

In Memoriam.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

By A. P. STANLEY, D.D.

IT is not our intention to render in this brief notice any account of the biography—properly so-called, whether personal or ecclesiastical—of the noble-hearted man, whose name has been so long associated with *Good Words*; whose irreparable loss, therefore, cannot pass in these pages without a tribute of honour and affection, however slight; but whose true character and career must be drawn by hands of the same Scottish Church, of the same Scottish nation, which he loved so dearly, and in which he filled so considerable a place. Friends there are, doubtless, who will soon supply these materials. They must meanwhile pardon a stranger for stepping in for a moment to express from a wider circle, from a more distant point of view, the sympathy, which, in its intenser and deeper form, can be only uttered by those who knew him in his own household, in his own parish, in those varied and incessant occupations which filled up every cranny and crevice of a life, laborious beyond the usual lot of men.

Norman Macleod—let us speak of him with that familiarity of name by which he will be known hereafter, and by which he was already spoken of even during his life—was one whose chief influence upon the history of his time flowed from his personal character, and was, therefore, in one sense narrowed to those who fell within its immediate range. Yet, in another sense, it was so wide as to penetrate to many who never saw him—as to be intelligible to those who were themselves left untouched by it. 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.

In speaking of his effect on the large outer world, we must pause for a moment, especially in these pages,* on his literary efforts. No one would have more freely acknowledged than he how imperfect and slight were these productions—whether as sermons, tales, or travels. “A man,” he used to say, “can only produce great works of literature by entire devotion to them; and that devotion cannot be given by one who, like me, has already chosen his chief course in life.” He felt that he never could give to what he wrote the finish which was needed. They must be taken for what they are, the mere coruscations of a mind preoccupied and pre-engaged. It was not that he did not appreciate—no one has read a page of his writing, but must perceive this—the grandeur, and relish the enjoyment of literary labour,—but like Mahomet, gazing down, according to the legend, on the world-famous view of Damascus, he felt, “Man has but one Paradise”—each man has but one great end in life—“and mine is fixed elsewhere.” Yet, regarding his works as thus the secondary and accidental utterances of a full heart and full mind, they take no mean place in the Scottish literature of our day. The high glee of the “Song of the Curlers,” the lofty strain of “Courage, Brother!” the delightful mixture of humour and pathos in the tales of the “Starling” and “Wee Davie,” are not unworthy of the countryman of Scott and of Burns, of the Ettrick Shepherd and of Christopher North.

But it is as a chief pastor of the Church of Scotland, as an ecclesiastical statesman of the first order in Great Britain, that he fills the largest place in the retrospect of the last thirty years. He was the acknowledged Primate of the Scottish Church—no other man had in all spiritual ministrations so filled the place of Chalmers; no other man had occupied so high and important a position in guiding the ecclesiastical movements of his country since the death of Robertson, perhaps we might say since the death of Carstairs.

For his more directly pastoral work we can but refer to his plans for organizing relief to the poor, for popularising and raising the tone of the services of the Church, for revising the vexed question of Church patronage, for infusing new life into the missions of the Scottish Church in other lands. These, which formed the backbone of his public life, will be written in the grateful hearts of the people in the quiet retreats of Loudoun and Dalkeith, in the teeming streets of Glasgow, and in the scattered stations far and wide over the length and breadth of India. In the “Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,” we see whence he derived that noble art,—how in that past generation, which it has become the fashion of modern partizans to decry and despise, his venerable grandsire inspired in “the eldest son of the manse,” who again transmitted it to his son, these lofty Christian aims which gave a salt and savour to all their ministrations. Other preachers it has been our lot to hear more eloquent, more learned, more profound, more penetrating to the hearts and minds of particular audiences; but we have heard no preacher who possessed an equal gift of addressing large promiscuous congregations, with such a certainty of riveting the attention of all—none in whose case we have lamented so bitterly the rigidity of the English law, which forbid us to use these unique gifts for the instruction of the vast multitudes assembled in the naves of our Southern abbeys and cathedrals—none who combined the self-control of the prepared discourse with the directness of an extemporaneous effort—none where the

* He was connected with GOOD WORDS from its establishment in 1860 till, we may say, the day of his death. He had just read the proofs of the July Number of GOOD WORDS before the final attack which carried him off.

sermon approached so nearly to that which was the ideal and meaning of an ancient "homily;" that is, of a conversation—a serious conversation—in which the fleeting thought, the unconscious objection, of the listener seemed so readily caught up by a passing parenthesis, a qualifying word of the speaker; in which the speaker seemed to throw himself with the whole force of his soul on the minds of the hearers led captive against their will by something more than eloquence.

But Norman Macleod's influence in the Church of Scotland was far beyond that of the persuasive preacher, or efficient pastor. To administer a parish well is no doubt to fill a high, in some respects, the highest office of usefulness. But, just as in an Episcopal Church, there is all the difference between one who is a good Bishop of his diocese, and one who is also a great Bishop of the Church of England, so also in the Church of Scotland, and in every church, he who is filled with the highest sense of his pastoral office, will also be contented with nothing less, Providence will be contented with nothing less, than his becoming a burning and a shining light throughout the whole of his ecclesiastical community. To ignore the vastness, the complexity, the dangers, the opportunities, of the institution, as a whole, and serve the tables or the altar of only one corner of it, may be profound humility, may be absorbing zeal, but it may also be misplaced timidity or narrowness of grasp, or indifference to the grandeur of a national calling. Such timidity, narrowness, or indifference was not in the nature of Norman Macleod. The interests, the privileges, the failings, the virtues of the Church of Scotland were as much his care as the care of his congregation, whether small as at Dalkeith, or overwhelmingly great as at Glasgow.

His largeness of heart and geniality of temperament, almost of necessity indisposed him to accept either the austere discipline and scholastic theories of Calvinism or the hierarchical pretensions of the clergy, whether Presbyterian or Episcopalian, as the last word of the Gospel. He never professed to be a theologian, properly so called. He knew that his vocation was practical rather than speculative. He was too genuinely humble to pronounce dogmatically on questions which he had not had time or opportunity to search to their bottom. But he had studied in Germany enough to know that criticism was not impiety, nor the knowledge of the Bible in its several parts a dangerous gift. He had seen enough of his noble-minded kinsman, John Macleod Campbell, to whose Christian character he rendered so fine a testimony in the May number of *Good Words*, to perceive that there was something deeper and higher in the Biblical statements of the greatest truths than was grasped either in the Decrees of Trent or the Westminster Confession. He had that keen sense of truth—must we not add that keen sense of humour—which made him see, as he has admirably depicted in the tale of "The Starling," how much of the apparent vehemence of theological disputes depends on "the very many who, even in a free country of brave men, before taking any decided part in questions which distract communities small or great, attentively consider on which side the hangman is, or seems likely to be."

For himself he never sought controversy, but it could not but be that in a Church and nation like that beyond the Tweed he should, with those bold and free utterances, find himself from time to time overtaken in one of the periodical tempests which darken the northern ecclesiastical hemisphere. On these we need not here enter. They are gathered to the limbo of dead controversies, and it is much to the credit of the Church of Scotland—it is one of the happy auguries to be drawn from all such tumults, that

once reputed heretic was chosen with universal applause to fill the chair of Moderator. It need hardly be said that, with such a temper and spirit as Norman Macleod displayed, his influence and his fame and his charity were not confined to his own church or nation. Never were words of truer Christian wisdom spoken on the subject of union—that vexed topic, which in Scotland, as elsewhere, is always discharging its olive-branches out of catapults and binding its myrtle wreaths round a sword, than in the parting address which he delivered from that chair in 1866 :—“Between the churches which

Stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which, had been rent asunder,”

he saw no bridge of actual union possible. “The old lovers cannot be married now.” “We cannot look for confessions of wrong-doing from either party where both are unconscious of having done wrong.” But he did look and did what in him lay to promote mutual forbearance and respect, and the hope that “both parties, following their own convictions, were being led by God, in a way which neither knew of, and for objects beyond their thoughts; and that in fighting against each other they may even be fighting against God.”

Still more visible is the softening and enlarging effect of his influence beyond his own country. It is impossible that any one can have read his noble addresses on Indian Missions—whether that which he delivered on his return from that arduous journey, which gave the first shock to his natural strength, or that which was his last public appearance in the General Assembly of this year, which, by the effort it cost him, issued in his last fatal malady—without feeling that his sympathies were indeed in the full sense of the word “Catholic;” that in every race or religion he rejoiced to discover the glimmerings of divine truth; that, according to the fine figure which he adopted from one of Napoleon’s sayings, he felt, “Let the enemy do their worst on our flank and rear, if we have won the centre, the day is ours!”

It was this cosmopolite charity that made the experiences of world-wide travel so deep a refreshment not only to his outward, worn-out frame, but to the inward thirst of his spirit, and which imparted even to his lightest records of them an interest deeper than the moment, because they breathed the hope of a better and higher future.

We return from the wide circumference of his life to the noble individuality from which we started. This, after all, was the paramount source of his power in British Christendom. It was the same generous, genial, faithful nature which enabled him to become the beloved friend, the trusted counsellor, in weal and woe, of his Gracious Sovereign—to smooth the difficulties and controversies of his native church—and to civilise and humanize and unite the various contrasted elements of the great city of Glasgow, with which his name is for ever associated, by ties not less dear in the nineteenth century, than those which attached it to its “darling” Kentigern in the sixth. He died as he had lived in the childlike peace and humility which reposed on his firm conviction that he was in the hands of a loving Father in Heaven. He lies beside his earthly father in the churchyard of Campsie. He has bequeathed to his children, his country, and his Church, the last and highest of his many GOOD WORDS, in the testimony left by his long-sustained example to the power of uniting the warmest natural affections, the keenest enjoyment of his own happiness and the happiness of others, the zest for all that was poetic, playful and true, with an unflinching sense of manly duty, and a burning love and zeal for the things which, being not seen, are eternal.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

I HAVE not taken this task on myself; it was laid upon me. Because of the friendship with which he honoured me, and the love I bore to him, it was thought that I might tell the readers of *GOOD WORDS*, who knew him so well as an author, what Norman Macleod was as a man to those who accompanied with him, and as a clergyman the better part of whose life was given to purely Christian work. Yet perhaps no one who was so much in the eye of the world ever needed such an interpreter less. For his writings and his speeches were not the fruits of a special talent, they were rather the simple outpourings of his large and genial nature. Therefore they do not so much tell us what he could have done, as they show us truly what he was. Probably, there is no reader of these *GOOD WORDS* who has not formed already a substantially right idea of the man who wrote "Wee Davie" and "Billy Buttons."

He was born in Campbeltown on the 3rd June, 1812, his father being then parish minister in the pretty little town built by the great Marquis of Argyll as a refuge for the persecuted whigs of Ayrshire, whose descendants—Colvilles, Beiths, and Greenlees—are now the thriving distillers of a spirit only too well known everywhere. The Macleods were a clerical family, like the Moncrieffs, Bonars, and Burnses, who have all given three or four generations to the Scotch Kirk, and the old stock is still as fruitful as ever it was. His father, too, had come out of a manse away north in Ossian's country of Morven, whose hills and lochs and weird mists, and not less its kindly poor folk, with all their Celtic poetry of superstition, are now well known to the readers of "A Highland Parish." It is a pleasant home the Scottish manse, and a good lot to be born in it. The rectory or vicarage is associated in the English mind with winter flannels and soups and wines for the poor, and with cultivated, well-to-do families whose natural place is among the gentry. In Scotland, the manse seems to belong more to the people; though quite as kindly, it is not so patronising as the rectory. Its sons mingle with the sons of farmers and cottars at the parish school; yet the lessening of social distance does not lessen respect. I suspect that, in an English parish, the rectory is not of

so much consequence as the squire's house; but the minister is more to the Scottish people than the laird is, because he has done far more for their liberty and civilisation. Those who have lovingly studied our history, too, find that an unusually large proportion of those who have done the nation highest service as judges, statesmen, and soldiers, have come out of the manse.

The minister of Campbeltown—a Norman, like his father and eldest son, and the name seems to indicate the Norse origin of the family—was an able man, and a popular preacher, especially dear to the Highlanders as one of the best Gaelic scholars of his time. But in Scotland good preachers are seldom left long in such out-of-the-way nooks as Cantyre. They soon get talked about, and are asked to "help" at communion seasons, which happen only twice a year, and are therefore great days, particularly in the Highlands. Ere long, therefore, young Norman had to leave the beautiful little loch, along whose shores the Ayrshire whigs have planted their distilleries, and builded their churches; and instead of the long roll of the Atlantic on the beach of Machrahanish Bay, the boy listened to the linn as it tumbled and plunged in Campsie glen. The father had been presented to that parish, where afterwards Dr. Robert Lee spent some of his busy scholarly years. It is in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and, with a growing family of boys needing to be educated, it was of importance to be within reach of good schools, such as were to be had there. The Macleods, too, were always a sociable race, more effusive than the Scottish Celt generally is, and probably the elder Norman longed for more of the fellowship of cultured minds than was to be had at Campbeltown, where he was likely to find few but the duke's factor and the "relief" minister to exchange thoughts with him. In the end, he migrated to St. Columba's Church, Glasgow, where, for many years, he was a power, especially among the Highlanders.

In Glasgow, Norman Macleod got at least the bookish part of his schooling; but not a little of his actual mental furniture, certainly the most fruitful part of it, was picked up, during summer holidays, among the trailing mists of Morven, from shepherds and fishermen, who all opened their Highland

hearts to the minister's bright grandson. In the college class-room he held a respectable place, though I fancy he was better known as a good companion, full of life and fun, than as a thorough scholar, which he never affected. It was a class of quite unusual brilliancy; its "Grecians" especially rejoicing the heart of eloquent Sir Daniel Sandford. Archibald Tait contended with James Halley, and the last was more than the first; but the one is now in Lambeth, and the other in an untimely grave. James Hamilton, afterwards minister of Regent's Square Church, London, then laid the foundations of that ripe and varied learning which, to those who knew him, was even more notable than his quaint fancy and cheerful piety. Among such men it was something for Macleod to hold even a respectable place, especially with a many-sided nature like his, whose best energies were turned in quite other directions, while theirs were all concentrated on their proper tasks. Exact scholarship, however, was not in his way; still less the exact sciences; and as to metaphysical studies, I doubt if he ever read either Plato or Aristotle, Hume or Spinoza, till he dipped into Jowett's translation of the first of these, some two years ago, and felt the world broadening about him. He was always, indeed, a great reader; at least, he was so ever since I knew him; though how he found time, with all his labours and wanderings, it was hard to see. But his reading was chiefly of the miscellaneous kind, having, however, a deeper purpose than pastime; and it found character and unity from a powerful mind which could order and utilise what, in a weaker brain, would have been a mere gathering of odds and ends.

At the close of the undergraduate course, he spent some time in Germany, not at an university, for that old custom of Scottish students had not then been revived, as it has lately been to the great advantage of theological thought among us; but as travelling tutor to a young Englishman, with whom he lived for a season at Weimar, and saw somewhat of the court not long before brightened by the presence of Goethe and Schiller and Herder. With this gentleman he also visited the northern countries of Europe, and doubtless fostered that taste for travel which clung to him as long as he lived. But his winters were chiefly passed in Edinburgh, where Chalmers was now firing young clerical aspirants with Evangelical fervour rather than theological zeal. Macleod was a favourite student of his, as we can well suppose, the

two big, kindly, cheery human hearts naturally *kything* together. But if not previously inclined to the study of systematic divinity, certainly he would not be led to it in Chalmers' class-room. That great man—greatest of modern Scotchmen—had a few leading principles which he drove home with even monotonously repeated strokes, as of hammer on anvil, explaining and illustrating and enforcing them with infinite brilliancy of imagination and passionate belief. He had no turn for theological subtleties, almost no patience with them. But if he did not produce great divines, he was fruitful of earnest preachers, whose intensity and spirituality provided the very best kind of preparation for the time of sifting that was near at hand. For only an age, made ready by a deep moral earnestness, may safely plunge into questions which, in so shallow and frivolous a period as the last century, could not be faced without infinite hazard. A spiritual revival is necessary to clear the way for a searching inquiry. Now life was a grave and awful thing to Chalmers, and he taught his students to feel the mystery and the earnestness of it.

Hence men, like Macleod, came from his class-room, if not thoroughly equipped in theology, yet prepared to deal with its great problems, not in a spirit of dilettanteism, but as with the supreme ideas on which the world's well-being depended. On the whole, this was a high education, and he profited by it. To the last the basis of his theology was, like that of Chalmers, what is known as Evangelical. But there were parts of the system which, in course of time, dropped quietly out of sight; and there were new elements added, as light gradually came upon him; and, still more clearly, there were truths that rose into prominence, which had once lain hid in the shade.

One might say that latterly the special characteristic of his theology was, that with a certain fixed pivot on which it firmly rested, it was generally moveable, and indeed moving ever forward towards that idea which he described so grandly in his last speech, when he said, "I desire to be as broad as the charity of Almighty God, and as narrow as His righteousness which divides the slightest shades of right and wrong." He was singularly open to the reception of all the new light, which seemed to him necessary in order to retain the essentials of Christian revelation, and the purity of Christian morals; and he was indifferent about some of the outworks which were once reckoned of importance for defending the citadel, till they rather came to be

known as weak points which provoked the enemy's assault.

So much he got in Chalmers's class-room ; but that was not all. He also made the acquaintance of John Mackintosh, son of Mackintosh of Geddes, an old Nairnshire family, who was then also studying for the Church ; out of which friendship came in due time yet closer relationships, through her who so long brightened his home and now mourns for his loss.

Of course young Norman Macleod, with the frank Norse tongue in him, and various Celtic imaginations, had not long to wander the country as a licentiate on the outlook for "probable vacancies." In 1838 he was ordained pastor in the parish of Loudon, then a pleasant rural district, now honey-combed with mines of coal and iron. There he laboured diligently and quietly for some years, with a stormy ecclesiastical atmosphere all round him—having his own thoughts, no doubt, as to the part he himself should play when the crisis came. Not that there ever was any doubt which side he would take ; but the Macleods stood in a somewhat peculiar relation to the struggle then going on. For in the minds of the Scottish people the two parties in the Church were broadly, and on the whole rightly, distinguished, not merely by their ecclesiastical politics, but also by their general religious spirit and teaching. Both, indeed, equally professed their adherence to the Westminster Confession of Faith ; and there have been few abler defenders of its Calvinism than Principal Hill and Dr. Mearns, who were leaders of the "Moderate" party. Still the popular section, now guided by Chalmers, were justly identified with the doctrine and spirit known as Evangelical, while their opponents followed generally what Mark Pattison calls the Moral Theology. Now the Macleods, like nearly all the Highland ministers, were Evangelical in their doctrine, though Moderate in Church polity. It is a clear proof of this that young Norman went to Edinburgh to study under Chalmers, though he could not follow him to Tanfield Hall. His father had always been Evangelical in his views ; yet it was he who told the story of the two goats meeting on a narrow ledge of rock, where there was not room either to pass each other, or to turn and go back the way they came ; and how, after staring at each other for a while, the weaker one had perforce to lie down and let the other walk over him—an illustration which rankled for some years in the minds of

his opponents, and was thought to be disgracefully humbling to the Church. Indeed, there was then a more bitter feeling in Scotland against the clergy of this stamp than against the out-and-out "Moderates." These last were thought to have done "after their kind ;" nothing better was expected of them. But the Evangelical Erastian seemed, in the deepest part of his nature, bound up with those who stood by the rights of the people and the independence of the Church ; and hence there was a feeling of soreness and even resentment at them, as if they had been false to their real convictions—which they were not. Looking back now from the standpoint of present experience, we can believe that it was well they did not see their way to join the Free Church ; for, by remaining behind at the disruption, they became the "little leaven" which saved the Church of Scotland from becoming what no lover of his country would ever like to see her. Most of them also in the course of time broadened out their theology to meet the larger culture of the new era ; and thus they not only steadied the Church when staggering under the blow received in 1843, but also restored it latterly to not a little of its original power and usefulness.

Norman Macleod was a sincere Churchman who loved the old historical Kirk with all his heart. But he was, in no sense, a High Churchman. The "divine right" of presbytery had no more hold on his mind than it had on that of Chalmers. The *metaphysique* of Church establishments, with its national personality and conscience, highly ingenious and wholly unworkable, was nowhere in all his thoughts. Regarding the Church simply as an organization for teaching Christian truth, and diffusing Christian life, he valued the national endowment because he feared that, without it, the poor might be left outside in the cold, and Christian help reserved for those who could pay for it. And he likewise held, whether rightly or wrongly, that only under an Establishment could the highest freedom of the individual be secured. As to lay patronage, the rock on which the Church of Scotland had more than once struck and splintered, he had no particular liking for it. Only, in those days, the clergy were all Tories ; a Radical, like Patrick Brewster, of Paisley, was looked on as little better than an infidel ; and young Norman being then, of course, Tory, would have preferred some modification of patronage rather than its abolition. Assuredly he would not

have made a disruption in favour of it had the Evangelical party gained the day; and he lived to see a time when it was almost universally looked on as a main hindrance to the popularity and efficiency of the Church. But with the claim for "spiritual independence" he never had any sympathy. On this point we had often brisk little controversies together, not without gay sallies of wit and humour on his part, under cover of which he marched away triumphant. For as a Free Churchman I held fast by the autonomy of the Church, and abhorred what Menzel calls a "moral-police Church." Macleod, however, seemed to me to evade the real issue, making it purely a question of judicial training, as to which we were really at one. He held that judges, accustomed to weigh evidence, and to strictest impartiality in determining what was law, and what was not law, were infinitely fitter to settle all legal questions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, than a popular general assembly which was virtually accuser, judge, and jury all at once. I fancy this feeling had, early in life, taken all the stronger hold on his mind in consequence of the Church's unhappy decision in the case of his friend and relative, Dr. John Macleod Campbell, of Row—a man whose singular holiness and faithful service and depth and purity of thought would, in earlier ages, have led to canonisation, but who, by a disgraceful combination of hard "moderates" and frightened "Evangelicals," was deposed from the ministry when Macleod was still a student. On this subject we were heartily at one. He thought, and I quite agreed with him, that if corporate bodies had any corporate conscience, the Church of Scotland should long ago have sent a deputation to Dr. Campbell, clothed in sackcloth, and entreating him to return as Moderator of the next Assembly, which would have been one of the most beautiful "Acts of Faith" possible to these modern ages. We were pretty much at one, also, as to the unfitness of a General Assembly to exercise the functions of supreme judicial authority. But I held that, like the House of Lords, it might delegate its authority to a committee of trained judges; for the self-government of the Church is one thing, and its mode of judicial procedure is quite another matter. To the last, however, Macleod remained contemptuous of the Church's claim to spiritual independence, and rather indignant—as he well might be—that it should be identified with loyalty to the crown of Christ. He did not wish the weaker goat to lie down and be walked over.

He would not have consented to anything of the kind. But he had no confidence in the rough-and-ready decisions of a general assembly in matters of nice theological inquiry. Hence he used latterly to say that the Church of Scotland was the freest Church in the country; meaning that it was more tolerant of earnest free thought than any disestablished Church. Which perhaps is true; only such toleration is not worth much, unless it be the result of an enlarged charity within the Church itself.

In 1843, then, having taken his place decisively as a Churchman, Macleod had naturally many offers of promotion. He chose the parish of Dalkeith, then supposed to be a place of importance from the neighbourhood of the ducal palace. But it could not be his abiding place. His sphere was in the heart of a great city, where life was full and strong. He needed plenty to do, in order to know how much he could do. In 1851, then, being called to the Barony Church of Glasgow, he finally took up his abode there, and substantially began the real work of his life. It was about this time I first saw him, and heard him address a public meeting. In the prime of life, tall, handsome, with a singularly winning expression, he was about as splendid a human creature as one could wish to look upon. Latterly, and especially when his health began to fail, he inclined to be too portly; but in those days his robust form showed immense power of work, and the Barony was the very sphere to put it to the proof.

Its population, even then, was over one hundred thousand souls; it is now considerably more than twice that number. A good many of the wealthier citizens lived in its western division; and these, with his hearty encouragement, have built and endowed churches for themselves. There were also a number of Free and other churches, doing Christian work in a more or less vigorous and efficient manner. Still there was a large portion of the parish occupied by the very poorest of the people, and by not a few of the vicious and regardless, on whose behalf specially he held that the country had endowed him. If Norman Macleod had been the happy, easy-going parson some have described him, he would have settled down in his ugly Barony kirk, satisfied with the routine of congregational work, which would not have been an idle life, either, for the membership numbered generally from eleven to twelve hundred adults. But he could not look without

pity on the throng who "were as sheep without a shepherd." Neither did he regard his congregation merely as a company of people to be preached to, but rather as a body of men whom he had to lead unto every good work.

From his father, and from his mother, whom he fondly loved, and who still survives him, he had received childhood's lessons of piety and duty. From a younger brother, James, who died early (and the two now sleep together in Campsie churchyard), he had received very special religious impressions—good seed which had fallen on "an honest and good heart." From Dr. Chalmers he had caught the fire of missionary zeal, which burnt so brightly in that brave old spirit. Ere long, therefore, the parish began to be pervaded by its earnest and vigorous minister. Commonly he preached thrice every Sabbath, besides conducting a large class of his own; and his preaching was no mere stringing together of theological commonplaces, but the expression of earnest thought about the highest things, full of practical help and counsel for living men. Not what is often called "pulpit eloquence:" not simply the old clothes of the seventeenth century, bedizened with a gold lace of nineteenth-century similes; but plain, manly, often even homely *talk* about those things which make a man's life great and earnest and hopeful; now flaming out into indignant rebuke of our selfishness; and by-and-by soaring, as was meet, into high, rhythmic utterance of the Divine sacrifice and love. Once a week he presided at the meeting of his Sunday-school teachers, carefully going over the appointed lessons with them. Bands of earnest fellow-workers, animated by the spirit he diffused, gathered round him as their natural leader, and devoted their time and their means to mill girls, to foundry boys, to savings-banks, to every likely means for improving the condition of the poor. Five excellent schools were built in as many needy localities, at a cost of some £8,000 or £9,000. Three mission churches, too, were erected, all free of debt, the congregation expending on these about £11,000. There he delighted to preach to people who came, the men in their fustian jackets, the women in their cotton "mutches;" for all the well-dressed were excluded, and respectable persons who wanted to go, had to borrow some worn and torn garments, and smuggle themselves in. I am told, and can believe it, that his sermons in the highest quarters were not for a moment comparable to the great-hearted eloquence of some of those

working-men's discourses. Penny-banks were first introduced to Glasgow by him, and with them, refreshment-rooms for the poor, and Saturday evening social meetings. Nor did he only set up the machinery. He was its moving power, keeping it all in vigorous and persistent activity by his presence, and also making it work smoothly by the oil of his cheery and unfailing good humour. Especially the children of his various schools called forth his warmest interest, and some of his choicest powers. He was always great among children, whether singing his own "Squirrel" or "Curler" songs at the home fireside, or scratching odd and clever caricatures, full of life and spirit, or pouring forth the funniest nonsense to the Foundry boys, but always with a "gold thread" running through it all. To the general world, he was chiefly known as a man of letters, a man of fine gifts and accomplishments; and such men are not thought to be the most efficient pastors. But in Glasgow, he was emphatically the Barony minister, dear to old and young for his good words and good works, ready to take his part, which was naturally the leading part, in every scheme for the social or spiritual amelioration of the people. Certainly, never since Thomas Chalmers, was there such a pervading moral power in that city as Norman Macleod.

It might seem that, with all these duties and schemes, he had his hands already full enough; and so, in truth, they were. But the capable man, seeing that a piece of work has to be done, and that it is laid to him, finds, some way or other, the time to do it. A nine hours day is no desire of his. Not how to shorten, but how to lengthen its working hours, is the question with such an one; and I fear that Norman Macleod, in trying to do good to others, stole too many hours from the night, to be altogether good for himself. New work, however, came to him, and he could not put it away. In the Disruption times, when everybody was writing pamphlets, he too had written one, which he called "A Crack about the Kirk"—a racy, rattling production of humour, and buoyant young life. Then for some ten years, he edited the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, a periodical of the old religious type, doing some good, but not paying its own way; heartless work sailing that sort of craft, with half one's time spent in baling out, so as to keep her afloat. At length, in 1860, he found his sphere in letters. In last *Contemporary Review* we are told how it was desired to realise Arnold's wish

for a periodical that should not be a religious one, and yet should have a religious spirit; how, beating about for an editor, the enterprising publisher chanced to read, in the *Scotsman* newspaper, the report of a chat on "Cock Robin" with some Ayrshire children; and how, finally, Macleod consented to be captain of the new adventure. "GOOD WORDS," "worth much and costing little,"—a magazine meant for every day, and for everybody,—neither clerical, nor critical, nor scientific, but broadly human, and in spirit Christian,—this exactly suited Macleod's character. He had a considerable literary acquaintance, and he could count on willing help from such men as Stanley, Kingsley, and Trollope, and with his own ready pen, and varied stores of humour and pathos, and solid thought, the success of the undertaking was certain in the long-run. Of course, it had a period of up-hill work. It met even with some bitter and ungenerous criticism. But, at length, wherever English-speaking men and women lived, its name became an "open sesame" to the wise and genial editor.

In GOOD WORDS his chief contributions to literature appeared, all except his life of John Mackintosh, "The Earnest Student," which is perhaps the most artistically finished of them all. Our readers, therefore, must be familiar with those bright sketches of nature and human nature which were among the first things the paper-cutter hurried to on the monthly appearance of the welcome brown cover. "Wee Davie," it has been said, was his own favourite, and its exquisite pathos has, perhaps, made this the general verdict, though the humour of "Billy Buttons" shows a still finer touch, and is a fit rival to Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." But I know that he reckoned "The Starling," of all his books, the one most likely to perpetuate his name, having cost him far more labour of thought than the others. Whether he was right in this estimate the future will tell. None of his other tales are so finished. They seem rather to have been thrown off at a heat,—simple, artless, and natural; and, indeed, they were most of them not even the fruits of a busy leisure, but booty snatched from the hours of sleep. They all indeed contain some gleam of rich humour, or some pathetic stroke; or, at the very least, some ray of kindly wisdom to cheer our way of life. On the whole, my favourite is "The Recollections of a Highland Parish." It is fragmentary, but fresh, natural, and true; just the kind of work which could be best

done under such conditions as were imposed upon him. But none of his books give anything like a full idea of the man's real greatness. There are men who have written remarkable books, but whose personality, when you come to know them, is extremely commonplace. Their literary power is a knack, but they are quite ordinary men. It was the very reverse with Macleod. What his literary faculty might have been had he devoted himself exclusively to its cultivation, it were hard to say. As it is, no one would have been more ready than he to admit the sketchy, unfinished character of nearly all he has written. Even his preaching, great as it was, hardly gave a sufficient conception of him, though some of his platform speeches came nearer to doing so. It was in the freedom of his private and familiar intercourse with one or two friends that we felt what a power he was. For he was essentially a talker, and, without a Boswell, will be almost as much lost to the world as Johnson would have been. It was when seated with him in the queer little outhouse, which had been a laundry, I think, and which he turned into a study, that one came to know him right, and to comprehend what varied spiritual forces were in him, what insight into things which his pen seldom touched, what scorn of all baseness, what love for all that is noble and pure and true, and what boundless capacity for anything he might have to do. In those hours of unrestraint and confidence, even amid the flow of a humour which he indulged and relished as a lark does its singing, you might hear the deep undertone of a spirit that knew the burden of the mystery, and along with that, the wonder and the joy and the stirring eloquence of a faith which dwelt in the Father, with "the peace that passeth understanding."

He was not a man to "wear his heart on his sleeve." But those who were privileged to spend a few evenings in that little "sanctum" will not soon forget the impression they left—that this was one of the greatest and truest of men. There was always some good story of Scottish humour, and plenty of hearty laughter; for he was a great laugh, not with the mouth only, but, as it were, all over, every bit of him heaving with honest, genial mirth. But always, too, one came away with some grave and earnest thought, which rose uppermost and remained long after the good jokes had done their turn and passed away. The very last time I was there, only a few days before the illness that carried him off, after a pleasant half-hour or so, he dropped into this more serious vein;

speaking of the difficulties of a true spiritual life, and the shame and self-contempt he felt at the poverty of his spiritual character: yet it was rich, though he called it "all rubbish." Then, alluding to the changing tone of religious thought, he told me how he had shrunk from it at first—how, even when the light had loosened many of his early opinions, so that they hung like an avalanche, ready to be precipitated by a touch or the sound of a voice, yet he had avoided all utterance of the thought that was in him until he had proven the new light by its moral influence. And then he added, "I can quiet my dear old mother's anxiety, when I show her that it is more agreeable to Scripture, and that it also makes me a humbler and a better man, helps me to hate evil more, and to live nearer God. I never feel safe on mere intellectual ground. I cannot follow logic, unless the life goes with it." That was the substance of our last conversation; and it will be ever a pleasant memory to me. The man had not yet attained, neither was already perfect; but he was reaching forth and pressing on to the mark for the prize of his high calling.

"It was not," writes one who knew him well, "in the fire and animation of his platform addresses, nor yet in the fervid outpourings of his heart from the pulpit, that one came to know how deeply grounded was his whole life and action on a childlike faith and trust in God: it was when alone with him in his study, when the heart gave utterance as it willed, and free from all restraint. To be with him then was to learn a lesson which no public teaching, whether by voice or pen, could ever have given. How naturally did all his thoughts seem to take tone and colour from that one pervading influence! How he taught me—as he taught many, whose happiest fortune it has been to share now and again in these quiet hours—that all of the bright and beautiful in life, all that could gladden the spirit and cheer the heart, gained yet a brighter tint in the light reflected from a Father's love; that mirth became more deep, and so much more real; that each good gift became more cherished from the recognition of the great Giver of all! And here truly, it has seemed to me, did he especially prove himself a minister of the Gospel. For was it not a Gospel to many, who might else, not improbably, have turned away from thoughts of any such things, to learn—not from direct teaching, but from their own experience of an actual life—that there was a faith and trust which

could imbue every sense of enjoyment with fresh keenness of perception and zest of participation; that only through such a faith and trust could pleasure reach its highest realisation, and all that was best, and brightest, and happiest in our nature obtain its true development? Nothing was more strange to me at first—nothing came to be accepted by me as more natural afterwards—than the constant evidence which each opportunity of private intercourse with this great, large-hearted, noble-minded man afforded me of the deep undercurrent in his thoughts and life. I never knew him, in all my meetings with him, force a reference to religious thought or feeling. I never was with him for a quarter of an hour that his confidential talk, however conversational, however humorous even, had not, as it were of itself and as of necessity, disclosed the centre round which his whole life revolved."

In his varied labours the years flowed happily on; for he enjoyed life greatly, and with a thankful heart. He knew it would have its crosses without his manufacturing them for himself. So he enjoyed his occasional visits to London literary society, and still more, his pleasant retirements to the Highlands—fishing with his boys, and singing away the summer twilights with his girls. Above all, he enjoyed travelling to new countries, and thus, by converse with strange forms of life, broadening his Christian charity, and intensifying his Christian piety. I remember well 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 a revolver. His journey to India was a different matter. By that time his health was seriously affected, and many of his friends doubted whether he was fit for the task. He himself was quite aware of the risk he ran. But his heart was in the work. The India mission was very dear to him; and the love of travel, too, was still strong within him. He wanted to see the wonderful "tombs and temples,

and fakirs, and cross-legged, goggle-eyed gods at home; nor would he object to the glimpse of a tiger in the jungle; only he did not like those ugly-headed cobras—nearly as ugly as the Barony Kirk." Anyhow, a soldier, he added, "has nothing to do with the danger, but only to think of the duty." Alas! the danger proved to be more serious than he imagined. He was never the same man after that Indian journey. He came back, indeed, with a deepened interest in the mission, and a stronger hope of its final success. He came back, to plunge into new and exhausting efforts to revive the mission zeal of the Church, and replenish the streams of its liberality. But it was with a feeling of disappointment and sorrow that he went up to the last Assembly to give in his final report, and to deliver the great speech which was to be his last word of counsel to the Church—a brave and a wise word, whether we heed it or not.

A life so public as his could not well be without its disagreeables, though, to say the truth, they were not many. Dean Stanley seems to think that he had a kind of natural archbishopric in the Kirk of Scotland; yet the Dean might have known that mitres do not always light on the wisest or noblest heads. He was loyal to the Church of Scotland, but knew that a still deeper loyalty was due to the Church Catholic. He was not very careful about the prim decorums of clerical manners, and this of course displeased those who but for such decorums would have been "found out." He walked in wisdom toward "them that are without," and had a good report of them; but to the same extent he was distrusted by many of his brethren. He had great influence in the country, but many smaller men had more "say" in the councils of the Church. Indeed, but for the hold he had on the hearts of the people, I doubt whether he would not have been sharply dealt with in the matter of his famous speech about the Decalogue. The business is hardly worth remembering now, but at the time it was a source of keen pain to him. He knew that his view did not accord with that of many of his brethren, or perhaps with general Scottish sentiment at the time. He was prepared for opposition, therefore, and went to the Presbytery with the light of battle in his eyes, constrained by a sense of stern duty. But he hardly imagined that a mere formal abrogation of the Decalogue, with the view of introducing a higher principle of law, would be regarded as an opening of the flood-gates to licensed immorality. I thought at the time, and think still, that he unwisely

narrowed his ground, appearing to select for abolition only the best part of a system which was all disannulled by the Gospel. But there was no calm, thoughtful discussion of the matter possible at the time. He felt keenly the alienation of old friends, and the unfair abuse and misrepresentation to which he was subjected; nor was he greatly comforted by the approval which he won in certain quarters. For the Lord's-day was as dear to him as to any man. He only wanted it to be shifted from a Jewish foundation, and placed on a Christian one, with the light of Christian beneficence shining on all its arrangements. The result was altogether good in the long-run, turning men's minds away from compulsory Sabbatism to the great principle that "the Sabbath was made for man." Happily, too, the storm was soon spent, and ere long the Church, which had been on the point of trying him for heresy, chose him to fill the chair, which is the highest honour it has to bestow.

And his life was full of honours, as it well deserved to be. One in particular he enjoyed, which never before fell to the lot of any Scottish minister, except William Carstairs—he was privileged to be equally the friend of his Sovereign and of the people. The Scottish clergy are not to be blamed, that only two of them have held such a position. Their patriotism had often to contend with their loyalty; and it is to their credit that they stood by the cause of the people. But in these two cases it happened fortunately that they had Sovereigns whose friendship could be enjoyed along with the confidence of the country, so that they became the happy medium of good service to both. As to his relations with the Court, he proved that the royal confidence had been wisely bestowed, both by his careful reticence, and by the use he made of such influence as he possessed. Those who hoped to hear Court gossip from him were sorely mistaken. Even in his hours of most careless unrestraint that was a sacred subject, and all he said in the closet might have been proclaimed on the housetop. I do not believe, either, that he ever sought to exert his influence on his own behalf; but I know that he was always ready to bring under the notice of her Majesty any one, however humble, that he thought deserved her regard. More than one instance of this I could easily adduce; and I doubt if ever there was a man so greatly favoured and trusted of his Sovereign who sought less for himself than Norman Macleod.

Such as I knew him I have tried to describe him; but those who knew him as well will best understand how far I have come short of the reality. Always bright and cheery, even when one knew he had his own burden to bear; always in very earnest, even when he seemed to play and trifle in the wantonness of his gay humour; always ready with a wise or witty saying, even though you only passed him hurriedly on the street in a shower of rain; always interested in some one or other, for I think I hardly ever met him that he had not some "case" in hand—some poor human brother, about whom he had many thoughts and took

no end of trouble; always busy in some good work or "Good Word"—death came upon him while he was still in fullest sympathy with the great life that stirred around him, and full of hope for its progress, and doing his full share of its task; and so happily he did not live an hour beyond his usefulness. On Sunday, the 16th of June, he fell asleep; "burdened," he said, "with a sense of God's mercy," and leaving to the heavenly Father's care a widow with eight children. He sleeps in Campsie churchyard, near the glen where he watched as a boy the "squirrel in the old beech-tree," and learned from his brother James to "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."

IN MEMORIAM.

LARGE-fashioned, and large-hearted—Life and Love
 Found in him room for Action. Men to move
 Onward and upward to a higher goal
 Was the enduring Passion of his soul,
 Unresting and untiring. On the road
 That leads through man's humanities to God
 He stood, he taught, yet ever onward went:
 Not of his Sovereign only Friend and Guide,
 But of ten thousand thousands, to his side
 Drawn by th' attraction of his high intent.
 "Good Words" he spake: and left to cheer and teach,
 When he should be no longer within reach.
 His Good Works follow; by that Friend best known
 For Whom, and in Whom they were done alone.

JOHN MONSELL.

A CONVERSATION OF CERTAIN FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

MILVERTON. I want to consult you about something. But, first of all, I must tell you that there has nearly been a vacancy in the "Friends in Council!" I was upset from a boat in the river the other day.

Ellesmere. Good gracious, Milverton! How could you be so foolish as to let such a careless person as yourself go out in a little boat, for I have no doubt it was a little one, on this perilous river?

Cranmer. I must say it was very imprudent.

Mauleverer. One optimist the less: what a loss to the world!

Ellesmere. But tell us all about it.

Milverton. My godson, Arthur Travers, was going out to the colonies; and the day before he went, he asked me to go out for a row with him. I hate boating: one can't move about in a boat. What Dr. Johnson says of a ship,

is in my mind applicable to that lesser evil a boat. But when a young fellow is going away, and one may never see him again, one can't refuse him anything.

Ellesmere. He was not so idiotic as to let you steer, was he?

Milverton. No: but I winked, or coughed, or pointed to some beautiful building on the side of the river, whereupon the wretched thing, I think they call it an outrigger, turned over; and there was I in the water. Luckily it was near the shore, and somehow or other I got to land, having been immersed from head to foot. Not one of the least annoyances on such occasions, is the being accompanied by a troop of boys to the first place of refuge.

Ellesmere. That is one of the most curious facts in natural history. In tropical climates an overladen mule falls down upon the sandy