saw Rome in 1865, and described it with his own peculiar vigour and vividness of touch. One picture is so characteristic that we must give it :—

“It is its connection with the great Apostle that, to me, gives to Rome its greatest interest. I felt, on entering the city, that now, for the first time in my life, I was on ground peculiarly sacred, in so far as these streets had been trod by the feet of an inspired man—the greatest of all the Apostles. The Appian Way by which Paul approached Rome still exists, as it did more than eighteen hundred years ago, and in not a few places you see and walk on the broad large stones that paved it then, and so I knew that I walked on the very road he had trodden. I sat on the tomb of that Horatius who held the bridge, and fancied I saw the Apostle and his companions, who had landed at Puteoli, and, travelling northward, were now making their way across

the Campagna—the Imperial City full in their view. But my sense of connection with one whose name has been to me from my earliest days a household word, was most vivid of all two days ago, when, in the Basilica, or Hall of Justice in the Palace of the Cæsars, I stood within the ruined walls that had rung to his voice as he pled before Nero. I saw the very platform on which his bloody and imperial judge had sat. Laying my hand on the fragment of the balustrade that enclosed the advocates and members of the Court, I placed myself in the centre, right in front of Cæsar's judgment-seat, and felt that I was in all probability standing on the very spot Paul occupied when he boldly maintained the truth, not only in the face of Nero, the Roman power, and all mortal and hellish foes, but under the desertion of all earthly friends; no mortal on his side—God only,—a most touching and sublime scene described in those affecting words, which I found it impossible to stand there and pronounce unmoved: 'At my first answer, no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge!' His persecutors and the enemies of God's truth survive only in their infamy—their proud palace a vast ruin; but Paul's name is and will be held in everlasting, affectionate, and honourable remembrance; and so God even in this world makes good His word—"Them that honour Me, I will honour."

The evening years were filled up with editorial cares, in which he had the prudent assistance of Dr. W. G. Blaikie, with visits to London, and retreats to Lochlee. He had one serious illness in the end of 1872, from which he seemed to rally. But appearances were deceptive: he fell back again, and it was found advisable to try a milder climate; and on the 31st of January, 1873, he was conveyed to St. Leonard's, near Hastings, where he lingered till Sabbath, the 23rd of February, bearing his sufferings with unspeakable patience and cheerfulness, and sometimes even indulging in gentle humour. It comforted him on his last day to be reminded that prayers were about to be offered in many churches and chapels in his behalf. Lying quietly in the course of the afternoon, he was heard to say, "A brand plucked from the burning." He passed away gently as a child. His body was taken back to Edinburgh, and he was buried in the Grange Cemetery, where lie many of his friends. It was a very large, varied and imposing procession—some 30,000 persons being present—that followed him to the grave, on a sharp, clear day, when winter yet had hold on spring. Conspicuous in it were the Ragged School children, who sang with touching effect "There is a happy land," by the open grave. We can recall that day clearly as though it were yesterday, for we were there, and walked by the side of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Camberwell.

I had myself the privilege of meeting frequently with Dr. Guthrie at a certain time in his later years. He was then as young at heart as ever. When he knew that I was, like himself, a Forfarshire man, his interest in me, and his kindness to me, were doubled, if not trebled. He asked all about myself, my family, my people.

He had produced a wonderful impression on his own generation, and could hardly help being alive to the fact, making it felt, but never in any haughty or repellent manner. His glow of satisfaction was touched with the finest sympathy : he was quick to feel ; tears and laughter alike lay near to him. In this combination he was perhaps unique ; on occasions he would competely unbend, even then, and become like a little child. Indeed, his fun and humour, his anecdote and reminiscence, then sparkled and glanced borealis-like. He could abandon himself wholly to innocent delight, and his laugh was very full and hearty. In his glowing anecdotic mood his tall figure bent and swayed in a characteristic way, and his long hair would fall forward over his cheeks as he stooped forward in laughter. He delighted to turn off a difficulty or to get rid of a knotty point by a bit of humour, and he never failed for a racy story ; but they always bore a good tone, however humble, and had an earnest air under their fun.

His pathos was equally effective and infectious ; and the wonderfully sudden transitions, which were managed

without any sense of contradiction or inconsistency, surprised you. Yet there was no art in them, only nature. He indulged in none of the intellectual delicacies or refinements of the intellectual epicure—they were foreign to him. He worked on the common fibre of the heart, in the full common light of human experience, and had a gift peculiarly his own of lifting these up into a higher atmosphere, into a finer light of holy emotion and association.

In all this, he was helped by a most mobile countenance, and by a voice which seemed to have in it all tones, from that of the rushing Boreas to the soft soothing whispers with which a mother lulls her child to sleep. He was as unpretending as he was warm-hearted. No touch of pity or of gladness was lost upon him: metaphorically, the action of the heart was quick—his pulses high; and yet he had complete self-control, and a sweet and ready adaptability to the feelings and susceptibilities of others. In the later days of his life, when he suffered a good deal, I saw him in Edinburgh before he proceeded to St. Leonard's, and his calm patience, and sweet reasonableness were beyond expression beautiful to behold.

Of all preachers perhaps it might have seemed as though Dr. Guthrie was the most spontaneous, artless, easy—producing his effects with the most effortless naturalness, with unstudied directness speaking from his

own heart to the hearts of others. Many a time have we stood, with a friend G. P. Chalmers, now several years departed, in one or other of the passages of Free St. John's, and listened to this “Homer of modern preachers,” as Professor Blackie so happily styled him. We recall the expressive countenance, changing with every change of thought that his theme suggested; the bold picture direct from nature, presented in its most striking outlines—it might be of shipwreck, of war, of the sad parting of friends, of the glad return of long-lost travellers, of tempest, and the lifeboat, of fire in the city and the firemen to the rescue—always finely illustrative of moral or spiritual truths, with touches, tender, pathetic, poetic, that took the heart and held it. We see in imagination, now as we write, his tall figure, swaying and bending as with pent-up emotion, in a kind of cadence or rhythmical sweep peculiarly his own; such as we have seen in no other preacher. Iron-grey hair, later white, waving round his neck, and giving emphasis as now and then he would throw it back as he rose to the more impassioned turns of his discourse. Never did a man seem more perfectly possessed of his theme, or give less token of the patient labour of the closet. Yet he was most assiduous and careful in preparation. He wrote and re-wrote his sermons, with an elaborate patience that must have surprised those who had an opportunity of witnessing it. He did not closely

commit them to memory, but gathered into his mind and heart, as it were, their very spirit—then, with a few notes such as could be inscribed on a page of this book, he went to the pulpit, and trusted to the inspiration of the moment for the most effective language and illustration. Thus, he was free to make use of any circumstance that might arise even in his walk to church, or during the service itself, and often he made very effective points in this way, bringing his subject close to the businesses and bosoms of those that heard him. His power of illustration indeed, drawn direct from life, was one of the great sources of his success. His colleague in Free St. John's, Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Chalmers, an excellent judge, has thus spoken of it:—

“Another element of power lay in the peculiar character of the imagery and illustrations of which he made such copious use. In listening to him scenes and images passed in almost unbroken succession before the eye, always apposite, often singularly picturesque and graphic, and frequently most tenderly pathetic. But it was neither their number nor their variety which explained the fact that they were all and so universally effective. It was the common character they possessed of being perfectly plain and simple, drawn from quarters with which all were familiar; few of them from books; none of them from ‘the depths of the inner conscious

ness' supplied by ingenious mental analysis; almost all of them taken directly from sights of nature or incidents of human life—the sea, the storm, the shipwreck, the beacon-light, the life-boat, the family wrapped in sleep, the midnight conflagration, the child at the window above, a parent's arms held up below, and the child told to leap and trust. There was much of true poetry in the series of images so presented; but it was poetry of a kind that needed no interpreter, required no effort either to understand or appreciate, which appealed directly to the eye and heart of our common humanity, of which all kinds and classes of people, and that almost equally, saw the beauty and felt the power."

"The world is full of wondrous likenesses,  
The poet's business is to sort them out."

was the poet of "I do." Dr. Guthrie was in the true sense a poet in the pulpit — finding unexpected likenesses, sorting them out, and making them all for true edification.

His preaching was indeed unique, alike for power, poetry, pathos, homeliness, quick, lightning-like effect. His broad touches were never coarse: a peculiar fineness and tenderness showed itself throughout, and silenced captious critics. He brought the open-air of life and nature with him into the pulpit; he dramatized the dry theology of the Westminster Confession before



the crowd and humanized it. And yet, as we have seen, his discourses were prepared with great labour. But, as he wrote he realized his audience—this was his specialty, the chief secret of his rare power. Great alike as a preacher, a philanthropist, an educational reformer, and an ecclesiastical statesman, though he would never have claimed the title, his name is one of the most revered of the nineteenth century. His work will live; and even when his preaching has become a tradition, ragged schools will witness for him, and the battles he fought in their behalf will be recalled to mind as new fighters arise to battle with new enemies in their behalf—for “the poor (and the ragged) ye have always with you.”

### IX.

As a specimen of the sturdy independence—the utter unselfseeking unworldliness, we might almost call it—which characterized Dr. Guthrie’s life and conduct, we may give the following, explaining how he bore himself when Mr. Joseph Hume called upon him to ask whether he could be of any use to him as respected appointments, or afford aid towards settling any of his sons—he had six sons and four daughters (wealthy, as he said once, in nothing but children)—in positions in life :—

“He was the only man of all the great ones of the earth I have known that ever made me such an offer.

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

We could not end our sketch with a more significant or characteristic utterance.

*SIR TITUS SALT.*



## SIR TITUS SALT.



F the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before deserves well of the world, surely he deserves still better who shows many human beings how to live nobler and purer lives ; and

not only furnishes an example in his own person, but makes it possible for them to follow it. The organizer of labour is only apt to look at his "hands" as mere portions of the machinery of his establishment ; and it may be, indeed, that the "hands," reciprocating his sentiments, too directly, at a crisis, give him cause for it ; but though there may be faults on both sides, the original blame in the greatest measure must lie with the employers if they have not used the means to win the

respect and affection of their people ; because, slightly to parody the laureate's lines—

“ He who rules by power alone,  
Doeth grievous wrong.”

The case of Titus Salt abundantly proves that a close concern for the good of those employed, prudently and considerately directed, only cements the ties between master and people, and in the last result proves profitable for both. Titus Salt was not only a large employer of labour, but a philanthropist without pretension ; he had himself practically risen from the ranks, and knew better than most employers the men and women he had to deal with ; and the story of his life is rich in lessons for all classes, since no man and no class can stand isolated from others. And this the more that Titus Salt owed all his success and his greatness to elements of character that all may cultivate, if they are but content to exercise some self-restraint and self-denial, as well as forecast. Here is no brilliant assemblage of talents carried brilliantly before the world : only activity, punctuality, veracity, perseverance, and prudence, and—we must add—the fear of God ; for that was very potent in his case, though he was not wont to “ preach.” We will try to sketch the leading facts of the life.

Titus Salt had no ancestry to boast of, though he had come of good and upright people. He was the eldest

son of a Yorkshire man, who had been an iron-founder, but was now engaged as a drysalter, in the little village of Morley, which then had a population of about 2,000. It is a very different place nowadays ; with mill-stalks many, and the rattle of machinery at every turn. There was then no Established church in it—which gives assurance either of its primitiveness or of somebody's neglect. But happily the want was supplied by the energy of some Nonconformists ; and Morley was strict and sedate, and observant of religious ordinances rather than otherwise. Family worship, we are told, was common in it. Daniel Salt was a man much looked up to by his neighbours—kindly and affable, religious without austerity, and strict without Pharisaic pretension, combining good order and discipline with great cheerfulness.

Here Titus Salt was born on the 20th of September, 1803. To his father he was indebted for much instruction, and many of the wise counsels received he never forgot, any more than many lessons in mechanics, for which his father had a turn, and which proved to be very useful to him in after-life. But it was from his mother that he got his best outfit for life, as is often the case with such men. Surely there *is* no greater blessing than a good mother. Mrs. Salt was a woman of sweet temper—sunny always, gloomy never—truly pious, patient, forbearing. From her he received his best

home education—that deep respect for religion, which never left him; that regard for the Sabbath, which inevitably brings regard for so much else; his love for the house of God, and that desire to help up to the measure of his ability every work for behoof of the poor and suffering.

Titus Salt was a healthy, active boy, cheerful, affectionate; not disinclined to a book, but not very clever; sociable enough, and therefore fond of play. He was even in childhood noticeable for good-natured generosity: enjoying any treat he had much better if he could share it with others—truly an excellent trait. The boy who at school, on receiving a box from home, will hide and hoard up his dainties, and indulge himself with them in stolen moments alone, does not generally cultivate certain of the nobler manly virtues as he grows up. The child may not in all cases be father of the man—but the man is usually better than the boy was companionable and open-handed among his equals. We are told that, even as a boy, the eye was large and clear, a thoroughly honest eye, which made him trusted; and throughout his life he made more use of it than he did of his lips; when calm it beamed with kindness, but he could also effectively express rebuke with it.

Though Morley had been left without an Established church so long, it is clear that the Nonconformist teaching—and Daniel Salt was a Nonconformist—had

not engendered any intense sectarianism or exclusiveness. Not in the case of the Salt family, at all events. Titus Salt, after a short while at a school in Morley, was sent to one at Batley, under the charge of a Rev. J. Sedgwick, curate of the parish. Day by day we learn that little Titus trudged the six miles to and from school, in fine weather and in foul, starting each morning at half past eight, having already, with his own hand, drawn from the cow the milk for his dinner, which he carried with him as well as a small parcel of oatcake. Titus Salt, in later years, often recalled these days, and the journeyings to and fro with his companions. Some children happened a few years before his death to be visiting at Crow Nest, his house; and, on their return from the dairy, where they had tried their hands at milking the cows, they were greatly astonished to hear that in his school-days their host had had to go in the dark mornings to draw his own supply of milk for the day, before starting on the road to school.

When Titus was about thirteen, the family removed to a farm near Crofton, a village about three miles from Wakefield, on the Doncaster Road. Though the farm was small—only about a hundred acres of arable land—there was a comfortable dwelling-house and farm offices. But the boy's time of daily journeying was not yet over. The farm was upwards of three miles from the school. Luckily a donkey was found for him, and on this he



rode, leaving it at the Nag's Head, a small inn near the school, till he had got his lessons. He brought his dinner with him as he had done before. Healthy and strengthening this kind of life, but a little Spartan in some of its incidents and circumstances.

The farm did not prove a success in Daniel Salt's hands ; and when the question arose about Titus's destination in life, it was resolved that he should go to Bradford to learn the woolstapling business, as he might afterwards join his father there in that line.

It was in 1822 that Titus Salt came to Bradford, when he was about nineteen years of age. It was a very different town then from what it is now. It had only a population of about 10,000. Now it has nearly 200,000. It was, of course, a busy manufacturing town ; but its aspect was not imposing. The stately public buildings, the immense manufactories, the great warehouses, had not come into being, and its aspect architecturally was insignificant as was its political influence. It is one of the places that has grown. The invention of machinery has made it, in combination with the enterprise and practical business heads of its inhabitants. No one would have dreamt that the young man of nineteen—very shy and reserved with strangers, but with sharp, out-looking eyes, and tall, muscular appearance for one so young—was to prove so great an accession to the town.

A place was found for him in the house of Messrs. Rouse and Son. Two brothers, John and James Hammond, were expert hands there, and soon became very friendly with Titus Salt; and, perceiving something attractive and intelligent in the lad, they were keen to assist him in every way in their power. Clearly good men both, and sure to exercise a good influence. "It was John Hammond," Titus Salt said afterwards, "who taught me to sort wool."

The partners themselves were the right kind of men, who could appreciate and also gratefully remember faithful and efficient service. Their maxim was: "Those who have helped us to make money, shall help us to enjoy it." Titus Salt did not forget their example afterwards when he had men under him: he acknowledged that he learned much from them, and applied it in his own establishment. His occupation and appearance then are thus described:—

"He is a tall young man with a 'brat' or loose blouse, worn over his clothes to keep them clean; the fleece of wool is unrolled and spread out on the board; being impregnated with natural grease, it holds entangled in its fibre a variety of substances with which the sheep, while living, had come into contact. These must be carefully removed. All the wool in the fleece is not of the same quality, but varies in length, fineness, and softness of fibre. It is the business of the sorter to

separate these different qualities, and to put each into a basket. It is evident such occupation requires long and careful education both of the eye and the hand. Had Titus Salt confined his attention exclusively to this one department of the business, and then at once joined his father, he might perhaps have been a successful wool-stapler, but not a manufacturer ; but, as we have said, he resolved to know every process, from the fleece to the fabric ; and into each he put his heart. The next process was washing with alkali and soap and water, and his knowledge of this served him in after years, when his first experiments in alpaca began, and which he performed with his own hands. The next process was combing. It is necessary in the production of yarn that all the fibres should be drawn out, and laid down smooth and distinct, and that all extraneous matters should be extracted. When Titus Salt was with the Rouses this operation was done by hand ; now the combing machine, with its ingenious improvements, has superseded it, and become the glory of the trade. The wool thus combed is prepared for spinning. This process consists in passing the slivers of combed wool between a series of rollers, which produce ‘rovings.’ It is immediately from these ‘rovings’ that yarn is produced by spinning, which is then woven into fabrics.”

It is well to begin at the foot of the ladder ; to pass practically through every stage of the work. If Titus

Salt had not done so, he could never have succeeded as he did. His fingers were educated as well as head and eye. Emerson has remarked that the penalty the smart New-Yorker pays for the gold repeater he carries in his pocket, is that he cannot read the time by the sun as any savage man can do. The combing machine is good, as it saves labour and cheapens clothing fabrics; but it was well for Titus Salt that he had had to act as a combing machine. For two years he remained with the Messrs. Rouse at this kind of work—observant, thorough, missing nothing; and ever engaged on thoughts of improvement; and then he joined his father in the firm of Daniel Salt and Son. He threw his whole soul into the business: delighted in facing difficulties. No drawback damped him; no fluctuations were allowed to discourage him.

The firm of Daniel Salt and Son, once established, soon secured credit and influence. It expanded in the most healthy and gradual way; and soon had definite connections in Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury. The senior confined himself to Bradford, Titus went far and near to push the trade. A gentleman in the latter town thus recalls Titus Salt's connection with him:—

“Titus Salt came to my warehouse and wanted to sell wool. I was greatly pleased with the quiet power of the young man and his aptitude for business, but most of all was I struck with the resolute way in which he expressed

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his intention of taking away with him that day £1,000 out of Dewsbury. . . . Before he left I had myself given him a bill for that amount."

The biographer adds :—

"Much of the success of the firm was undoubtedly due to the practical knowledge of the junior partner, whose manly form and open countenance had become familiar to the frequenters of the wool sales and markets. Both buyers and sellers liked to do business with him. It was not that he had much to say in commendation of the article he sold, but what he said was always to the point."

He lived at home with his parents, in the most economical manner : his personal expenses were small, so that he was able, week by week, to save a little, which he rejoiced in being able to do. He had no expensive habits. He would not indulge himself in purchasing a gold watch till he had put by a thousand pounds ; and this watch was worn by him to the last ; so that, though he was careful of his money, he had learned that it was most economical to buy a good thing when you are about it.

Business—intent as he was on it—did not absorb all his time and attention. It was Sir Arthur Helps, we think, who said, if you want help in any good work do not go to the idle and luxurious ; go to the busy man who already seems to have too much in hand—he alone will be able to help you. Titus Salt became a Sunday-school teacher, and took great interest in all questions

having to do with the condition and improvement of the working-classes. When a strike took place among the wool-combers of Bradford and other towns in 1825, and when, owing to their short-sighted objection to the introduction of machinery, there threatened to be a riot, he went boldly into the midst of the rioters and reasoned with them. To no purpose; and when they proceeded to violence he stood up for law and order. "I remember," says an eye witness, "seeing William Rand and Titus Salt hurrying up and down, trying to induce their fellow-townsmen to come forward as special constables. When the military were called out, one of them dashed down the street, warning the inhabitants to keep within their doors, as their lives were in danger." The mob was not dispersed till the Riot Act had been read, and several persons killed or wounded. This shows public spirit, and a right-minded active concern for the general peace.

As the business grew, of course, his trips were extended, both to sell and to purchase raw material. It was on one of these journeys that he first saw the lady who afterwards became his wife. She was the daughter of a Mr. Whittam, one of his former friends. Mr. Whittam was a well-to-do farmer, and favoured Titus Salt, but he was evidently a cautious, prudent man. "Rich though he was in flocks and herds," says Sir Titus Salt's biographer, "he was still richer in a large family of

eighteen sons and daughters, of whom eight had survived. Caroline was the youngest of all." When sometimes afterwards he would narrate, to a more intimate circle of his friends, the story of his wooing, he would wind up laughingly: "You know when I went courting I made a mistake. It was another sister I was in quest of, but this one first met my eye, and captivated my heart at once."

He had to wait a little while though, and not on account of youth alone. His means were yet hardly sufficient to justify so bold a step as marriage. In this he found a new impulse to activity in business. He would not be bound in by the old ideas of his father, but would strike out into new paths. He knew that he could weigh possibilities well, and could trust his judgment. Many attempts had been made to turn to account in manufacture the rough Donskoi wool of South-Eastern Russia, but without success. After repeated and careful examination, Titus Salt came to the conclusion that something could be made of it, and bought a considerable quantity and prepared it. Nobody would look at it. He was in a fix, for a lot of it lay on his hands, locking up capital. What was he to do?

" He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dare not put it to the test  
To win or lose it all."

Titus Salt put it to the touch. Instead of being down-cast, he ventured further. He would get machinery and spin it himself, since no one else would help him by trying it. The result was a great success—a beautiful thread was obtained. The material was soon in demand now, and very soon he took a larger factory, and then another was added to it. A misunderstanding arose with the weavers, and he took the weaving of it in hand also. He was a busier man than ever, but he had activity, method, and a whole-heart in the work; and before long he found himself in a position to bring his bride home to Bradford.

The year 1836 was a memorable one with him. A long, rough, hairy-looking stuff that nobody would touch, had lain for a long time—several years—in the warehouses of Messrs. Hegan, Hall, and Co., of Liverpool. It was alpaca wool. Titus Salt happened to see it; he pulled out a handful from one of the bales and examined it as a practical woolstapler would do. A second time in Liverpool, and he took occasion to examine the stuff in greater bulk. Mr. Balgarnie says:—

‘It was evident that during the interval a new idea had taken possession of him, and he was now seriously revolving it; but in this instance he not only examined the material, but took away a small portion of it in his handkerchief and brought it to Bradford to ascertain if anything could be made of it. In furtherance of this



inquiry, he shut himself up in a room, saying nothing to any one. The first act was thoroughly to scour the material he had brought, which he did with his own hands. He then carefully examined the fibre, testing its strength and measuring its length. He saw before him a long, glossy wool, which he believed was admirably adapted for those light fancy fabrics in the Bradford trade, which were then in general demand."

But he did not get much encouragement from those whom he had to take into his confidence before proceeding farther. His father advised him to have nothing to do with "the nasty stuff." John Hammond was dead against it. But he held to his own opinion that, properly treated, the staple was capable of being turned into fine fabrics. He went back to Liverpool and offered eightpence a pound for "the nasty stuff." The brokers even tried to dissuade him, and fancied he had gone mad, and would ruin himself. At last, the wool was made over at the price offered. He had to get special machinery made for working it after his own designs, and one may imagine his anxiety, after having committed himself to so great a risk, to see the result. Happily that did not disappoint him. "Imagine his delight when, out of the unsightly material, he saw that beautiful fabric which has since carried his name far and wide, and is now prized and worn by rich and poor in all parts of the civilized world."

Soon the fame of alpaca was spread abroad ; its beautiful lustre and its long-wearing qualities combining to place it in the front rank of fabrics. Luckily for Titus Salt, the Queen had been presented with two alpaca sheep, which were kept at the home-farm of Windsor ; and, hearing of Titus Salt's industry, she sent the fleeces of the two to him to be combed and sorted, spun and woven into cloth. The fleeces weighed  $16\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., and when combed and sorted, yielded 1 lb. white and 9 lbs. of beautiful black wool. He wove an apron for her Majesty, which, we are told, was a marvel of beauty and fineness ; a striped figured dress, the warp of which was rose-coloured silk, the weft white alpaca, and the flowers thrown up in the pattern were alternately of one material and of the other. There was also a plain dress fifteen yards in length, for which only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of alpaca was used. There was also a woollen alpaca dress among the articles sent back to Windsor. From these facts we see, not only that alpaca had won a name for itself, but that Titus Salt, with his unresting ingenuity, had learned how to combine alpaca with silk and cotton and wool, and had so secured variety of appearance to suit all tastes in his fabrics. It needs hardly to be said that her Majesty expressed herself greatly delighted with the new fabrics, and the fact led to a great extension of the trade, increasing the demand in many directions.

Within three years the import of the staple had risen

to 2,186,480 lbs., and another five years brought it to 4,000,000 lbs., while the price had risen to two shillings and sixpence per pound. All this added to the cares and duties that lay on Titus Salt's shoulders. But he never forgot public affairs either. He was active in every movement for municipal improvement, and was a warm partisan of railway extension, and, never forgetting the welfare of the operatives, was forward in the endeavour to secure a Saturday half-holiday. He was elected an Alderman of Bradford in 1844, and became Mayor in 1848. His period as Mayor was marked by the greatest judgment and economy, and he did not fail in the dues of hospitality. Bradford was one of the most successful of English towns at this time; and the citizens, recognizing the great share Titus Salt had had in bringing this about, were anxious to elect him to represent them in Parliament—a thing he would not then hear of.

Year by year the trade had grown; he had had to add here a bit and there a bit as he could, and some of the works were at some distance from each other. The disadvantage of this now began to be more and more felt, and the idea grew upon him that, could a suitable site be found, it would be advantageous in every way to have the whole brought close together. He would, in fact, build an industrial settlement. His people should all live close to their work, amid such conditions of fresh air,

pure water, and cleanliness as could hardly be secured within a town. He had seen too much of the evils of overcrowding not to mourn over the circumstances that led to it; and he would do what he could to lift his people out of such surroundings. He had at one time resolved that, if, at the age of fifty, he had secured a competence, he would retire, leaving the field to the younger and needier; but this idea it was mainly that restrained him, and led him not only to remain at the head of affairs, but to become, if that were possible, a busier man than ever. The great and crowning work of his life he felt was yet to do, and he could not retire to enjoy rest and ease till it was completed.

He had much difficulty in finding a site for his Industrial Village. He went here and he went there, only to return disappointed, if not sometimes chagrined. But at last he settled on a pretty site on the river Aire; and very soon the works were set on foot. It was a plan that deserved to succeed, and it was a great success. In a report prepared in 1866 for the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition, the Medical Officer tells how the people are proud of their houses, and decorate them tastefully; how many of them are fond of music, while others devote their leisure to natural history, taxidermy, and the making of philosophical models and articles of domestic comfort; how the baths and washhouses have greatly promoted health, so that the diseases peculiar

to poverty are almost unknown, namely—typhus fever, rheumatic fever, and cutaneous affections; and he bears testimony, “as one moving about the town day and night, to the great absence of drunkenness.”

Titus Salt always had in view objects beyond the merely commercial one, and this perhaps was one of the great secrets of his success. The building of the works was begun in the end of 1850, and in September, 1853, they were opened by a ceremonial alike fitting and magnificent. But the mills, though the necessary foundation of the whole, were not deemed the alone essential. The scheme embraced what was equally if not more dear to the founder, “the provision of comfortable dwellings, churches, schools, in fact every institution which could improve the moral, mental, and religious condition of the work-people. Mr. Salt’s thought and ingenuity were as much seen in the construction of the 800 odd houses as in anything. There are altogether twenty-two streets, besides places, terraces, and roads. There are forty-five almshouses, making a total of 895 dwellings, covering an area of twenty-five acres. There are excellent schools for the children, under Government inspection; Sunday schools which cost £10,000; an infirmary where provision is made for the immediate treatment of any one injured; libraries, halls, washhouses, and baths for men and women, which latter cost some £7,000. Titus Salt was no sectarian—there is a Church

of England as well as a Congregational Church, and Baptists and Wesleyans alike had a site presented to them.

Too many of our large employers of labour seem only too practically to illustrate the axiom of a certain great general, who said that the more ignorant the soldier the better he was for fighting-purposes. This was not Titus Salt's idea. He believed that an intelligent and cultivated work-people, with genial and innocent interests outside their work, was better than an ignorant and degraded one—better for the employer and for the public too. When, on September 20, 1856, his work-people presented him with a beautiful marble bust and pedestal, with tasteful and suitable devices, to be set up in Saltaire, they said in the course of their address:—

“And, sir, your attention has not been entirely absorbed in providing for the physical wants of your work-people, but a higher and a nobler purpose has had a share of your attention, viz., the cultivation of the mind; and though Saltaire has been so recently built, we have had a library and reading-room in operation more than twelve months; the library containing more than 1,200 volumes of well-selected works, which are enjoyed and appreciated by a great number of work-people. Sir, if we look back at the seasons of commercial depression which have from time to time visited the West Riding, entailing heavy losses upon the manufacturers and dis-

tress upon a great portion of the working population, we are not unmindful that you, sir, have nearly counteracted the effect of such seasons of distress upon your work-people by keeping them fully employed; for, however long the storm may have lasted, a diminution in the hours of work, and a consequent loss to the operatives in wages, have never taken place in your establishment. We think, sir, that these are circumstances characteristic of your efforts, which you may look back upon with pride and satisfaction, and which we remember with feelings of gratitude; and the benevolent spirit which has been manifested to those who have been unfortunate, and the efforts that have been made to render at all times your work-people happy and contented, have given rise to feelings of affection and love which will be lasting as our lives, and have laid upon us a debt of gratitude which cannot be repaid. But, sir, we beg that you will accept the testimonial we offer, not for its pecuniary worth or artistic merit, but as a tribute of our love."

This expresses, and honestly expresses, the feelings that prevailed at Saltaire on the part of the workers towards their employer.

Alpaca is not the only manufacture at Saltaire. Mohair, the wool of the Angora goat, was introduced soon after the opening of the works. From it is manufactured the beautiful fabric called Utrecht Velvet, which is used extensively for upholstering purposes, curtains, &c., &c.

Now that Mr. Salt had seen his great idea so far realized, and his sons and partners able to conduct the business, he found more leisure for political and public matters. At the earnest wishes of his friends and neighbours he at last consented to stand for Bradford, in 1859, and was returned. But he was too old, and too confirmed in his habits to adapt himself easily to a Parliamentary life, and retired in 1861. His benefactions were incessant—no list of them could be completely given. He gave £5,000 towards the enlargement of the Lacton Orphanage Home at Hull; £5,000 to the Congregational Memorial Hall; and £2,500 for the erection of a church at Scarborough. He gave away in his lifetime no less a sum than £250,000. Yet, though an old man, he convinced himself of the evils of smoking, and gave it up.

As public-houses had been from the first prohibited in Saltaire, every kind of innocent recreation and amusement was encouraged. Mr. Salt knew human nature too well to disbelieve in the axiom that “all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” He did not wish dull boys, but bright ones. In all his benevolence, prudence tempered impulse. This was particularly seen in the regulations for the dining-hall, which forms one of the most valued adjuncts of Saltaire. It was started on the Glasgow penny-dinner system, we are told; a fixed tariff is published, of which the following is a



specimen :—A good plate of meat, 2d. ; a cup of coffee or tea,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ; a bowl of soup, 1d. The work-people who prefer to bring their own food may have it cooked, and dining accommodation is provided free of charge. The manager of the establishment has a fixed salary, independently of the profits ; so that all temptation to stint the allowance is avoided. The “crumbs” that fall from the table are sold to a feeder of pigs, by which a sum of £50 is realized towards the funds of the dining-hall.

Though age and fortune might well have justified a life of perfect leisure or idleness at Crow Nest during the later years, Titus Salt was always busy. He kept up a large correspondence, and delighted to entertain public men of note. In 1869 her Majesty created him a baronet—an honour which he only accepted after much hesitation. In 1871 he presented his people with a beautiful park of fourteen acres, tastefully laid-out—one half in walks and flower-beds. This is separated from the other portion by a broad gravelled terrace, a pavilion for a band of music occupying the centre of it. The largest portion of it is devoted to cricket, croquet, and archery. The river Aire within the area is widened ; so that boating, bathing, and swimming may be enjoyed with safety. There is no charge for admission ; but, in consistency with his great principle, no intoxicated person is allowed to enter, and no intoxicating drinks are allowed to be used there.

The last few years of Sir Titus Salt's life were brightened by many pleasant tokens of gratitude and regard. His work-people presented him with his portrait, painted by J. P. Knight, R.A., and a public statue was erected to him in Bradford at a cost of £3,000, in face, however, of his earnest remonstrances. While it was being unveiled by the Duke of Devonshire, he was busy at home among his flowers. From the beginning of 1876 his health very perceptibly declined, and he passed away on the 29th of December, 1876.

"There are persons now living," writes his biographer, "who remember that in driving between Crow Nest and Bradford he would not unfrequently give a 'lift' to a poor woman with a child in her arms, or stop to take up a dusty pedestrian who seemed fatigued with travel; and this was done with a kindness of look and tone that made the recipient of the favour feel that there was no condescension in it."

Energy, prudence, determination, frugality, generosity, and self-denial were combined in him in a remarkable degree. He was a great philanthropist; but he did not forget persons in systems, and was rich in the memory of many of those

"Little unremembered acts of kindness and of love,"

which Wordsworth regards as "the best portion of a good man's life."

A very busy man, he was yet master of that method by which, as Goethe says, the wise man gains time. One of the secrets of this was his persistence to the end in a very early-formed habit—early rising. “Once,” says Mr. Balgarnie, “I was leaving the hospitable mansion of Crow Nest at five o’clock a.m., and to my surprise I found my host in the hall waiting to say ‘good-bye.’ He was in the works every morning at six. It need hardly be said that this exercised a wonderful effect in procuring punctuality from the ‘hands.’ If any of them were late, it was the master’s rebuke they feared. He knew well how to reward regularity and constant application.”

He is an admirable example in little things as much as in great; and young people can hardly fail to reap a rich harvest from a faithful study of his life. He has no littlenesses in his character, and yet was not above attending to small things.

*SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.*



SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.



## SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.



WE are to make an exception in the case of the subject of this chapter. He is still living; and all the other men of whom we have chosen to write have passed away. There will perhaps be some appearance of inadequacy in what we can here write of a gentleman who, happily, is still with us, and still pursuing his benevolent course; but we would fain claim that there is nothing private in our interpretations, or that we should not turn for once from building the monuments of the fathers to chronicle the deeds of the living. It is the work that suffices: the work remains, and Mr. Plimsoll's work will answer for him. And surely it must prove an additional gratification to the reader, as it is to us, to endeavour to present in outline so noble and

attractive a picture of persevering self-denial and resolution in the cause of those who suffered so much and so long, and could not effectually help themselves, as is presented in the life of Mr. Plimsoll. If he had not come to the rescue, rotten ships and "coffin-ships" might have been almost as numerous now as they were twenty years ago; and poor Jack Tar as unprotected and helpless as ever.

The tricks of the trade of shipowning were very well known before Mr. Plimsoll emerged prominently into public view. The *Life Boat Journal* had frequently dwelt on them, and exposed them, and even the reports of the Board of Trade had acknowledged the existence of the evil. Newspapers of a more independent turn had often made their readers shudder by suggestions of horrors that could not be detailed; but the law of libel, though very loose in some respects is very tight in others; and general statements somehow made no more impression on the public mind than the blow of a baby's hand on a feather pillow. It seems to yield easily to the impact, but no lasting impression is produced. General statements alone were safe; and if you are to do any good in a case where vested interests are so directly involved, you must come to very close quarters indeed. The scattered rays of the sun, hardly felt on a May-day, concentrated through a glass, will burn a hole right through broad-cloth. You want a powerfully concentrating glass

to burn into the public mind and conscience. Such a glass was found in Mr. Plimsoll's mind and inflexible purpose. He brought the facts home ; he spent weeks, months, and years in ferretting them out, and all the while he was pursued with the sense of an awful evil going on unchecked and unpunished. But his patience and power of concentration were equal to his benevolent intent ; and he succeeded at the last in passing an Act which did much to make such shameless enterprise impossible. He knew how to wait—and work ; and the French proverb may apply here too, “ All things come to him who can wait.”

In proof of what we have said about the great evil of rotten ships being known to many persons, who either by circumstances were brought into a position to observe, or had taken the trouble to inquire into the matter, we shall give two extracts from the journals we have referred to. Here is an extract from the *Life Boat* of November 1, 1870 :

“ We have repeatedly, through the medium of this journal, strongly called attention to the terribly rotten state of many of the ships above twenty years old ; in too many instances, on such vessels getting ashore, their crews perish before there is any possibility of getting out the life-boat from the shore to their help. . . . Such is the notoriously ill-found and unseaworthy manner in which these vessels are sent on their voyage that, in



every gale—even if it be one of moderate character only—it becomes a certainty that numbers of them will be destroyed, as will be seen from the fact that 844 of them were lost in 1864; 934 in 1865; 1,150 in 1866; 1,345 in 1867; 1,014 in 1868—or 6,357 in six years. It is overwhelming to contemplate the loss of life from these, in too many instances, preventible wrecks.”

The Government itself bore its testimony to the existence of the evil in the Board of Trade Report for 1868. The number of vessels in the regular carrying trade, it said, was in that year about 2,000. “If this number is subdivided, it will be found that *about half of it is represented by unseaworthy, overladen, or ill-found vessels of the collier class, chiefly employed in the coasting trade. For the six years ending 1868, the number is more than half.*”

It was certainly clear enough that there was work to be done; the time was surely ripe; and only the man was wanting.

It seems odd that a Government which could, year after year, make such records as that, did not bestir itself to end the evil or to lessen it materially—very odd that agitation for change should be left to a private member of Parliament, who had to undergo no end of toil, anxiety, loss, and even of opposition, and, worse still, positive abuse from many quarters. Mr. Plimsoll was assailed on all sides by shipowners and their friends or agents; even a criminal information was at one stage

sought against him by one worthy gentleman, and this was refused on the ground, as the judges held, that the worthy gentleman did not come into court with clean hands.<sup>†</sup> He was referred to the Civil Courts, where he might sue for damages ; which, however, if we remember aright, he did not do. At the last, Mr. Plimsoll's efforts to pass a temporary bill would have been balked, or indefinitely staved off, if he had not created a scene in the House of Commons, and rather outraged some of the proprieties there. We forgive a man getting excited when he fights for others, and, like a knight of old, is sacrificing time and peace and his own interests ; we can admire him when he sets conventional rules at defiance. Mr. Plimsoll did this ; and by doing it he secured his end, more thoroughly perhaps than astuteness could have done it ; and because the country was with him, he had only a formal punishment for his "offence."

The first end of good government is to protect the lives of its subjects, and next their property ; but in a complicated condition of civilization like ours it is difficult to reduce things to their simple elements. The Government has so much to attend to, so much wire-

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<sup>†</sup> Mr. Plimsoll had, indeed, a dozen different cases of libel going on against him ; but the two most important not succeeding, the rest were quietly allowed to drop ; his opponents finding that it only injured themselves, and that they could by this means get no advantage over him.

pulling of a party kind has to be done, that—and we say it with reluctance and regret—social questions of all sorts are left in the background. Not a man who has earnestly devoted himself to this kind of reform but has had to feel it and to mourn it—from the good Earl of Shaftesbury to Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee, from Samuel Morley to Mr. Plimsoll.

A man has in most cases, indeed, to make himself a kind of political Ishmael to get any work of this sort accomplished. He must concentrate himself on the one point; and so much does the House of Commons (full of dignity, as the Speaker is always asserting that it is, and piqueing itself on being the most august legislative assembly in the world) delight in little “squabbles” and “scenes,” and that sort of thing, in bits of schoolboy fun and chaff and heavy joking, that a man with a *purpose* of this kind is very apt to be reckoned the worst sort of *bore* in it. Were it not that the healthy instinct of the people comes into play, and shows itself very decidedly in such cases in the long-run, a man like Mr. Plimsoll would often fare but badly.

To the simple mind it might seem the most foolish and risky thing to send a ship out to sea in such a condition that in a very moderate gale she goes down, or even opens up and sinks in a calm sea, with all hands, without any warning, as it is notorious that many ships had done. But there are wheels within wheels. No

man would do such a thing were it not so. The insurance system had a deal to do with it. A needy or a greedy shipowner has an old tub that he cannot sell or get rid off. He manages to over-insure her, and then he will profit by the loss of her. Fit only to be broken up for firewood, he can, if he only manages well, get the worth of a good ship, if he can but keep her going till one day she goes down and all hands with her. Cargoes, too, are over-insured, and so neither owner nor freight-owner can suffer, but greatly gain through the wreck. This is still the state of things, in spite of all that has been accomplished in the way of inspection, load-line, &c., which just proves that the laureate's words are true of party legislation and government, whatever they may be otherwise—"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Perhaps it may strike the reader that the insurance companies would look to this; but marine insurance, too, is a very complicated matter as things are: there are brokers and underwriters, and among the latter the risk of individual losses is divided; and they find it more to their purpose to pay for losses where they have run risks than to make special inquiries either before or afterwards.

But, indeed, even the underwriters (who found it so impossible or impracticable to make inquiries) had to pull-up over the more notorious offenders; for we are told that, in insuring a freight, it was often stipulated,

and endorsed on the policy, that the insurance was void if the freight, or any portion of the freight, were shipped in any of So-and-So's vessels. This, however, was but a very poor check on bad practices, for there is competition in the insurance business, too : new persons and new firms are always coming in, anxious to begin or to make business ; and these, to make a start, will often run risks that more consolidated firms would not do.

Mr. Plimsoll held that the same care was not taken of sailors' lives as of the lives of people on land, and he presented in evidence the Acts passed for the safety of miners of all classes, to the Act passed on August, 1867, for the protection of workmen employed in mills, forges, foundries, steam factories, paper, glass, and tobacco manufactories, and in printing offices and bookbinding factories ; to the Acts passed for dealing with insecure structures, and several measures meant even to secure the safety of sight-seers. He brought in Bills demanding the inspection of ships, to prevent overloading, undermanning, and so on ; and, failing, asked that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the condition of matters ; but he could effect little or nothing. He resolved to make appeal from the House of Commons to the great public outside, which is, through the medium of public opinion, in the last result, the master of Parliaments. He did not miscalculate ; he wrote a book, which presented the leading

facts in a direct, simple, impressive style, accompanied by irrefragable evidence from many witnesses; and he added to the effect by presenting a series of cases illustrating the sufferings and the misery which many widows, children, and parents were forced to undergo through the bread-winners having met their end by preventible shipwrecks.

The issue of "Our Seamen," with its plates showing the ill-built, unseaworthy ships, the "Devil" bolts—that is, bolts which in reality are only a head fixed on without any bolt driven into the knee of the ship, as they ought to be—the overloaded craft sinking in the water till within a few inches of the deck; the lists of wrecked crafts year by year, with classifications of preventible and unpreventible; the rotten plates and iron bolts turned by the chemical action of sugar and bilge-water into mere plumbago in crafts still sent to sea; and the full exposure of all the dodges by which this abominable traffic was carried on, fell upon the public mind like a bombshell. A thousand pens were set in motion. Magazines—not usually prone to discuss philanthropic questions—devoted articles to the subject. Leading novelists took up the topic, and built sensational stories on it. The newspapers were full of the subject. All parties were excited, and men of all parties united in Mr. Plimsoll's favour; for in justice it must be said, that when the existence of a great evil

of this kind is thus made evident, Englishmen *are* deeply moved. To their credit, many of the better class of shipowners were heartily with Mr. Plimsoll, and ready to aid him even at the risk of ill-will from the less reputable of their own class. And the power of this class was considerable. We are assured that "two or three of the greatest sinners in the trade" had got into the House of Commons. Mr. Plimsoll tells us how he was set upon by them in the lobbies, and how he managed to frighten them by referring them to ship this and ship that, and what had befallen them. Mr. Plimsoll had not overstated his case, strong and sensational as it seemed; and was very ready with his replies to interested parties, who were more willing to assail him with taunting remarks in the lobbies than to reply to his speeches on the floor of the House.

Sir Arthur Helps, in one of his essays, has a very wise counsel to this effect: "It is always safer to understate than to overstate your case." The policy of the peccant shipowners was to give the impression that Mr. Plimsoll was a hare-brained enthusiast, a notoriety-hunter, a sensation-monger, an unreliable man; that he knew nothing practically of the subject he talked about, and that his object was simply to gain public notice. He took the best way to stop their mouths. He showed that, as regards knowledge of facts, he had mastered that with which he dealt; that he was fully alive to the

difficulties in the way; and that he did not come forward declaiming against an evil for which he was not able to prescribe some practical remedy. He showed, and satisfactorily showed, that compulsory survey and prevention of overloading, by the adoption of a load-line, if applied to all merchant ships, would result in the saving of all the lives proved to have been lost from these causes.

One of the oddest arguments directed against Mr. Plimsoll in his benevolent crusade was that such measures, if passed, would "destroy responsibility." Responsibility, indeed. The responsibility of a man employing labour is only legitimately exercised when he takes all precautions to protect the lives of those employed by him. The liberty to do what one likes with one's own, may be accepted in its widest latitude as regards goods and chattels—though even here the law has come in with many wise restrictions; but, though a man hires the labour of another, he does not make himself master of his life, and he is assuredly responsible to society if in any way which is preventible he endangers it.

The leading forms in which the evil Mr. Plimsoll exposed, were thus classified:—

1. Unseaworthy ships.
2. Overloading.



3. Under-manning.
4. Bad stowage, and
5. Over-insurance.

With all these points he dealt, and, in the spirit of a true worker, he counted no labour and no cost in the course on which he had entered. His work did not for some years bear much practical fruit even after he had entered Parliament. There were motions, discussions, commissions of inquiry; but nothing effective was done. This is all the more remarkable that the report of the Commission of March, 1873, after sitting about six months receiving evidence, fully justified the public apprehension, and confirmed Mr. Plimsoll's position; and a further report presented to Parliament on July 2, 1874, condemned the insurance system, and recommended increased responsibility of owners, and the strengthening of the powers of the Board of Trade for inspection and investigation.

Mr. Plimsoll's persistency and courage at last forced the matter on the attention of the Legislature, and at the beginning of the session of 1875, the necessity of Parliamentary intervention for giving increased protection to our merchant seamen was indirectly acknowledged in the speech from the throne. A Bill was in that session introduced by the President of the Board of Trade, under the title of the Merchant

Shipping Bill. Mr. Plimsoll obtained leave to introduce a more specific, if in some respects less comprehensive, measure of his own; but he had the discretion to keep his own Bill in the shade till he could ascertain how far the Government Bill could be made to subserve the ends he had in view. Some progress had been made in committee with Sir C. Adderley's Bill, when, on July 22, Mr. Disraeli, in his statement of the progress of public business, intimated that, in order to secure time for passing the Agricultural Holdings Bill, Government had decided to drop the Merchant Shipping Bill for that session. Then came the scene in the House of Commons to which we have referred.

Mr. Plimsoll's earnestness had its own results—a temporary measure was passed which reflected far more the spirit of Mr. Plimsoll than of Sir C. Adderley. The Bill gave the Board of Trade, for a year, the power of detaining ships—shipowners, not the Government, as Mr. Plimsoll proposed, taking the responsibility of affixing a load-line for each separate voyage. The Government declined to prohibit deck-loads (in many cases a source of danger and disaster), but enacted that grain should not be carried in bulk when it exceeded more than two-thirds of the cargo, as it had been proved to the hilt that grain ships sadly suffered by shifting cargo.

Another Merchant Shipping Act, carrying forward

legislation in the line of Mr. Plimsoll's suggestions, was passed on the 15th of August, 1876; a strong circular having before this been issued by the Board of Trade (Mr. Joseph Chamberlain being then President), in which the deaths of the employed in ships was still said to be one in sixty, whereas in coal mines it was given as one in 315, and the then system declared to be ineffectual.

But in spite of all that had been done, more was felt to be necessary, and a new Bill, embodying much that Mr. Plimsoll had contended for, was introduced by Mr. Chamberlain, still President of the Board of Trade, to prevent over-insurance; and on the 19th of May, 1884, it was withdrawn, and a Royal Commission appointed on the 28th of October, 1884, which was composed of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt, Mr. H. Green, and Mr. T. C. Baring. The Royal Commission recommended most strongly that the load-line as fixed by the Load-line Committee, and adopted by Lloyds and the Board of Trade, should be made compulsory. That has not yet been done. The load-line, though compulsory, was permitted by Government to be fixed on vessels according to the owner's discretion. This, as Mr. Plimsoll contended at the time, rendered the load-line in many cases useless, and it has since been proved so, for unscrupulous owners fix it at their discretion, and load

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their ships down to the mark. As we shall see, Mr Plimsoll was active behind all these efforts, stirring, stimulating, and ever ready with fresh facts. He himself thus sums up the results of the effort and legislation of the past twenty years:—

“ Under the short Act passed in 1875, confirmed and extended in 1876, nearly five hundred vessels, every one of them as rotten as a pear, were broken up, and a vigilant supervision was exercised for a time over vessels leaving our ports, as to draught of water and amount of freeboard or surplus buoyancy. And from June in 1876 to June 1883 no less than 832 ships were stopped, when about to sail, and repaired, or had their loads greatly reduced.

“ Little more was done than to keep alive this vigilance for some time—the amount of legislation a private member can carry through the House being small indeed, and in cases where it is strongly opposed *nil*.

“ When, therefore, Sir William Harcourt was defeated at Oxford in 1880, it seemed to me that by giving him (he was Mr. Gladstone’s Home Secretary) the seat to which I had been elected by a majority of over five thousand votes, I should secure a friend to the seamen much more powerful than I was myself, and the transfer was made after an understanding that certain legislation should at least be recommended to the House.

“The passing of the Grain Cargoes Act, mainly by the exertions of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain, was the firstfruits of that arrangement, and although those gentlemen have been prevented by the Irish question from doing more since, and although that only amounted to a fourth of the legislation stipulated for, still, the good effected by that single measure was, and is, worth many seats in Parliament, supposing it obtainable by no other means.

“I was looking over Earle’s shipbuilding yard at Hull some time after the Grain Cargoes Act was passed, and saw (the decks not being yet fully laid) an iron diaphragm, in the plane of the keel, extending from the engine space and coal-bunkers forward and from the keel to the deck, to which it was being riveted; this bulkhead, as sailors call it, had similar bulkheads at right angles extending to the sides of the ship. A similar arrangement was made aft from the engine space, reaching from the top of the screw-tunnel to the deck, and also with lateral bulkheads—all these dividing the ship into so many totally distinct and separate holds.

“On being told that it was in consequence of the Grain Cargoes Act, and when my guide added, ‘You see it will be impossible for the cargo to shift now,’ I could scarcely speak, so great was my joy.

“Subsequently at Lloyd’s I described this arrangement to Mr. Cornish, one of the surveyors, and his

reply—which was, ‘Oh, that is common now’—increased my pleasure. Not even linseed or canary seed, which flows almost like water, could render such a ship unsafe.

“Quite recently I waited upon Mr. Benjamin Martell, the Chief Secretary at Lloyd’s, to inquire how the Grain Cargoes Act was operating. He replied, ‘Oh, well, we have none of that foundering now, you know; we used to have sometimes two in a week, and seldom or never less than seven or eight in the season; all that’s over now.’

“The Load-line Committee, too, appointed in 1883, which did so much and such good work, and unanimously made such valuable recommendations (which it is wonderful that the Board of Trade have not yet submitted to Parliament as a Bill), and the Committee now considering the best means (as boats, and how many of them, or rafts and of what kind) of saving lives from sinking ships, are some of the results of that appeal.”

It is certainly depressing to read that, after all which has been done, “the state of things does not show the amount of improvement which might have been expected. The annual loss of life at sea, in vessels carrying the English flag, is rather more than two thousand. The shipping lost is still about 260,000 tons per annum. After all that has been accomplished,

Mr. Plimsoll finds himself called on to adventure on a new crusade, of which we shall speak again.

We have enumerated these more salient points in the history of the agitation with which Mr. Plimsoll's name is now identified, to show how hard it is even to deal with admitted evils of this kind, and how needful it is that a man who enters on such a crusade should neither count the cost nor falter in his course. The indomitable and persistent effort, the complete indifference to all personal interests and considerations, which Mr. Plimsoll has shown, certainly entitle him to be regarded as one of the devoted philanthropists and reformers of our time.

In the case of almost all great reformers, it is quite as interesting, if not more interesting, to trace the various steps by which the man was led to take up the cause, as to follow him in the actual work of agitation. The earlier portion of Lord Shaftesbury's life is, in this light, perhaps the most interesting part of it. So also in the case of Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce in their efforts to end the Slave-trade; or in those of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips in their battle against slavery in America. To do this in the case of Mr. Plimsoll, we should need to write a detailed biography; for, in a sense, all his life was a preparation for this work, and what would at first sight appear to have been merely misfortunes, were, in reality, grand opportunities which

he was wise enough to see and to seize. A brief outline of his career will make this clear.

Mr. Plimsoll was born at Bristol, on February 10, 1824—the son of Thomas Plimsoll, who was engaged in business there. The family had been for generations in well-to-do circumstances; but a succession of reverses came upon the father when Samuel was but a boy, and had a good deal to do with the circumstances of his youth and the fact that he had practically to make his own way in the world. When a mere child, Samuel Plimsoll's parents removed to Penrith, in Cumberland; and there they remained for some years, the boy's education being well attended to, amid all the healthful influences of a well-conducted home in one of the most lovely districts in England.

By-and-by the Plimsolls removed to Sheffield, where Samuel's education was carefully carried on. At fifteen he entered a lawyer's office; but, owing partly to the circumstances alluded to above, he went, in his seventeenth year, as a clerk in the brewery of Mr. Birks, then Mayor of the town. His employer soon discovered that he had met with no ordinary clerk, and, step by step, Samuel Plimsoll rose till he was in the highest confidential position, in spite of his youth. Here he took a great interest in the men employed, and was active in many movements for their improvement, having been, as he himself tells in "Our Seamen," secretary



to some of their societies and a member of relief committees.

Nor was his activity limited to work in the office, or to such efforts as these. Whilst still there, in 1851, he was honorary secretary to the local committee of the Great Exhibition. But, not unreasonably in the case of a young man of energy and parts, Mr. Plimsoll was desirous to do something for himself; and, after much consideration, he left Mr. Birks in 1854, and came up to London and embarked in the coal-trade.

His first adventure did not bring him success; in fact he lost what little he had, and was thrown upon the world almost penniless. It was then that he found it necessary to enter on the life of which he has given such a graphic and touching account in "Our Seamen"—residence in that Model Lodging House in London, about which, no doubt, many of his readers have felt not a little curiosity. There he saw much of the life and character of working men, and learned not only to respect but to admire them for genuine qualities of unaffected heroism, patient endurance, and ready help to their companions. But we must let him tell in his own words the effect which these experiences, under which a less buoyant and self-sufficing man might have sunk, had upon his mind and heart.

"I have lived with the working men, and know them," he writes. "For months and months I lived in one of

the model lodging-houses, established mainly by the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury. There is one in Fetter Lane, another in Hatton Garden, and indeed they are scattered all over London. I went there because I could not afford a better lodging. I have had to make 7s. 9½d. (3s. of which I paid for my lodging) last me a whole week, and did it. It is astonishing how little you can live on when you divest yourself of all fancied needs. I had plenty of good wheat bread to eat all the week, and the half of a herring for a relish (less will do if you can't afford half, for it is a splendid fish), and good coffee to drink; and I know how much, or rather how little, roast shoulder of mutton you can get for 2d. for your Sunday dinner. Don't suppose I went there from choice—I went of stern necessity (and this was promotion too), and I went with strong shrinking, with a sense of suffering great humiliation, regarding my being there as a thing to be carefully kept secret from all my old friends. In a word, I considered it only less degrading than spunging upon friends, or borrowing what I saw no chance of ever being able to pay.

“Now, what did I see there? I found the workmen considerate for each other. I found that they would go out (those who were out of employment) day after day, and patiently tramp miles and miles seeking employment, returning night after night unsuccessful and dispirited, only, however, to sally out the following morning with

renewed determination. They would walk incredibly long distances to places where they had heard of a job of work ; and this not for a few days, but for many, many days. And I have seen such a man sit down wearily by the fire (we had a common room for sitting and cooking everything) with a hungry, despondent look—he had not tasted food all day—and accosted by another scarcely less poor than himself with ‘Here, mate, get this into thee,’ handing him at the same time a piece of bread and some cold meat, and afterwards some coffee. And adding, ‘Better luck to-morrow. Keep up your pecker.’ And all this without any idea that they were practising the most splendid patience, fortitude, courage, and generosity I had ever seen. You would hear them talk of absent wife and children sometimes—these in a distant workhouse (trade was very bad then), with expressions of affection, and the hope of seeing them again soon ; although the one was irreverently alluded to as ‘my old woman,’ and the latter as ‘the kids.’

“I very soon got rid of miserable self-pity there, and came to reflect that Dr. Livingstone would probably be thankful for good wheat bread ; and if the bed was of flock and hay, and the sheets of cotton, that better men than I in the Crimea (the war was going on then) would think themselves very lucky to have as good ; and then, too, I began to reflect, that when you come to think of it, that such as these men were, so were the vast majority

of the working classes; that the idle and the drunken we see about public-houses are but a small minority of them, made to appear the more because public-houses are all put in such places; that the great bulk are at home—for the man who has to be at work at six in the morning can't stay up at night; he is in bed early, and is as I found my fellow-inmates. Now just consider: do you not—unconsciously, it may well be—still, do you not sometimes, in thinking of working men, picture those, few though they be, you see late at night about public-houses; not exclusively, perhaps, but rather more than the ninety-and-nine who are at home with their families, recruiting their physical strength for the morrow's work? Well, it was impossible to indulge self-pity in circumstances like these, and, emulous of the genuine manhood all around me, I set to work again: for what might not be done with youth and health? and simply by preparing myself rather more thoroughly for my business than had previously been considered necessary, I was soon strong enough to live more in accordance with my previous life, and am now able to speak a true word for the genuine men I left behind, simply because my dead parents had given me greater advantages than these men had had. But I did not leave all at once. I wanted to learn the lesson well; and, though I went reluctantly, I remained voluntarily, because the kindly feelings I took with me had changed into hearty respect and admiration, and I

was busy thinking, for some things I thought I knew before appeared in a new and different aspect. For instance, I knew that when the explosion took place at the Warren Vale Colliery, as a member of the relief committee formed in Sheffield, the claims upon the funds had not been limited to the wives and children of the poor men killed, but we found that in several instances the men killed had supported widowed mothers, and in others younger brothers and sisters, who had with themselves been deprived of fathers by some preceding accident. And again, at the Land Hill explosion this was the case too—nearly one-third of the men killed, as the respective committees can testify, were thus supporting relations other than wife or child. . . .

“I also thought a little more of the subscriptions of the men I had generally managed at the Brewery where I was employed before I came to London to seek my fortune. And the more I thought, the more I wondered at the readiness with which men earning 16s. per week, and a cottage, and having a wife, and in some cases five, six, or seven children, would spare 1s. each to help a dead comrade’s widow, or 6d. to help a fellow-workman to defray the extra expenses of a funeral in the family. Fancy what a sum 1s. is in such circumstances!”

The lesson was not lost on Mr. Plimsoll. He once more found it possible to embark in business, having, as he says, studied more thoroughly the conditions and pos-

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sibilities of the trade—the coal trade, to which he had now returned. He had resolved that, if fortune favoured him, he would devote himself to the interests of the working men; and his connection with Bristol and his business naturally led him to hear a good deal about the sailors, their condition, and the relations in which they stood to the shipowners. As time went on, and his circumstances improved, allowing him some margin of leisure, he began to collect facts, and to investigate thoroughly the grounds of complaints which he had heard; resolving that no time or effort should be spared to have right done where wrong existed—a resolve in which he had the fullest sympathy from his partner in life. As his inquiries proceeded, it became apparent to him that to effect many of the changes demanded, it was necessary that some one in Parliament should regard himself as specially charged with this duty. No one came forward—though the evils were confessed to exist by all who knew aught of the matter, save, perhaps, those most directly interested. Just as Joseph Hume had devoted himself to points of finance; and Lord Ashley to the improvement of workers, more particularly children in factories; so to do aught effective for the seamen they must, so to speak, have a member for themselves. Their position is different from that of most other workers. They are seldom at home, and do not have the same means of forming unions, or of regularly meeting and discussing

their position and prospects as other classes have. They are thoughtless, too; and if Jack Tar is *jolly*, and apt to enjoy himself on land, and put aside all serious matters, there was only the more need, seeing how valuable an element he is in the commerce of England, that some one should do for him what he either could not or would not do for himself. The conviction grew with Mr. Piimsoll as the years passed on.

At length he found himself in the position to become a candidate for a seat in Parliament. It was no use going to a seaport—much as a seaport town should have been interested in the one object for which he confessed that he sought a seat—vested interests were too strong in most cases; and therefore he turned to an inland town, distinctly telling those whose favour he asked what his main purpose was in desiring to enter Parliament. He contested Derby in 1865, but without success.

The few years that followed were years of anxious waiting, but not without labour for the good of those whose cause he espoused. In many ways he was at work; and when once again Derby was appealed to in the year 1868, the people had probably come to hear and to know something more of the man who had sought their suffrages in 1865, and he was returned, with a majority of 2,500. He held this seat till he deemed that he had done all the work which a private member of Parliament might hope to do, and resigned

in 1880 in favour of Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, though his majority at the General Election of that year had been the overwhelming one of 5,000. The sole condition Mr. Plimsoll required from Sir William when vacating his seat in his favour, was that he should further the interests of the seamen as far as possible; Mr. Plimsoll believing that a Cabinet Minister could accomplish more than a private member. The Grain Cargoes Bill, as we have seen, was the outcome of this condition, which has resulted in the saving of much life and property at sea; though it needs to be added that this was but a fragment of what was expected, more having been rendered impossible owing chiefly to the pressure of Irish questions. As in all such cases, what appears on the surface—in his speeches and writings—represents or suggests but a tithe of the work really done, and of the anxiety and trouble undergone. Let a glance, a mere glance, at one phase of activity in view of the great object he had at heart suffice here. During the years of his active agitation, Mr. Plimsoll visited the various ports of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the Baltic, Norway, Sweden, and different *timber*-ports of Canada, as well as ports in South Africa and India, to see for himself how matters actually stood, that he might base himself as far as might be on personal observation and experience.

The loss of such a man to the House of Commons has been fully realized in many quarters. In the short space



of three months he received no fewer than thirty invitations from constituencies; and the Sheffield Central Division honoured him so far as to offer to return him free of expense and without the labour of canvassing or making speeches. It is a pity that he does not consent to return to St. Stephen's: there is still good work for such a man to do there.

As we write, he is once more to the front in agitating for reforms in the matter of over-insurance. The importance of the phase of the subject now dealt with was realized from the first, but it gave place to what was felt to be more important and pressing. One great defect in our legislation (differing from that of Holland, from which we might still get so many hints on practical matters, not relating to shipping alone), is that the owner or owners are themselves absolutely the valuers of their own vessels, and often put on them a merely fanciful or constructive value. Here are a few cases:—

“A man was detected in an attempt to compass the destruction of his vessel, and he was brought before the Lord Mayor: the vessel was a small one. He confessed that, although he had only given £300 for her, he had insured her for £1,000.

“A similar case came before the magistrates of North Shields: the owner in this case admitted that, although he did not think the vessel would sell for more than £400, he had insured her for £800.

“In a third case, in which twenty good men were drowned when the ship went down, it was shown that the owners had bought her for £7,500, of which only £2,500 had been paid. The ship was declared by them to be worth £13,000, and was actually insured for £10,000.

“The late Lord Iddesleigh, when he was Sir Stafford Northcote, said :<sup>1</sup> ‘Some little time ago a case of constructive total loss was tried in respect of a ship insured for £36,000 ; the ship had been materially injured, and the owner endeavoured to prove that she was a constructive total loss ; with that view he showed that it would cost £15,000 to repair her, and that when she was repaired she would not be worth more than that sum. If he could make out that the ship was not worth more than £15,000 altogether, what is it to be supposed he would receive for her loss ? Not £15,000, her true value, but £36,000, her assumed value.’

“Sir Stafford added, ‘Probably cases of this kind are not numerous.’ I am afraid they are very numerous in kind, though probably not in degree. In this case the owner paid 1,680 guineas per annum more than was needed to secure indemnity. When a business man lays out money, he expects to get it again, or value for it ; he also expects profit upon it : in this case he could

<sup>1</sup> See “Hansard,” 227, p. 149.

not get any profit upon this large annual payment ; he could not get it back without profit ; he could not even get any portion of it back, save in the event of the ship's total loss. The ship was lost.

“The law, whilst strictly limiting the liability of the sellers of the policy, no matter for what amount the policy may have been taken out, to bare indemnity for the value of the property destroyed, in the case of property on shore, allows (or does not prevent) a ship-owner to insure for any amount he can, by means of misrepresentation or otherwise, induce the sellers of a policy (the underwriters) to sell him a policy for, and enables him to recover that amount.”

How the thing is made possible to the astute and unscrupulous shipowner is made clear by this further passage from Mr. Plimsoll's recent article on over-insurance in *The Nineteenth Century* :—

“An underwriter once said to the late Mr. Harvie Farquhar, banker, of St. James's Street, ‘You are quite mistaken in supposing that we, as underwriters, are interested in having a low rate of loss at sea—it is quite the other way ; individually we are anxious to escape particular losses, but collectively we thrive best upon a high rate of loss. If losses increase, the premium rises ; our business is to keep it high enough to get enough to pay for all losses and leave an overplus for expenses and profits. If it were not enough for these purposes, we

should soon be bankrupt. It is always enough, or underwriting would soon cease. If you could diminish losses one half, you would simply cut our business in two. We should only have half our usual receipts, and should retain the same expenses. Similarly, you must see that, if losses could be done away with altogether, underwriting would be done away with altogether too. So we keep the premium high enough, and then spread our business over as great a number of ships as we can.' ”

It is to remedy this sad state of affairs that Mr. Plimsoll is now once more actively agitating, in the spirit that has all along characterized him; and we can only wish him health and strength to carry it on to final and complete success. Here are the last words of that appeal, wholly in the spirit of “Our Seamen” :—

“My purpose at the outset was to limit myself to considering the money aspect only of this subject, and I have adhered to it, have up to this line rigidly excluded any other consideration; but I find myself unable to close the matter without at least a few sentences about the good and brave men, the poor helpless women and the poor little bairns at home, who are so deeply, so vitally concerned.

“Oh! man, have you ever tried to follow in thought the hidden history of only one of those ships which after a long interval are reported ‘missing’? the

agonizing hopes as, day after day, from the rigging of a water-logged ship, the famishing men search the horizon of the boundless track of pitiless sea for a sail which perchance may bring deliverance?—the frantic joy on making one out—the sickening despair on seeing it melt away again? Do you know the horrible straits, the revolting expedients, to which famine sometimes drives these poor suffering creatures in the last desperate purpose of keeping life in their frames a little longer, in the forlorn—alas! most forlorn—hope of rescue? Or have you thought of the sinking heart of the poor wife at home, when first her hopeful anticipations of her husband's home-coming are broken in upon by the startling, the dreadful thought—'What if he's never coming'? How she fights away the fearful spectre; which, however, again comes back, and at ever shortening intervals, until the dull agony of hope deferred is only broken by despair—becomes almost despair; when even to smile seems disloyal, and to laugh an outrage? How tales of rescue and unexpected return home become to the worse than widowed heart what the gospel is to a dying sinner? How a year of this changes a young and cheerful wife into an old and joyless woman? Have you reflected how frequently, very frequently, the material miseries of hunger and destitution are added to heart crushing apprehension or the anguish of ascertained bereavement?—that all this is multiplied by the number-

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of men on board?—that all this happens in the case of *one* missing vessel.

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What, then, about the *ninety* !!! which every year sail from or for our shores—each with its twenty to thirty men, full of life, of purposes, of hopes, as yourself—and are never heard of more—never more? Who will help to alter this? Will you who read these lines help? Do this, then, whilst your heart is hot within you, if by God's blessing I have touched you so far. Sit down now—at once—and write a letter to the member who sits in Parliament for your locality, and urge him personally to use all his influence, all his energy, in putting a stop to the present pernicious system of insuring property at sea. Do this, I earnestly entreat you, before you sleep again. It is not much, this, to ask for so sacred an object!

“You free-traders, too, who desire a free breakfast-table, do this!

“You political economists, who desire the material well-being of all the people, do this; and I venture to say that if every man and woman who sees these lines does this, some means will be speedily found which will make of three-fourths of our loss at sea a thing of the past as completely as the foundering of grain-laden ships has now become.

“We cannot, alas! do away with all losses at sea.

Caution and skill are nearly useless in foggy weather, so we shall still have collisions and still have strandings; but that three-fourths of our total losses of property and life at sea are easily preventible, the facts and figures I have given abundantly prove."

And one cannot help pointing out how odd it was, and how suggestive, that while all the world was moved by the story of Captain Murrell and his mates in their heroic and successful efforts to save the crew and passengers of the *Danemark*, some seven hundred and thirty-five in number, and was presenting tokens of admiration to them, Mr. Plimsoll should be anew buckling himself to get even so much as humane protection for large sections of this very class of men against the risks of preventible drowning. Verily we live in strange times, and have much to mourn over as well as much to be thankful for. Captain Murrell and his crew well deserved all the recognition that they got, because their brave deed was done with no thought of any such recognition, but they themselves would have said that they only did what every Jack Tar would endeavour to do; and in honouring them the public honoured the whole of the mercantile marine. *The Daily Telegraph* thus wrote at that time :—

"There is no service in the world which can show such a body of highly trained and highly mettled seamen as are to be found in our mercantile marine; nor can

any country produce an array of experts so thoroughly versed in the science of their now profoundly scientific profession as are the officers of the British Navy. And, though in this age of incessant change in the principles of naval construction they would have a fair claim to indulgence if they failed to obtain perfect mastery of an instrument which is continually being modified under their hands, there is plenty of reassuring evidence to show that less and less of such allowance is required. Much—too much—is made of the frequent mishaps which the British ironclad is so unfortunate as to encounter, but that they are the results of misfortune, and not of defective skill, we have good encouragement to believe. Such a feat as that recently performed at Samoa by Her Majesty's ship *Calliope* deserves to be set off against many such incidents, deplorable though they are, as that of the loss of the *Sultan*. For the good ship *Calliope* herself behaved as admirably at Samoa as her officers and crew—and that is saying much indeed. No one who has read or listened to the story of that splendid piece of seamanship as given the other day in the eloquent words of Mr. Goschen—no one who recalls how that gallant vessel 'rode out the fiercest hurricane of the century, and, through coral reefs, and with the ships of war of other countries drifting around her, made her way to safety'—can fail to echo the Chancellor of the Exchequer's impassioned tribute to the seamanship,



the presence of mind, and the steady bravery which captain, officers, and men alike displayed. The names of the *Calliope* and the *Missouri* deserve to stand together as personifying the great qualities which still abound alike in the British Navy and in our mercantile marine ; and no Englishman who thinks of them has any excuse for listening to the counsels of despair."

And yet Mr. Plimsoll's work is only half done, and he is still employed in an energetic crusade to get our merchant seamen "protected," even as good laws could protect them, from rapacity and preventible death !

