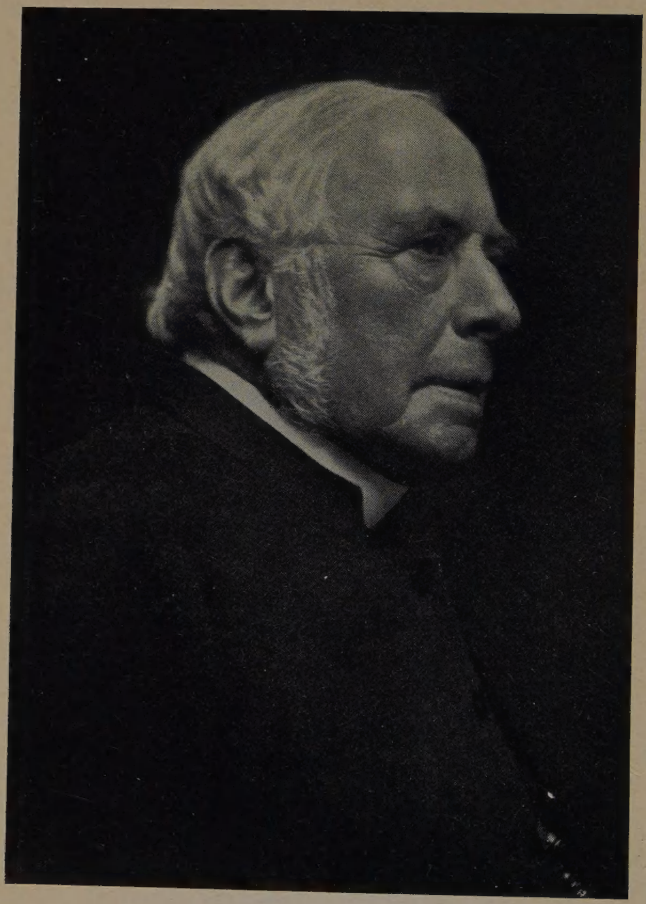

Yours very truly

Donald Macleod

DONALD MACLEOD OF GLASGOW

A MEMOIR AND A STUDY

BY

SYDNEY SMITH, B.D.

AUTHOR OF "DONALD MACFARLANE OF GIGHA AND CARA," ETC.

WITH PORTRAIT

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NOTE

The writer of this book is indebted to the members of Donald Macleod's family for much help in the preparation of it, especially for access to a Fragment of Autobiography, Diaries, Letters and other MSS. He gratefully acknowledges the services of others, among them various friends of Donald Macleod and certain who assisted him in the Work of the Ministry. He received help of a special kind, for which he would express his thanks, from the Clerk to the Presbytery of Glasgow, and the Session Clerk of The Park Church in that city.

S. S.

EDINBURGH,
September, 1926.

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CHAPTER I

" NORMAN MACLEOD'S BROTHER "

When on occasion the reader of these pages has been in the society of older persons, he has perchance heard himself referred to as the son of one whose name is plainly familiar there. Or standing amid playing fields he learns that he is known as the father of a certain boy. Elsewhere he is—" his brother's brother."

He of whom these pages tell stood in numerous family relationships, which, apart from any qualities of his own, would have served to distinguish him. He belonged, as one might say, to a solar system, and rays fell upon him from various spheres. In particular he was known as the " brother of Norman Macleod."

In this way they would introduce him at public meetings, and it is thus sometimes that allusion is made to him to-day.

Donald never took it amiss. The man who used the designation might seem to be scraping the strings of the fiddle, but to Donald himself it

was music. To wrest a scriptural analogy, in the popular estimate and to Donald himself his brother was "as the apple tree among the trees of the garden," and 'he sat under his shadow with delight.'

When he spoke at a meeting convened in the interest say of Foreign Missions, one seldom failed to hear reference made to 'that cause to which his brother Norman gave his life.' At the time when he was appointed assistant to his brother in Glasgow, Norman went on holiday for some weeks, and after Donald's first sermon, one who was an elder and a friend enquiring of the doorkeeper how he had got on received the reply—"Gran' man. Jist anither Norman—weel wattered." It was a story Donald often told.

When the Memoir which he wrote of his brother was the topic of conversation, he would cite many illustrations of his wit and goodness, and remark how difficult it had been for him to do justice to his variety and greatness of talent and to his nobility of soul. "When he mentioned Norman's name," writes one who was his assistant and friend, "his voice became pathetic and broken." Another remembers "the shadow of the violet grey of his eyes and the thrill in his voice when he spoke of his hero,

and how to cover his feelings he bent to knock the ashes from his pipe."

Already, however, in Norman's lifetime Donald was recognized as cast in the same mould. He was the brother of Norman Macleod with the common noun underlined. Face to face with Donald men seemed almost to find themselves in the presence of Norman himself. "On the first Sunday evening after my appointment"—it is a reminiscence of another who acted as assistant in the earlier period of his ministry in Glasgow—"he took me to the mission which had been established at Port Dundas in connection with his church, when he gave to the simple people assembled an address which for directness, force, sympathy and heart-searching eloquence reminded me of his brother." Nor was it otherwise at times in the General Assembly of the Church when he delivered one of his addresses on Home Missions. "When he rose to give in his report and speak on it," writes one who chanced to hear him there, "I hardly thought of him as a Macleod at all. I compared him as a speaker with himself as a preacher and noted his greater naturalness, his more direct appeal, the freer play of his imagination on the floor of the House. I saw, and vividly, the pictures of social distress which he drew. I beheld in the words of

sympathy which he spoke coins freshly minted from the gold of his own heart. Already I was gazing at the speaker : in reverie I saw ghost-like behind him the lineaments of another face and form. And when he went on to affirm how trivial, how useless certain current ecclesiastical questions must appear to those who were asking whether Christ was risen from the dead, the illusion was complete. They had been the words of Norman himself."

Certain stories which Donald used to tell of his brother by way of illustrating the unconventionality of his language, his special form of wit, the readiness to narrate incidents at his own expense, might have been true of Donald himself. "A rough carter came to my brother wishing to be a communicant. Norman asked what it was that turned his heart. 'Weel,' he said, 'it was yon night when you said, "I would see you damned first."' 'Oh, I never could have said that,' returned the astonished minister. 'Aye, but ye did, and it was awfu' true—for mony a time did I say it.' Then Norman recollected that when preaching on the love of God our Father, he drew a picture of a half-drunken father, whose little child climbed on his knee and asked him to be helped with his lessons, but who got for the only answer, 'I shall see you damned first.'

'It was real true,' said the man, 'for mony a time I hae said it, and it gaed to my heart and turned it to God.'" "Norman had for his precentor a blind man—Peter Wilson—who used to interest him greatly. After the story of 'The Gold Thread' was published Peter told him that he had had it read to him and that there was one thing that he thought a big mistake. 'And what's that?' asked the author. 'Makin' a squirrel sing a song; noo, if it had been a mavis or a sterling it wad hae been a'richt, but it was an awfu' blunder to mak' a squirrel sing.' 'No more a mistake to make a squirrel sing than to appoint a cuddy to preach,' said Norman, 'and ye ken that's sometimes done even by Presbyteries.' Wilson collapsed." "Going to the Barony Church one day my brother saw two urchins busy making a building of mud. 'What's that you are making?' asked Norman. 'We're makin' a kirk, and there's the pulpit.' 'Aye,' said Norman, 'but where's the minister?' 'We havena eneuch dirt to mak' a meenister,' was the crushing reply, and the big man went off rejoicing at the *bon mot* of the little mudlark."

The lives of these men ran along parallel lines. They were subject to the same parental influences; they both came under those of Nature at an early age and had for a time a common homeland;

they attended the same *Alma Mater*; they had each the privilege of a period of travel. Each was minister of three parishes in succession. They passed from country town to country town, and then to the same great industrial centre.

Both of them are seen reacting on their surroundings and pretty much in the same way. The squirrel in the beech tree near the Manse of Campsie haunts the memory of Norman, the snowdrops under the oak of the Manse garden live in Donald's, and for both the glen retains its romance. They answered to the wise and strong and affectionate guidance of their parents. They were observant, highly intelligent and enthusiastic travellers. In the early stages of their life and ministry both of them kept private journals, in which they are self-revealed as deploring the same shortcomings and aspiring to the same graces. In their country parishes they came into contact with varied types of labourers and townsmen, and not only did they use methods of social betterment in direct line with their calling, they sought also to educate the people, to inform them, to multiply their interests, and their efforts show originality and enterprise. The labours of these men in their rural parishes deepened their sympathies with all classes of men, led them, as has been already said, to devise new ways of

social amelioration, and go to explain the enthusiasm and initiative which they brought to the problems of the great city and which at length were placed at the service of the Church generally.

Their lives were like twin rivulets coursing to the sea. Donald was Norman's immediate successor in the Editorship of *Good Words*, and under him it attained its high water mark of popular interest and prosperity. One of them wrote in it stories, which when published separately delighted a still larger circle of readers. The correspondence of the other shows the eagerness with which his contributions to the magazine were awaited. Both were Royal Chaplains, admitted to the intimacies of Court life, their Sovereign a personal correspondent. They each held the Convenership of one of the great Missionary Committees of the Church of Scotland. It was inevitable that they should carry the family tradition a stage further by becoming, each of them, Moderator.

A young licentiate of the Church happened to preach in the hearing of Donald Macleod a sermon on the ardour of St. Paul; he spoke on some of the persuasions which had kindled the flame in the apostle's heart. The style of the discourse, as the preacher himself described it

when recounting the incident, was a little decorative, even flamboyant. "As soon as the idea of God's being reconciled to us in the Cross of Christ flashed on Paul," so ran one of the sentences, "he found his mind nimble and active as the morning air, his heart ringing with sweet and solemn tones, his will like a plunging horse eager to be away." In the vestry at the close of the service Macleod mingled a draught of criticism, to which, as was his wont, he did not forget to add a due measure of sweetness. "That was not Paul's idea," he said, "nor is it true. God does not need to be reconciled to us. It is we who have to be reconciled to Him. God has ever been the gracious Father. The Cross but shows and makes effective His forgiving love." It was because of the truth of the Divine Fatherhood thus conceived that the ministry of the Church seemed to the Macleods worth while. Norman and Donald were one in their love of it, their eagerness to preach it, and also in their determination to proclaim boldly and in many practical applications the principle of human brotherhood which they insisted was implicit in it. To the men and women of that generation, lending their ears to that message, it was liberation, refreshment, horizon, inspiration, hope. The character of these men represented, too, a new

type of Scottish Churchmanship, which served only to commend it, to reinforce its appeal.

But it was Norman who was first heard proclaiming the good tidings.

CHAPTER II

FAMILY PORTRAITS

The records of the Highlands bear witness to the existence during many centuries of a class of persons who leased from lairds with whom they were often connected by birth "tacks" or pieces of land large enough to include farms which they let again. The gentlemen farmers of their day one might call them. Such an one was the great-grandfather of Donald Macleod of this biography, his name also Donald Macleod, and his "tack" Swordale near Dunvegan Castle, in the Island of Skye. "An uncommonly nice house for the time," wrote our Donald in regard to Swordale when in his latter years, on a visit to "the misty isle," he had inspected the ruins. An uncommon man, too, the occupant, according to the testimony of the folk of the district. It was as a good man they oftenest talked of him, and one form his goodness took was his decision to give his sons the best education he could afford. Many spoke of him, too, as a man of God, and as the first to have family prayers in the neighbourhood. He was a man of God, again,

in the dream which he cherished that his first-born should become a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

Things worked out as Swordale wished, and it came to pass that his eldest son Norman, on the completion of his studies for the Church, and after acting for a time as tutor in the family of the chief of the clan, was ordained minister of Morven. A portrait of him by an unknown artist helps us in regard to the kind of man he was. One misses, indeed, his descendants in the proportions of that head of his, for it is on a small scale. Of countenance more austere than they, with cheeks unfamiliar in their sallow cast. Nor do the eyes gleam in their sockets; they are rather inserted as in slits. In these dark orbs there is a dreaminess, a soft meditativeness, a detachment from the world which we do not meet with again. The man is looking at life closely, discerningly ; he is anxious and he is puzzled ; such is the testimony of the lips ; but they break, as you observe, into a smile of rapt wonder. One associates the kind of countenance with that of a mediæval scholar, a scholar however rather in the realm of letters than in that of logic and metaphysics. It is in the love of literature which it suggests that we have a prophecy fulfilled in time

to come. As also perhaps in the downrightness almost to brusqueness betrayed by a turn of the closely cropped and white powdered wig, for where it falls and fits behind the ears it is seen to have a corner turned up as though the owner were resolved that you should not be deceived.

A letter which the subject of the family portrait wrote to his eldest son, also Norman, when having chosen the same vocation he had become Minister of the Highland Charge of Campbeltown, in the glimpses which it gives of the household at Fiunary, supplements what is conveyed by the portrait as to his character and disposition, and it also tells us something of his wife, a daughter of Campbell of Scalpa in Harris. He had a family of eighteen, most of whom died in early life, and "the large family," to quote the words of his grandson Donald, "was associated, as in many other instances, with a very small stipend which would almost have merited the description of the preacher of *The Deserted Village*, 'passing rich with forty pounds a year,' had it not been for the kindness of the Duke of Argyll who assigned to him the farm of Fiunary at a nominal rent." Porteus, to whose Lectures allusion is made in the course of the letter, it may be explained, was Bishop of London.

Morven Manse,
24th January, 1813

My own dear Norman,

Your excellent letter of the 8th was to me a comfortable piece of reading. It showed forth a pious sense of the goodness of the Almighty, a dutiful affection for your parents; benevolence and goodness breathe through its every line. Your observations on the first of the New Year are just and happily expressed. But may not some similar observations apply to every New Day? Every new day is the gift of God. There is nothing in Nature to make this day in itself more worthy of attention than any other. The sun rises and sets in common order. The sea ebbs and flows as in other days; some come to the world and some leave it.

Still I must own that the first of the New Year speaks to us in a more commanding and serious language than any other common day. The stroke of the great clock of time that announced the first hour of the year did not strike unnoticed by us. *Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni.* We in this house did not distinguish it by any common merriment or bacchanalian frolic. I opened the year with prayer. What more reasonable, what more gratifying to a rational creature than to show forth his gratitude to that great Being from whom we have all our comforts and enjoyments? The blessing of God has co-operated with our honest industry; our spiritual advantages have been numberless; we have had all that was requisite for the good of body and soul, and shall not all that is within us bless and magnify His holy name?

But to return. This pleasant duty being fulfilled, the bottle was brought forward of which some tasted and others drank, and had any of your Kintyre clergy seen the crowd (say thirty great and small

besides the family of the Manse) they would pity the man who, under God, had to support them all. This little congregation being dismissed, they went to enjoy themselves, entertaining each other by turns.

In the evening I gave them one end of the house where they danced and sang with great glee and good manners till near day. We engaged ourselves in a different manner. Had you passed in unnoticed you would have seen us all grave and studious, your father reading *The Seasons*, your mother *Porteus' Lectures*, Anne *The Lady of the Lake*, and Little Archie *Tom Thumb* ! Sometimes these studies were disturbed by jumping up to take off some of the dances in the parlour. I question if you in Campbeltown out of your numbers had better dancers than we had in the Manse !

Wee Norman must be a new and great treat to you in these bonny days of natural mirth and joviality, but not a bit more so than you were to us at his time of life nor can be more so through years to come. May the young gentleman long live to bless and comfort you ; may he be to you what you have been and are to me. I am the last, dear Norman, to recommend to you not to allow him to get too strong a hold of your heart or rather not to allow yourself to dote too much upon him. This was a peculiar weakness of my own, of which I had more than once cause to repent with much grief and sore affliction. But your mother's creed always was—and bravely she lived by it !—to enjoy and delight in the blessings of the Almighty, while they were spared to her, with a grateful heart, and to part with them, when it was the will of the gracious Giver, with humble resignation.

The writer of this letter was the father of a generation of ministers, of almost every one of

whom it has been said, and apparently always under the illusion that he who used the figure was the first to do so, that the effect of his preaching was as when the wind blows over fields of corn. It would seem to have been specially true of Swordale's son. "I have heard your father and I have heard you," remarked a native of the parish to the third Norman, the "wee Norman" of the letter, when he had come to be minister of the Barony in Glasgow, "but I have heard your grandfather preaching from a bare rock and flinging more eloquence out of his sleeve than both of you put together."

The Norman to whom this letter was addressed was the father of the subject of this Biography. He was successively minister at Campbeltown, Campsie in Stirlingshire, and of St. Columba's Gaelic Church, Glasgow. He became Moderator of the Church, and received the highly honourable appointment of Dean of The Thistle and Chapel Royal.

Here, too, a family portrait comes to aid us. These snow-white locks were his while yet a boy among the hills of Morven, and that bloom on his cheeks must be the air and sunshine and breezes that passed into his face. The perfection of form has undoubtedly behind it the sports and exploits of Highland boyhood and those athletic exercises

in which we hear of him as excelling when a student in Glasgow. There is the mild pure radiance of a star in his eyes, as well as dignity in the head.

His fellow Highlanders knew him by the affectionate name of "Caràid nan Gaidheal," "Friend of the Gael," because of what he did for the Gaelic-speaking people of his time. He thought out a scheme whereby the Highlanders should receive a general education through the medium of their native tongue; he pled its merits with success in the General Assembly of the Church; he travelled to the remotest isles in furtherance of it; and so general and generous was the response that it succeeded to the extent of two hundred and thirty-three common schools, attended by twenty-two thousand pupils. He provided, as it were, a continuation school for those who were educated under the scheme when he started the monthly magazine *The Gaelic Messenger*, of which he was Editor and to which he contributed, on the testimony of Gaelic scholars, articles written in the purest, raciest and most idiomatic Gaelic. Later, when a terrible famine occurred in the Highlands and Islands, he again girded himself to serve his Gaelic-speaking countrymen. He addressed meetings both in England and Scotland, one of them at the

Mansion House in London, at which a sum of £10,000 was subscribed, and it was calculated that mainly through his efforts as much as £50,000 was raised. At the request of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, he provided for its worship a metrical version of the Psalms in Irish Gaelic. A story which he told when he spoke of the difficulties he encountered in the preparation of it serves to illustrate his sense of humour. He had an Irish secretary, Thaddeus Connellan, and they were at work together on the twenty-third Psalm. All went well till they came to the words in the fourth verse, "Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me," where they could think of no suitable Gaelic rendering for the word "staff." Evening drew on; they were no nearer a solution; they gave it up and retired to bed. Dr. Norman was scarcely asleep when he was aroused by a loud knocking at the door and the voice of his secretary shouting, "I have it now, I have it now—'Shillelah.'" But as "Shillelah" is not usually associated with comfort, the proposal was declined.

He of whose life this book is an account, left in manuscript some chapters of autobiography. The narrative unfortunately breaks off in the midst of the years. There is an account of a visit

which the author paid to Morven in early life in company with his father.

From the Autobiography :

In 1845 my brother Norman, my uncle, Dr. John Macleod of Morven, and Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton, were sent as a deputation to Canada, and as my father had promised to dispense Holy Communion in Morven, he kindly took me with him. It was my first visit to the Highlands and made a profound impression upon me. We first went to the house of my brother-in-law, Dr. Clerk, at Kilmallie, near Fort William, and except for the steamer on Loch Lomond, we went in the coach which left Glasgow at 6 a.m. It was a heavenly day, and as there was a meeting of the Free Church Assembly about to be held in Inverness, the coach was well filled with clerics, but we left them to themselves in the front seats and got placed among a pleasant party of English tourists at the back. Never can I forget the pleasure of that day, when we drove through the glens and across the moors and beheld the glory of mountains and lochs and rivers. My father knew it all, the history and poetry of that romantic land, and held our fellow passengers spellbound as he told the old tales of the clans and tried to convey to them some idea of what the ancient songs meant. When we came to Ben Dorain he burst forth in the grand Gaelic version of Dunachie Ban MacIntyre, the poet who has clothed this mountain with a beauty that is immortal. Hear the opening verse of his description of sunrise over Coire Cheathaich :

" My misty Corrie where hinds are roving ;
My lovely Corrie, my charming dell,
So grand, so grassy, so richly scented,
And gemm'd with wild flowers of sweetest smell.

Thy knolls and hillocks, in dark green clothing,
Rise o'er the gay sward with gentle swell;
Where waves the canach and grows the darnel,
And troop the wild deer I love so well."

The drive through the Black Mount with its troops of red deer unscared by our presence gave a new interest, and then in the evening came the drive down Glencoe, over which reigned a mingling of the glow of sunset which with the dark shadows of the awe-inspiring wildness of the mountains frowning over the glen of sorrow, made every traveller silent as in some great Cathedral.

We did not reach Fort William till midnight, after which we were ferried across the calm sea to Kilmallie, reaching it about one in the morning. Never can I forget the enjoyment of that day. It was as a new revelation of the glory and beauty of God's world and of the romance of my native land.

Then my father took me to his old home in the Manse of Morven, that Highland Parish which my brother Norman described in the volume which bears that name. It was profoundly interesting to be there with my dear old father, whose heart went out to every familiar spot, and who had many a story to tell of those who had lived in the houses, too many of which were lying untenanted and in ruin.

As it was known that he was to dispense Holy Communion on Sunday, streams of people gathered to the old Church; the Sound of Mull was dotted with boats bringing worshippers, so that when we reached the Church we found quite a crowd met in the churchyard. I know of few more solemn scenes than the celebration of Communion in a Highland Church—the reverence and awe of the people and the pathos of the old psalms, when the line is read out by the precentor and the whole congregation catch up the

familiar words. The music may have no pretension to art, the voices are untrained, but there is a pathos in the singing of these simple worshippers as they join with quavering accents in the old minor tunes, which moves and thrills the heart.

In the evening my father preached in Gaelic from what is called " the tent "—a wooden pulpit placed in the churchyard. There was a great crowd of Highlanders, men, women and children, seated on the green grass : below was the calm Sound with the great mountains of Mull in full view across the sea. Close by where " the tent " stood were the graves where father and mother and brothers and sisters were buried. As he rose with his white hair to preach to the people he loved, most of whom had known him since his boyhood, he was deeply moved, and he moved the people. . . . As far as I can recollect he preached on Christ as the Water of Life, and began by describing what it was to him to return to the scene of his boyhood and how he was moved by the changes he found—the friends of his youth gone, once happy homesteads lying in ruins—but as he wandered round with a sad heart he came to the spring where he used to quench his thirst when a boy. It, alone, remained the same, and as he knelt and drank from it he thought of the Water of Life which was the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

From the windows of the Manse of Morven one looked across the Sound of Mull to Aros, of which Mr. Maxwell, Chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, was tacksman. The family derived its name from an estate—Maxwell—on the banks of the Tweed near Kelso, the name of which, meaning as it does " the well of Maccius," points

to the possession of certain fishing rights. One of the family, while yet a youth, had fled before the dragoons of Claverhouse to Kintyre where he settled; his descendants moved to Campbeltown; it is one of these, a lawyer by education, then Sheriff substitute of his native district, whom, now in charge of the ducal estates in Mull, we meet in Mr. Maxwell of Aros. When Sir Walter Scott, cruising in *The Pharos* round "The Northern Lights" landed in Mull and went to Aros, he greeted Mr. Maxwell with the words, "What! a Maxwell and a Scott meeting here! It ought to have been on the Borders." The son of the Minister of Morven married Agnes, Mr. Maxwell's daughter. Of her, too, there exists a noble family portrait. The features are clear-cut almost to sharpness now, but there is an overspread repose, the quietness of a dreaming heart that has crooned old melodies and listened to the lapping of waters on lonesome shores. The artist has caught in the look of the eyes a stillness which is absorption, the calm of extreme intentness as of a mother bird watching over her young.

CHAPTER III

"CHANGEFUL YEARS OF EARLY LIFE"

DONALD MACLEOD was born in the Manse of Campsie, Stirlingshire, on March 31st, 1831. Imagine the Southern slope of the Campsie Fells cloven far up by the valley of a stream ; on the banks as it flows downwards trees cluster; it is increased by various tributaries, and where under the overhanging shade it rushes through moss-covered rocks which lie in its foaming bed like emeralds chased in silver, the valley has become Campsie Glen. As, returning from the head of it and walking with the river you leave the Fells, to your left through the trees is the Manse, while the hills as you look in the same direction are seen to stretch eastward in a succession of slopes, which suggest a row of grim warriors straining their eyes across the wide plain to discern an expected foe. The last of these overlooks Lennox-town, two miles off, which at the time when Donald Macleod's father was minister of the parish had various factories, and numbered several

thousands of inhabitants, engaged, many of them, on the land, and many in industrial labour. When in after years Macleod visited the place it does not appear that it was the aspects of Nature with which he was chiefly concerned. "For when I saw," he remarked to a friend, after one of these visits, "the limited accommodation of the Manse, the small rooms of it and the primitive style of what was the old interior, and when I thought of my father and mother living there with eleven children and of the continual visits of guests, for people often came from the Highlands and stayed with us for a week or even for two months—how my father and mother managed to do it on the small stipend of a country parish minister is more than I can comprehend."

In the pages of the unfinished Autobiography from which quotation has been made, the writer gives some account of the early years of his life spent successively in the Stirlingshire parish, in Glasgow, in Loudoun, Ayrshire, in the Island of Arran and at Dalkeith, and of the circumstances under which he came thus to go from place to place. The reader is introduced to the simple ways in which his childhood walked, and to interests and traits which remained characteristic of him through life.

Donald Macleod

From the Autobiography:

At that time the Reform Bill had excited political passion to an extreme heat, and the operatives at Lennoxtown indulged in frequent processions with brass bands at their heads, visiting the houses of those who bore the hated name of "Tory." The Manse was more than once the object of such pilgrimages and I recall my childish fear as they came up the avenue. As a rule they harboured no idea of personal violence, although on one occasion a stone was hurled through a window and struck a sister. My father, in spite of his politics, preserved the respect and the affection of the people. It was a sad day for me when we left Campsie to go to reside in Glasgow. Sadly did I weep on parting with my Highland nurse, Annie Boch, as I called her, who hugged me with many kisses, and then, refusing to be comforted, I was placed in a big carriage with my mother who rebuked me for crying when she was with me, but in vain—"You never did for me as Annie Boch has done"—and so we started from the lovely country to the grey, smoky city.

. . . . . .

My father received at his house, 9 Bath Street, Glasgow, in order to increase his income, a number of young men as boarders. They were attracted to Glasgow by the Snell Scholarship to Oxford—and more charming young fellows could not be. My brother Norman was then finishing his studies at Glasgow College and became the centre instigator of endless fun and enjoyment when their studies were over in the "coffee-room"—as they termed their sitting-room—the scene generally concluding in a mock opera in which all joined. Poetry and wit as well as philosophy and grave speculations enriched the midnight symposium.

But if the change to city life brought new stimulus and enjoyment to the grown-ups, it had a most depressing effect upon myself. I recollect how I longed for the country Manse, and how I hated the grimy streets and the murky air. I had, however, one companion. One of our Highland servants, whose sweetheart was our milkman, took me with her when she went with him to visit the Hundred Acre Hill Dairy—to which we drove in the milk cart. How I enjoyed even this brief return to country life! But the chief joy was the gift, made at parting, of a little brown sparrow which I took home in a paper bag. The sparrow and I became fast friends. It followed me about, sat on my shoulder and fed from my hand, and the interest of giving it food and water kept me busy. I had no cage for it but employed one of those easily crushed blue bonnet boxes that are still in use. When summer came we were all to go for a change to Gourock on the Firth of Clyde, and for days I was engaged making the sparrow ready for the journey, laying in a stock of bird seed and other requirements. On the morning we were to leave my sparrow was hopping on my pillow as perky as possible. But alas! as I stepped out of bed I trampled on him, and beheld to my horror the little thing spinning round on its head with its wings fluttering, and when I took it up it was dead. Never can I forget the shock I experienced. My mother did her best to comfort me, but in vain. My grief fevered me so that I could not sleep, and it makes me doubt whether such pets do not often give greater sorrow than joy to children when by some such accident they die.

In the following winter, after our return to Glasgow, my health broke down and I was kept very much in bed and my mother became so anxious that she summoned the venerable Dr. Burns—the leading

physician at that time—to a consultation. He was the great-grand-uncle of the late Lord Inverclyde and wore knee breeches and an old-fashioned coat with large buttons. He was a picturesque figure with white hair combed back from his forehead. After a careful examination he turned to myself with the question, "Now, my wee laddie, tell me what you yourself think is wrong with you?" "Nothing," I replied, "but this dirty Glasgow." "He is quite right," said the wise old man, "and my advice is that he should be sent to live in the country till he goes to College."

That year 1837 was remarkable to Glasgow because of the election of Sir Robert Peel as Rector of the University and the banquet given in his honour by the Conservatives in the West of Scotland. It was the most notable political event of the time and the greatest demonstration of the kind ever held in Scotland. A special building of wood was erected to accommodate the crowd desiring to be present, and the enthusiasm created was extreme. Peel's supporters almost lost their heads with excitement. Nothing else was spoken of. My father, being Moderator of the Church, was called on to speak, and so greatly was Sir Robert Peel impressed by his oration that he never lost sight of him afterwards and paid extraordinary personal attention to him whenever he visited London. My brother Norman being President of the University Peel Club, which had been founded to support Peel's candidature, was called on to reply for the toast of the University and made his first public speech. Our house thus became a scene of keen political enthusiasm, and the gatherings of the young spirits in the "Coffee Room" were loud with jests and songs. It was also the year of the death of William the Fourth and the accession of Queen Victoria.

Brought up in this atmosphere I became such a keen Royalist that I insisted on wearing mourning for the King, and had my coadjutor in this a half-witted beggar who flourished a crêpe veil over his bonnet while he sat on the pavement soliciting alms.

At the beginning of 1838 Norman was ordained minister of the beautiful Parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire, and in obedience to Dr. Burns' advice I was sent to reside with him and remained with him till 1843. Nothing could have been healthier than the life I enjoyed. The Manse was delightfully situated overlooking the Irvine Water and among "Loudon's bonnie woods and braes." I was sent to the Parish school, admirably taught by good old Mr. Campbell and his son, and I took my place among the children of the weavers and peasantry. I can still recall the odour of the bread and cheese carried in cotton bags by those from the country for their mid-day "piece" as it was called, and the bespattering of mud received at the glorious game of shinty played on the public road. The teaching was of the admirable kind then furnished in our Parish schools and enforced by the healthful use of the tawse. Old Mr. Campbell had lost a finger, and his thumb was inserted in a hole in the broad end of the tawse, and thus firmly grasped he was able to lay on to the culprit with effect. I have been ever thankful for the experience gained by associating with these country boys and girls in that well-taught school. When not at school I was at work with the "minister's man"—good Robert Mitter—who lived in a cottage on the glebe and taught me to ride the black mare and to bear a hand in any odd work. My loved companion was a Skye terrier, the gift of an uncle, the most loving and devoted of dogs. We simply adored each other and my one difficulty was how to pay the dog tax which at that time was

ridiculously high. My brother, however, reckoned any work I did on the glebe as covering the cost, so that I had the pleasure of knowing that I myself paid for my dog.

Norman and my sister Jane who lived with us were most companionable and made my life supremely happy. Norman was a keen gardener and employed every now and then an enthusiast of the name of Aitken to help him with the flowers. When some favourite plant was expected to flower in the frame, we could hear Aitken coming at daylight to see if the bloom was out. Once a valuable root was bought, but weeks passed and there was no symptom of life or growth. A solemn consultation was held as to whether it would not be well to have a look at the roots, and so Aitken, with anxious hand, was told to lift it out, and on examining it shouted, " Dag on't there's an 'ee." Yes, there was an eye full of promise staring him in the face and filling him with rage at his folly in disturbing it.

As a boy I had all sorts of friends among the people. There was old " Sey," as he was called—a half-witted gaberlunzie who carried a big cotton bag into which all sorts of scraps were put at the different houses he visited. He was always welcome, and at each visit was asked to deliver his great speech made up of sentiments gathered at the meetings of the weavers, who were keen politicians and earnest reformers. Here it is, as I got it from an old parishioner. " Several of us, gentlemen, take liberty to say the times are not good. We hope times will mend when there will be big bannocks and big loaves. A wife in Newmills cries ' come in to your dinner—naething but pratties (potatoes) and saut. Cuttie (short) meat, cuttie claithes, cuttie starvin.' Jean Adam's coo deed o' poverty. Misery comes through the weavers' houses and licks up the porridge

plate. Such times are fearful for the poor among Christians. We hope that better times will come as quick as they can when we will get big bannocks and big loaves." This speech Sey would deliver on every visit, and it was a pathetic picture of a real misery which many of the poor hand-loom weavers were then enduring when their industry was being ruined by the recently introduced power-looms.

The cure prescribed for me by old Dr. Burns proved effectual. The open air life gave me at once joy and health. My whole being drank in the beauty of the green fields and hills of the valley which stretched up to where Loudoun Hill raised its romantic form above the battle-fields of Drumclog. The impressions of beauty still live in my memory, especially one day in June when I had come out from Glasgow and the richness and freshness of the young foliage and the songs of the birds were to me as the opening of the gates of Paradise. No education could have been better for soul and body than the loveliness which surrounded the Manse.

From the Autobiography:

That fatal year of 1843 which wrought such passionate divisions both in church and social life in Scotland, separated me for ever from Loudoun, for I was sent to a private boarding school in Arran, kept by an uncle and aunt in the Manse of Lamlash. The education of the boys was delegated to a tutor who rubbed in the rudiments of Latin Grammar with a severity that was sometimes cruel. The old Doctor, who was a splendid scholar, left us entirely in his hands and did nothing personally in the way of education or influence. We did not respect him much, nor did he deserve it. The boys were full of life and fond of adventure, but their mutual influence was not healthy, and I felt happy when, at the end

of eighteen months, I was once more sent to live with Norman who had left Loudoun for the Parish of Dalkeith near Edinburgh.

It was a delightful change—for the Grammar School was taught by a master of exceptional gifts. and there were some nice families in the neighbourhood, especially that of Mr. Scott Moncrieff, Chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleuch—the surviving members of which remain close friends to the present day. The magnificent Park surrounding Dalkeith Palace made a glorious playground, and many were the joyous hours by daylight, and by moonlight, in which I joined the Scott Moncrieffs, scampering by the Esk and among the rich woodlands.

CHAPTER IV

IN A RED GOWN

When it comes to depicting Donald Macleod as a student at the University of Glasgow, it might have been that "an unfinished window in Aladdin's tower unfinished must remain," were it not that one of the chapters in the Autobiography supplies, though not very fully, our lack of information. The brief narrative of these years gives evidence of his diligence, his power of making friends, and an interest, if not in letters, in men of letters, which was to be permanent with him, and which at a later period threw its weight into the scale, when he came to make one of the important decisions of his life. He graduated B.A. in 1851. We should think of him as arrayed in the red gown which was compulsory for those who attended certain classes in Arts and the Divinity Classes, and which used to call forth from the boys in the High Street the rhyming gibe :

Collie dug,
Hold up your lug
And let the gentry bye ye.

Donald Macleod

From the Autobiography:

In 1846 I went to Glasgow University, the old picturesque college of Scoto-French architecture in the High Street, amid the worst slums in the city. But once the courts were entered the students could not be but impressed by the academic character of the old building and by the sense of brotherhood in view of the many privileges the law gave them in their corporate capacity. The Professors lived within the College and embraced many distinguished men—such as the great Greek scholar, Lushington, William Ramsay, the ideal teacher of Latin, and William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, and "Logic Bob," as the inspiring Mr. Buchanan, Professor of Logic—was familiarly called.

I was there a student for over eight years and formed friendships which proved an inspiring influence. For at that time there was quite an exceptional group of able students, many of whom gained distinction in later years. Among my own classfellows there were five who became professors, Lewis Campbell, late Professor of Greek in St. Andrews; Dr. M'Gill, Professor of Hebrew there; Dr. Lang, father of the Archbishop of York and Principal of Aberdeen University; Professor William Jack, Professor of Mathematics in Glasgow; and Dr. Malcolm Taylor, Professor of Church History in Edinburgh, besides Sir James Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle; Adolph Saphir, the well-known London preacher, and Dr. Fleming Stevenson of the Irish Church.

It was a happy time of hard work and much good fellowship. The great events were the Rectorial Election, which often brought to the front many fellows, who, if not distinguished students, displayed an energy, humour, and debating power which in itself formed a valuable education. These elections

were always stiff fights—in which frequently the fight was more cared for than the politics.

During my time at College I had the great pleasure of meeting Thackeray at the house of the accomplished Dr. Scott, the well-known Homœopathic practitioner in Glasgow. Thackeray was at that time delivering his Lectures on the Georges in Glasgow, and impressed me by his unaffected manliness and kindness. Two interesting things he said remain fresh in my memory. He spoke of the incident in the Acts when St. Paul found the altar to "The Unknown God," and remarked that it was a mistake to suppose that the inscription referred to the earnest seeking after the true God by the ancient Greek. He said it was probable that he who placed the altar had received some benefit, but that as he knew not which of the Gods of the Athenians had bestowed it he dedicated it to "the Unknown God" who had thus favoured him. He then told me how he had recently been with Carlyle somewhere in the Midlands, and how sitting with him in the open air, and Carlyle discoursing *more suo* on some high-flown topic, Thackeray was attracted by the extraordinary sounds made by a pheasant in the neighbouring wood and said: "What a strange noise that pheasant is making!" Carlyle, rather annoyed at being interrupted, answered, "Something troubling its stomach—troubling its stomach, and it takes that method of uttering itself to the Universe," at once soaring characteristically into the Eternities.

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CHAPTER V

"THE PLAGUE OF MY OWN HEART"

TOWARDS the close of Macleod's university course and probably through the good offices of his brother Norman, he became tutor to John Callander, son of the proprietor of Preston Hall, Dalkeith. Here he learned to ride a horse, an accomplishment which in later life was to stand him in good stead at home and on his travels. He would recall in after years the rides which he took across country with his pupil, who was a keen sportsman, and he used to mention with pride that even when he felt that the odds were against success he would take the fences without a spill. He remained at Preston Hall for a year; and thereafter spent three months at Kilkerran in Ayrshire, where he acted as tutor to Charles Fergusson, afterwards Sir Charles Dalrymple of Newhailes, a life-long friend. Interest attaches to a Diary which he began at the former place of residence and kept with praiseworthy diligence both there and at Kilkerran.

"The Plague of my Own Heart"

From the Diary:

February 23rd, 1854, Preston Hall. I am now earnestly desirous that I may know God and love Him. I trust that I am converted, though I cannot date my turning to God. Yet with this desire of being better I can discover many false motives and deplore the total darkness of my heart and destitution of spiritual experience. Do I not desire to be holy in order to win praise of men? Is my wish to be humble not the proudest longing I have? . . . I think that what first woke me to self-consciousness was contemplating the stars, which led me into thought of Eternity. That was four years ago. Since then I have often been quickened by spiritual things, but have as often fallen back into torpor. It is my nature to be excited and led away by the impulses of the moment. May God give me constancy in His way! He has often made me feel my own weakness; yet self-confidence is as much my snare as ever. I pray but with much distraction. This should not be so. Let me always before beginning ask the help of God's Spirit, to enable me to pray in reality. When I think of it there is nothing I do not seem to need, and when I turn a searching eye into my own breast, scarcely can I see anything worthy of a Christian. Let me not be satisfied with this confession, and think I have relieved myself of danger, because I have said how sinful I am. Oh, that I may be enabled to guard against the deceitfulness of my heart! How I am puffed up in my humility!"

In theology my brain is all at sea. I think all systems right and all wrong. Certainly I have some main truths I hold on by, and I must see from these how I may build.

Friday, February 24th. Rose at 7. Read with J.C. to 8½. Scripture and Prayer—9½ to 10.

10 to 12 J.C. 12½ Scripture and Prayer. 1-2 walk; 3-4 walk; 4-6 J.C. Read a part of Adam's Thoughts, Maurice.

To-morrow I go to Glasgow. Delighted with the prospect of home. Social affection is weakness as well as strength.

Tuesday, February 28th. I am afraid I do not love God enough, or rather that I do not know the love of Him at all. Oh, to be filled with it! Without humbug I desire to be in earnest and strive after this end, yet not in my own strength. May I be helped!

March 12th, Sunday. A day of sunshine, pure air and blue distances. My heart felt free to love them all. It is an error in Puritanism to ignore the world in that sense. Beauty is of the Father, and natural beauty is so like Him, so pure, so harmonious, so "very good."

March 14th. No advance to-day as far as I know, except in experience of the deceitfulness of my own heart . . . Lord, when shall I dwell with Thee, know Thee, love Thee, and never be tossed on the rocks of my own self-confidence?

March 16th. 22 years old to-day. And yet I do not feel enough the solemnity of it. Oh, how useless has my life hitherto been! It may be that we can rise on our dead selves to higher things. God grant it so with me!

I have spent a most happy day. Walked first to Crichton Castle, and went through it. A grand old ruin; it must have been a fine building of old. The hall wall and ceiling most beautifully carved in stone, and the dungeons most fearsome. From that I walked to Borthwick Castle and went through it also. Then to the Roman Camp and home. Oh, the glory of the sunshine! and the happy look of the burn at Borthwick, a regular Scotch burn—pure and

musical—brought back the one at Loudoun so freshly to my mind. All nature fulfils the end for which God made it. Would that I too could join the company!

March 22nd. I hope that this book is not becoming a snare to me—a means of flattering my own vanity. I fear so. These days have not been good. Careless, allowing evil and sensual thoughts to possess my heart. Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth, that I may become pure "even as He is pure"!

March 29th. Yesterday and to-day have gone back further than I thought I could, because I am self-confident, and did not regard sufficiently the first symptoms of evil, viz: heartless, short, wandering prayers, evil thoughts and imaginations. . . . It is all dark about me and all hard within me. The Devil has the upper hand. Arise, O Lord, and scatter my enemies.

May 4th. Went to Shandon for two days. Was grieved leaving it. Its hills have been friends to me with most solemn teachings.

Sept. 26th. Have been reading hard for some time. Up at five in the morning and average ten hours a day. What I have not is this labour permeated by a sense of that end which it ought to have. Indeed, I am like a blind man groping. Learning is a mockery unless a man has his life in better things. Oh, Christ, to know Thee more! Would that that were my constant longing! But no, it is not. The sin of a divided heart is mine. "Blessed is the man whose mind is stayed upon Thee."

Oct. 5th. Been struck with a sense of the high calling and glorious privileges of a Christian—1st Cor. 3rd. We stay too long perhaps viewing our own ruins without taking advantage of and admiring the glorious temple that belongs to us. I am made

very happy by this view, and I desire to rejoice in the Lord who has thought me worthy of His Kingdom and glory.

Jan. 15th, 1855. I have been working a little in Pathhead and preaching to a ragged congregation in Mary Campbell's schoolroom. How strange it is to speak to and entreat men and move them and yet sometimes feel a stone within one's own breast. If what I do from the love of self-praise and vanity were taken from this work, I am afraid that little would remain as being done from the pure motive of "Glory to God." Yet let me praise Him that He overlooks the weakness of our works.

Sabbath, March 4th. Kilkerran. At the close of this day I have to humble myself at the footstool of God's throne for coldness of heart, divided affection, vanity of thought.

Puffed up with self-conceit. When shall I learn my own poverty? Lord, I desire to be made simple and childlike—ever to look to Thee. I doubt not Thy word of grace, but I pray Thee to fill my heart with a due sense of its glory. Show me my own vileness. Enable me to walk humbly.

March 17th. Have finished Simeon's Life and read Henry Martyn's since. What a character! What a baby, what a coldhearted, lazy, unearnest sinner I feel beside him! I am ashamed of myself.

I have had some happy views of the fulness of the grace of God.

March 18th. Sabbath, and my birthday. 23 to-day. I have spent the day in considering three things: (1) The sinfulness and unprofitableness of my past life; (2) The goodness of God in not merely preserving me in life, but revealing Himself in grace; (3) Dedication of myself for the future. I thank God for what of His spirit He has vouchsafed to me to-day. But I have to confess pride, formalism and

coldness. Lord, forgive me. Enlighten, purify, quicken, humble.

March 25th. Sabbath. Since my last entry I have been to Glasgow to preach my last discourses, necessary for licence, in the Divinity Hall. Had much cause for sadness over the transitory character of my Christian intentions. Found myself in Glasgow quite carried away by the bustle and excitement. On the National Fast Day was proud and hard. . . . Since I have come back here I have determined by the grace of God to walk more closely with Him. I long after a humble, contrite heart, but in general am conscious of nothing but pride, vanity and hardness of spirit.

To-morrow I propose to devote to prayer and fasting. Must seek specially the spirit of prayer. . . . In fasting I do not abstain altogether from meat, because I would get more evil than good from self-pride, and I know not it would tend to the concentration of thought on spiritual things. Again, it would cause remark. So I generally take half a slice of toast at breakfast, and perhaps a chop at dinner, so that I may crucify my appetites, and by the craving of hunger be kept in mind of the duty of the day.

March 26th. Spent some time in reading and prayer, especially prayer for conviction of sin and humility.

April 8th. Sabbath. Let me truly write how I feel. Friday and Saturday were as dark as could be, I saw all things intellectually, but only felt my own weak wretchedness. . . . To-day I have been more happy, but have had only glimpses of the blessedness of grace. Let me record what I think of my own state. (1) It arises from pride, self-righteousness and unbelief; (2) It is wrong to cherish this spirit; (3) It is looking on my own feelings for salvation, not to Christ; (4) To be miserable for sin is good,

if it be accompanied with faith. The truest humility is that which arises from being conscious of receiving all from God's free grace. (5) Let me seek God's spirit to check these states at the commencement.

I have had some conversations lately with a Roman Catholic footman here. I have been much to blame in not being altogether faithful with him. But what can one do with those who give their conscience up to another ? Why do I not intercede for this perishing soul ? O Lord, in all things I offend.

Monday, April 9th. Rose at half-past six. Read classics to quarter-past seven. Dressed. Scripture and Prayer from 8 to 9. Hebrew 10.30-12.30. Sermon from 1 to 2 and 4 to 6. This is my general arrangement. To-day I have been trifling with religion, that is, making fine sentences about it, fancying myself under this circumstance and that and always magnified. I am stuffed full of pride and vanity. It is to the very core of my heart. O Lord, I beseech Thee to give me such a view of my sins and Thy glory as will drive out these strong desires of my flesh. I fear my confidence in Christ and love to Him are not deeply founded. Oh, what tinsel is mine in comparison to Martyn's. Yet, if this be God's grace in my heart, it is no tinsel, but the same as his. Glorious thought—" God works in us."

Friday, April 13th. I have been in Glasgow and at the Presbytery. From the time I left this on Wednesday till I came back on Thursday I was in a state of perfect sin, the effects of which I feel now. In the first place going in the coach to Ayr I travelled with young Captain M—— from the Crimea. In order to please him I told a fashionable lie, but dishonest. Then I coloured over some of his brother's faults and did not defend tracts when he ran them down unmeasuredly. In fact, my whole

conversation was compromising and worldly. Then in Glasgow, at home, didn't I give myself airs in religion? What was I not going to do? Sacrifice myself for the good cause, etc., etc. On Thursday morning I got up late and said a hurried prayer of a minute or two, and in this state hurried off to be examined for licence. With J—— L—— did I not speak as if I was some one? Oh, miserable sinner! Coming back, what debasing thoughts possessed me! . . . Though things that might well have disgusted me were spoken by the passengers on the coach, did I not join in the laugh and then set myself up for some one? I pray Thee, Lord, have mercy on me a sinner. Oh, convert my conscience! To-day I have been in a wretched state. . . . What is to be done? I must betake myself to the unchangeable God, who alone can truly turn me.

CHAPTER VI

"THAT VARIEGATED JOURNEY"

THE Diary which Macleod wrote at Preston Hall and Kilkerran makes plain the trend of his interest and feeling at the time. The pages present him as indeed doing the duties of his station, but also as abnormally introspective, preoccupied with his own emotions, taking his moral temperature and as often very wretched in consequence. His state of mind is such that trifling offences are regarded as the greatest delinquencies.

But the reaction comes. It is indeed in a manner foretold in his Diary in the interest which he is there seen to take in external nature, and the faith sometimes expressed in these pages, a faith in a Divine, unchangeable purpose of grace towards him. In these and through these he is already outside the dungeon in which he is self-imprisoned. It is plain that in these "trans-subjective" elements of experience he finds relief, that they are to him sources of joy and uplifting, strength and peace.

A happy chance which worked out in the same direction now befell him. He is offered through Dr. Joseph Paterson, minister of the Second Charge, Montrose, on behalf of certain trustees, the post of companion and guide to Mr. George Keith of Usan, Montrose. Mr. Keith proposes to make " The Grand Tour," a term which is now out of use, but which for a young man of the period who was by means of it to complete his education meant wandering through the chief cities of Europe. Mr. Keith intended also a visit to the East. First Macleod's imagination kindles at the prospect; then he is cast down by the thought of impending dangers to his spiritual life, but at length he closes with the offer, and the emergency of his inner life is so far met, the problem of the sick soul up to a certain point solved.

The entries which he made in the Diary of his travels mark the change of attitude. The spirit of the writer is no longer that of the Puritan, the ascetic, the self-analyst, the self-despising critic of his own soul. He is not only in love with scenes of natural beauty; he is a close observer of what he beholds. His delight, for example, in sunsets is already the passion which in later years drove him forth on many a glorious evening. He stands before works of art discerning, apprais-

ing. His critical, inimical attitude to Roman Catholicism changes to one more sympathetic, more appreciative of its nobler aspects. He is not above chronicling "aesthetic repasts." His Puritanism assumes the form of a protest against what is base.

According to the evidence of the Diary, more abundant even than that supplied by the extracts given in last chapter, the feature in his character which he most deeply deplored was the lack of humility. He thought of himself as thinking too highly of himself. He finds in his actions an eagerness of presumption, an unreasoning and precipitate confidence in himself. Seeking humility, he spends, one might say days, trying to hammer into his soul the consciousness of his own vileness. In one of the entries that has been cited we chance on a truer conception of humility—it is 'the consciousness of receiving all from God's free grace'—but he passes from it to agonize again after a sense of unworthiness. The vanity of his effort recorded in the Diary goes to explain the wholeheartedness with which he now throws himself into other interests.

Self-examination, of course, is a necessity, for every upward striving life. Least of all men can a Christian minister afford to neglect it. Whatever place Macleod gave to it in after years we need

not doubt its value in acquainting him with weaknesses and dangers ere he shouldered the responsibilities of his life work. Nor need we regret the morbid form it took. The standards he applied to himself may have been trivially pious, and his self-reproaches indicated abnormal sensitiveness of conscience, but it assisted and measured the rebound towards a humanity rich in all kinds of human interest, on fire at times in the cause of a better and happier world, and, a faith in the encompassing, ever striving, and as he trusted, ultimately prevailing love of God.

The first stage of the journey was Paris, whither he carried with him an introduction to Lady Augusta Bruce, afterwards the beloved wife of Dean Stanley, who resided there with her mother, the Countess Dowager of Elgin. Through her good offices he obtained an *entrée* to certain well-known salons, where he met distinguished artists, philosophers, and men and women of letters, among them Robert Browning and Mrs. Barrett Browning. He makes good use of his time in learning French, taking singing lessons, seeing all that was worth seeing and studying pictures. Two months here, and he leaves for Switzerland. The route he chooses is the Saône, which he strikes at Dijon and after a hundred miles through "lovely scenery," which 'makes him

feel foreign for the first time,' reaches Lyons. On the Rhone, between the castled and cliffed banks thereof to Avignon, from which by rail he doubles back on Lyons: thence to Geneva. "After some mountaineering on the Swiss Alps," he writes in the Autobiography, which like his journal is a survey of these years, only more rapid and of broader sweep, "we went to Munich for a month, at that time a centre of Art, for the deposed King Ludwig almost ruined the finances of the State in his passion for art and artists of all kinds. Wagner was then becoming known, and we enjoyed some of the earliest performances of *Tannhäuser*, while almost every evening we went to some *Bier Brauerei* where with a tankard of beer and amid a fog of tobacco smoke we listened to excellent classical music performed by spectacled *virtuosi*, who played exquisitely."

"But Italy," he proceeds, "was the goal of our desires, so that it was without regret that I left Munich and drove by Innsbruck to Trent, and by Lago di Garda, Peschiera and Milan and thence, after ten days' sightseeing, to Genoa and Florence, where I spent a month of the richest enjoyment among glorious works of art, mediæval churches and grey towers." Then two months in Rome. Macleod used to tell a story current in Florence at the time of a party

of Americans who had entered the Tribuna in the Uffizi led by one of their number, who carried a list of the objects to be seen and who called out, " Now, what have we here ? We have here the Venus de Medici (giving each " i " an English value), check her off." Macleod worked through Rome and the cities he visited in a very different spirit. He did, indeed, feel at the end of his stay in the Eternal City, as he expressed it, that it had been like walking through a library, seeing the backs of the books he would like to read, but unable to master their contents. But he worked hard at galleries, antiquities and churches. In Rome, as became a member of the Arts Club, he made the acquaintance of many of the leading artists and had the *entrée* to their studios. One of those from his own country with whom in Rome he made friends was George Wilkinson, " the holiest and most consecrated soul he ever knew," afterwards Bishop of Truro and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

In Sicily Macleod suffers many discomforts from the state of the roads and inns of that time, but they seem as the small dust of the balance compared with the glory of that land. Through Rome and Florence again to Venice, where he spends July and August of 1856. As is witnessed by many pages of his Travel

Diary, Autobiography and correspondence, no poet or artist was ever more sensitive to its dreamy beauty or was more haunted by the remembrance of its blissful charm.

From his Diary :

On Monday the 28th May, 1855, we took our tickets at London for Paris, determining to come here by Havre and Rouen. We spent three hours at Southampton that night, wandering about the fine old streets which were the most picturesque I have seen in Britain. Very mediæval. Leaving at 10 at night in the steamer, we steamed in moonlight past the Solent when I went to bed, and passed a night where sleep was mingled with vows of vengeance against a Cockney girl and her cousin who insisted on walking the deck all night, and bumping into the cabin every five minutes. I had, however, the satisfaction of seeing her dead sick in the morning when a sea got up.

On the morning of the 31st we came on to Paris. In the evening went to the concluding service in honour of Mary on the last of her month at the Madeleine. The music was very grand. . . . The sermon which was preached I did not understand, but it seemed to be full of the " Mary blasphemy." The prayer perpetually recurring of " *Marie, Marie priez pour nous* " had the same effect on me as " Oh, Baal ! hear us," in the Oratorio of Elijah. Never did I feel the idolatry of Roman Catholicism so much before.

June 9th, Saturday. In the afternoon I spent an hour in the Louvre with the Old Masters. I delight to sit down and look at a virgin or saint till they move to the eye, till they live and breathe. When one

begins to criticize details and take the attention off the divine beauty of such a picture as Murillo's *Immaculée Conception* and to question the propriety of the hornèd moon on which Mary's foot is placed, the effect is at once destroyed.

June 15th, Friday. In the evening went to the Opera and heard *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* performed for the second time. . . . The music by Verdi was, like most of his things, very simple, and the harmony rich. The ballet I don't like. It is out of harmony with fine music, and though sometimes beautiful yet generally the movements are absurd and sometimes altogether bad. It seems as if the Devil, afraid of the good effect of good music, had thus managed to get in an element which would enlist the audience on his side.

July 12th, Thursday. Taking an omnibus we proceeded to-day to the famous manufactory of the *Gobelins*. This certainly went beyond expectations. I had seen some specimens before at Hampton Court and other places, but they seemed always deficient in colour and truth. Those shown, however, at the manufactory fairly astonished me. For softness and depth of colour they struck me as quite equal to many paintings and very little behind the sister art in truth. In the ateliers they are manufacturing some most magnificent specimens—a series of portraits of great men for the *Galerie d'Apollon* at the Louvre, and two large paintings are being copied from Raphael that are to my mind beyond description, wonderful. And such carpets. How any one would be so bold as to crush with the foot the soft full roses that seem to swell from the surface or do anything but sit and admire I know not.

At the end of the day I visited one of the *Crêches* establishments and the *Maison des Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*. The former was a small specimen of

the order. I was, however, much struck with the good practical character of the affair. There was no humbug—a simple room—cradles ranged down each side, capable of containing fifteen babies, and a little circular " paling " in the middle of the room with little arm-chairs round it for the children to amuse themselves in safety, formed most of the furniture, and two nurses and superintendents were all that made up the staff. The Institution is for the children of mothers who are out at work, who come twice a day to feed the young ones and take them home at night. It is supported by contributions and by the little sums which each parent has to pay. Many objections are made against these *Crêches*, first, as destroying the link of parent and child, and secondly as making the support of a child too light and thus making vice easy. To the first objection there is a ready answer, simply that this system is the lesser of two evils. In Scotland field-workers have to board their children often with drunken, filthy neighbours, and so not only is the domestic link as greatly broken, but an education of the worst description is forced on the neglected children. As to the second objection little need be said, as the support of the child can be made as heavy or as light as one may desire. As it is, every mother has to pay so much to *Les Crêches*. From what I saw and heard I believe them to be most useful institutions. The one I saw was not under *religieuses*, but others are, and the children are kept until passed on to schools in connection.

July 14th. To Versailles to-day. But how to describe it ? There it is—Louis XIV in masonry, artificial, grand, licentious, magnificent, filled with paintings showing forth the glory of France, and surrounded by gardens where the great aim seems to have been to leave no spot of ground, no shrub or

tree natural, to impress man on everything. I confess I was not much impressed with Versailles. It is to me a sad place. There is a " departed glory " feeling about it. The sad moral perpetually recurs of how insignificant was all the splendour of that wicked court as we see it now. It looks like an old flirt who has lost her beauty, but retains all the airs and absurdities that once became her, but now make her but an object of pity and contempt.

July 18th—Fontainebleau. Rose with the happy prospect of a glorious ramble in the forest, which, however, was soon to be dispelled, for it came on the most drizzly uncomfortable rain. . . . In the evening it faired and we had a turn in the grounds. The roads in France have the art of being soonest made the most abominably filthy in wet weather, and are the quickest to dry and become good when the weather changes that I ever saw. And here it strikes me that they are not unlike the character of the people, who in adversity are the most hopeless and become soonest light-hearted at the first beam of sunshine of perhaps any in the world.

July 22nd, Sunday. Lyons. To Vespers in the Cathedral. There was a service going on in honour of the excellent Society of St. Vincent de Paul. They went through the service and I joined in it with much solemnity and apparent heartiness. I felt for the first time the sense of worship in a Romish Church and that I was with fellow Christians. After dinner there was an old Priest in the salon, who seemed anxious to converse with us. We did so and in a short time got into the depths of the controversy. He advanced the old point. Reason is fallible, eternal things so important. God has appointed certain interpreters and rulers. The Sacraments, the simple word of God, to be accepted. I found my French quite inadequate to compete with

him, though internally I had many answers. He spoke with great earnestness and kindness. In a little another priest joined us, of a different calibre, hot and passionate and ignorant. His great points were that Rome had never changed, and that it possessed unity. I said that there was scarcely a century in which it had not changed the truth of God into a lie, in some point or other, and that the latest instance was the most abominable (the Immaculate Conception). As far as unity went, it was easy to have an outward unity when men were forced to lay down their private convictions and judgment at the foot of another. He was in a great rage, and then triumphantly asked me if Protestantism could show any who had suffered for their faith. I quietly reminded him of the persecutions in France of the Waldenses and the massacre of the Huguenots, and added that if he went at the present time to Italy he would find not a few in prison for reading the Word of God. He said all these things were inventions. Being in a great fear on account of the waiter who was listening, he would not allow me to speak, but rudely pushing me aside went out in great choler abusing Protestantism and praising the Infallible Pope. The old man, the first priest, was of a different stamp, and spoke well. He said that there must be a definite tribunal to decide what is the law of God. That this was the case in civil law and that England did not permit each person to interpret for himself or all would become confusion. I said that the parallel was exactly what proved my side. That England did leave every person to decide what was the meaning of the law for himself in the first case. That it said, " Thou shalt not kill," and left it to me to understand that according as I understood it I would answer to the judge. That with me this judge in spiritual things was God only, that with

him he had set up a tribunal between God and His law. Owing to the little command of French, I was unable to urge these answers as strongly as I could have wished. The old man was very amiable, and at parting gave us a most solemn farewell, warning us of the dangers we were running, with tears in his eyes, asking me to study the question and bidding me seek God's light in the darkness. That I would only find peace within the pale of the Church and by bending to the Tribunal of the Church. I asked what that was. He answered " The Pope and the Council." I asked again if there were not many Romanists who thought the Pope alone to be the Tribunal. He confessed that that was a point in dispute. Then I said that I must use what he called this fallible guide of my reason to discover the tribunal at which to yield it a slave. He said that reason was necessary to lead us up to the means, not beyond. This answer, however, did not seem to satisfy him, as it was so palpable a quibble. He asked me if I had any difficulties to write him—M. Joceline, Maison de St. Anne, St. Malo. He told me he was a Professor of Theology. I liked the old man. He was, I think, a real Christian though deceived.

Aug. 17—Freybourg. In the evening we went to hear the organ play. It is the largest in Europe—62 stops and 7,800 pipes. The organist played many fine things—one of Bach's, several of Mendelssohn's, one of Mozart's, and displayed all the different effects of tone, etc. As the twilight grew faint the effect on eye and ear was most powerful. Above the screen was an enormous crucifix, in front of the altar burnt a lamp; all else was in darkness. As I looked on these and heard the music I fell a-dreaming. The figure of our Lord seemed to have life, and the music to be His pleading. Indeed it was like a history of the world, now soft and still and comfort-

ing, and now loud as thunder. It seemed like a strife between mercy and justice, light and darkness, and as it ended in a sweet hymn of peace that died into silence, I felt in it a prophecy of the Eternal Love that would gather all into itself.

Dec. 4th—Siena. Rose at daybreak and went out to have a look at the town. Narrow streets—unkempt and unwashed faces met me as I went to the Cathedral. The light was scarcely strong enough to allow me to see this fine old building and but sufficient to excite my interest in it. . . . When I entered it was very dim—morning light colouring the old stained-glass windows—but even at that hour the burning candles showed the priests at service, and a by no means small number of persons were engaged in prayer. Workmen and workwomen before entering on the labour of the day were here on their knees in the solemn church. Such sights are enough to make one less boastful over our Roman brethren. It is good to speak of the closet and privacy, but where the one does not exist and the other is impossible, let us admire the propriety and devotion exemplified in such a case as this. I know it made me feel how little I ought to speak in a harsh spirit, but rather to go home and do likewise.

From the Autobiography:

Through Father Cruickshanks, Vice-Principal of the English Roman Catholic College in Rome, a Scotsman by birth, I had the privilege of being present—I believe, the only Protestant—at a touching service in connection with the College at which Cardinal Newman preached. The service was interesting for it embraced very many people of distinction who had 'verted from the Anglican Church. I shall never forget Newman's sermon.

As he passed the altar he seemed to crush himself down before it, so deep was the attitude of reverence. His subject was the most appropriate for his audience. It was a description of the trials St. Paul endured in having to give up the associations and friendships of his youth and student days when he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel—of his life as a Pharisee—the terrible wrench when he surrendered the faith of his childhood and embraced that new faith which commended itself to him in the sight of God, but was yet everywhere spoken against, and formed a breach between him and his former associates. He read passage after passage illustrating this, and one could not but feel that the picture he thereby drew was true of what so many of his audience had experienced when they left the Church of their fathers and broke so many friendships for conscience' sake. Newman himself was greatly moved, and more than once sobbed audibly as he read, while many men and women were in tears.

From the Diary :

Jan. 27th—Rome. Second day of the Carnival and first to me. I got a blouse and mask and arming myself with confetti and flowers went with a full determination to make a fool of myself. The Corso looked very gay—all the balconies hung with red and filled with beauty, the street crowded with carriages and men on foot—all in the greatest humour—pitching confetti, etc. There were many most beautiful Roman girls who distributed their bouquets in a dignified and elegant way to all silly gallants such as myself—who would toss them a nosegay of violets. It was very pretty, and sometimes amusing, as when the confetti fell in showers on some old gentleman's satin hat or on the head of an

absurd masher. There were many in costume and altogether the scene was novel and striking.

Feb. 7th. The last day of the Carnival. . . . As the dusk came on the "Moccoletti" began. The fun of this consists in some having candles, and the others trying to put them out. Every balcony presented the gayest scene of lights dancing back and forwards—figures in every variety of costume and attitude—pretty faces, young faces, old faces and ugly faces, all full of fun and excitement. The view along the Corso was most brilliant. It seemed alive with light, as if a swarm of enormous fireflies were swarming in the most absolute manner. We had great fun—forming storming parties—attacking balconies of pretty Roman girls and blowing or rather sweeping out their lights with our pocket handkerchiefs. This was not so easy a task as generally there were a number of male friends about who laid on you with knotted handkerchiefs, etc., etc. One time I got right into a carriage and succeeded, after a good struggle, in leaving them ,,*senza moccolo*,, the great cry under those circumstances. In a moment the whole thing, on a word from the police, ceased, and streets were bare and deserted which a minute before were as gay as a ballroom.

From the Autobiography:

After some weeks again at Florence we drove to Venice, visiting Bologna and Padua on the way. We passed more than a month during July and August in Venice, the hottest season of the year, but Venice requires warmth to see it in its glory. Those who go there in the chill and wet of Spring lose its charm. It is impossible, doubtless, to go about during the scorching mid-day heat. One has then to sit in a darkened room for several hours, but oh, the

delight of the mornings and evenings ! In the fresh cool of morning to go off in your gondola stored with ripe fruit bought on the Piazza, leisurely visiting the churches and galleries—and then away to the Lido for a swim in the Adriatic ! And then the evening glory—when the blaze of sunset lights up the coloured sails of the strange craft and the palaces are touched with a splendour which even a Turner can only suggest ; and then when the moon rises, how like a dream it was to row up to the Rialto to join the group of gondolas which followed, one of them brilliantly lit to convey the singers, who, according to the custom of that time, delighted us with their choruses. The absolute silence as of a cathedral when the rowers ceased to row—and the choir broke forth—ending in a long chant, which was echoed and repeated down through the corridors, whose walls were matchless palaces—until all sank again into silence. I loved Venice. It is the most attractive city in Europe, and when I left it, it was with the refrain of their own song :

" O Venezia benedetta, non te voglio mai lasciar."

In the summer of 1856 Macleod was distressed by news of his father's frailty, and was on the point of bringing his tour to an end. He wished, he wrote in a letter to his Aunt Jane, to gratify his father's wishes and be of use to him as well as to fulfil his own desire of being with him as much as possible. " Believe me," he continues, " it is not without a sigh of regret I turn my back on the East—Egypt and Jerusalem. So far from being quenched, my thirst for travel

is if anything greater. Yet good-bye to it all. Let that be dreamland still. It is a poor heart that sighs when enjoyment is over. . . . I feel besides that going home may be much the best thing for me in other ways. One gets very much secularized abroad, I should perhaps say worldly. So I receive it all as the right thing that I should go back to the mists and the cold, to the Committees and the meetings, to the mud and ministers of our dear old Scotland. I am prepared for a good ' breaking in ' to tough work. I cannot imagine a greater contrast with my present life. Lolling about in a gondola, seeing pictures and palaces during the day, and idly sipping coffee to good music in the evening, with all the soft influences of eternal sunshine and perpetual beauty. Trongate, Barony—Widow Macphee and social ' surrees '—I expect it will take some good ' gulping ' before I take ' nat'ral ' like to that food. Howsomever, ' gulp ' I shall, work I shall, and trust I may be able to do so with the least quantity possible of fume, fret and churchism."

He had, however, better news of his father, and he decided to adhere to the terms of his agreement by which he and his ward were to visit the East, and thereafter, in the Spring of 1857, he was to demit his travelling charge.

His itinerary was now Egypt, through the long desert by way of the Red Sea to Palestine, Petra, "a most wonderful city," Damascus, Beirut, thence by Turkish steamer to Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens.

From the Autobiography:

When in Egypt, Keith and I hired a small Dahabieh—with a reis and eight men, and spent three months in sailing as far as the Second Cataract and back. It was a glorious time, for one was as free as in a yacht, going where and when we pleased, visiting the historic temples at our leisure, shooting when there was game to shoot, and as there were two parties of friends sailing near us, we had races and were also able to spend the evenings together when convenient. And oh, the glory of the climate, the inexpressible splendour of the sunsets and the afterglow!

. . . The temple which impressed me most was Abu Simbel. We had come down from Wady Halfa and arrived there after sunset, but very early on the following morning—before sunrise—I went ashore and threw myself down on the yellow sand in front of the great statues cut out of the solid rock, two on either side of the doorway. As dawn lit up their gigantic faces nothing could have been more wonderful than their solemn beauty. They seemed to be gazing with a faint smile of holy expectation away to the distant horizon, far above the temporary affairs of earth. The sands of the desert had been blown so deep and high that only a narrow crevice was left at the top of the ancient gateway, through which was the only entrance to the temple. I crept

through this and slid down the sand till I found myself shot into pitch darkness in the vast temple. Groping my way I found a block of stone to sit on. As the eye got accustomed to the dim light I could trace the lines of gigantic Caryatides on either side, giving an impression of the immensity of the interior. The silence was very eerie, but suddenly I heard something moving in the far distance which sent a creepy thrill through me—then whack ! came a soft slap on my cheek. It was, of course, only a bat, but the brute did frighten me so that I woke the echoes of the vast subterranean cathedral with my startled shout.

CHAPTER VII

LAUDERDALE

On Macleod's return from abroad in May, 1857, he was appointed assistant to his brother Norman in the Barony Church, Glasgow. Norman went off on holiday for six weeks and left him in full charge, which meant three services every Sunday. In the following winter, at which season the real work of the charge began, there was assigned to him as a sphere of work, Port Dundas, a district where the people were poor and many of them degraded, in whose "mean streets" his duties were to visit from door to door. Now, and in after years, he felt the inspiration of the work his brother at this time was doing, and to him doubtless he owed the suggestion of various enterprises in which he came to engage.

Macleod began his ministry in the parish of Lauder in Berwickshire. Mount the gently rising hill to the west of the village, and look down on Lauderdale. The image that presents itself is that of the sea, when, greatly moved, it shows a deep trough, from which on all sides it is

seen to rise and roll away. The Vale of Lauderdell is such a trough; the hills are the restless silent waves: they swell, they mount, they rush—crested, eager, in all directions. The anxiousness, the tremulousness, the mobility of it all, and labouring in the hollow of the flood are the grey flotsam and the red jetsam respectively of Lauder village and Thirlestane Castle, which lend colour to the dapple green wave. The vision fades: we are among the Lammermuir hills.

Ascend to the east, and continue to face that way, and we are subject to another illusion. For behold a dark moor, Lammermoor it is, which leads one's thoughts by many tokens to the remote Highlands, but soon recalls them, for there are no whisperings here of romance and legend. One sees in the end only shepherds and sheep, and the starved imagination has to content itself with wool and the wool market.

Two stories of recent date show a type of parishioner one may encounter to-day; they illustrate too a strain characteristic generally of the inhabitants in the years when Macleod was minister. Some little time ago a visitor made an expedition to Dab's Hood, a rounded hill in the near neighbourhood. Coming back he passed some cottages, observed a young girl carrying

with difficulty a pail of water, and a young fellow looking on as she went by. As the maid disappeared into one of the houses, he said to the lad, "You should have carried the lass's pail for her." Meeting in the town one of the older natives of the place, he told her the story, remarking in the course of conversation that he was struck with her own straightforwardness and that he was sure she would approve of what he had said to the lad. "No, I dinna appruv'; I'd have carried the pail mysel.'" The Church of Lauder was built toward the end of the seventeenth century by the Duke of Lauderdale, a name hateful and justly so to the Covenanters. Characteristic of the period in its appointments, it makes an appeal of its own, part of which lies in its holy restfulness, that sense of sacred privacy along with that of common devotion which steals over the worshipper as he sits in one of the long, narrow arms of the Greek Cross which is the form of the Church. "If I were minister of Lauder," remarked a visiting minister from Edinburgh at the close of his service to the Provost, one of the elders, "I would change the church from floor to loft." The Provost replied with emphasis, "If you were minister of Lauder, you wouldna get it done." It said much for Macleod, that when referring to a community of which such persons

were representative, he used to speak of "loyal Lauder."

From the Autobiography:

In the month of January, 1858, I received an invitation from Lord Belhaven to spend a week-end with him at Wishaw and take a service in the Parish Church. I did so and to my surprise he told me after dinner that he had been consulted by the Earl of Lauderdale as to the filling up of the vacant Parish of Lauder and that he had asked me to preach that he might be able to judge of my fitness and that he would now write recommending me for the Parish. This was followed by an invitation from the Earl to preach at Lauder. Accordingly I went to Thirlestane Castle and was most kindly received by the Earl and his brother, Sir Anthony Maitland. After I had preached in the Church, the Earl called me to his private room and told me that he was prepared to present me to the living, but there was one matter in regard to which he wished to be satisfied,—that the people had a fixed objection to the reading of sermons and that he would like me to give an assurance that I would not do so. I replied that I could not accept the Parish under any such conditions, but that I could say truly that I had no difficulty in preaching without MS., and that I was very unlikely to do anything to hurt my influence with the people. The Earl was quite satisfied and then intimated my presentation to the Parish.

I was ordained on the 18th of March, 1858, and on the succeeding Sunday was introduced by my brother. The population of the Parish was partly agricultural and partly belonging to the ancient Burgh, having Provost and Magistrates and Burgesses, each of whom possessed certain acres of land

with rights of pasturage on Lauder Hill. It was a sort of " Commune " and there was much that was quaint and interesting in the character of the people.

Nothing could have been kinder than the brothers in Thirlestane Castle. The Earl of Lauderdale was in weak health and seldom went out of the house—a man of clear head and much ability—while the younger brother, Sir Anthony Maitland, an old Admiral, was a character Dickens would have delighted to portray. He was simple as a child and warm-hearted as a woman : ceaseless in his care of the people and deeply interested in the Church. If any of the workers on the estate happened to be ill, he was off at once to visit them, generally prescribing his favourite remedy for all sorts of sicknesses—" I have just given a Dover's powder," he would say to me, with a happy chuckle. There were many interesting visitors at the Castle—a really noble building, much of it being ancient—and it was my privilege to be frequently asked to meet the guests.

I found my parishioners very interesting and sympathetic and I heartily enjoyed visiting them in their houses. There were large farm " towns," as they were called then, with rows of cottages for the ploughmen—known in Berwickshire as " hinds "—a fine race of intelligent fellows who, I am sorry to hear, are dying out. Every " hind " had to keep a " bondager " or female field worker and there were also young farm hands who lived in rooms above the stables. The arrangement of Hinds and Bondagers had many disadvantages, for the ploughman, if he had no daughter of his own, had to receive into his family a girl picked up at the hiring Fair who would probably turn away if asked for a character. The houses at that time were also often very small, making it difficult to arrange for accommodating decently a strange young woman in the family.

Some of these girls, as might have been expected, were rough and lawless, consequent from the rude life they had to live—working like men in the fields and often exposed to coarseness and much temptation. And yet, to their honour be it said, I frequently found among them noble specimens of pure and godly girls who were helpers to me in good works.

The shepherds on the moors interested me greatly. Indeed, I hold that our Scottish shepherds are the most thoughtful and companionable of all our peasantry. I never enjoyed happier days than visiting them " owre the muir amang the heather." They were all gentlemen like our Highlanders, who received me with a frankness and self-respect which placed one at one's ease. Their lonely cots far up among the hills, pitched beside a clear burn, the rosy children playing at the door, and the nice tidy wife " ben the hoose " baking the " fadges " (scones made of pease meal) formed a picture of health and happiness which made the simple life very attractive. Although so distant from the Church the men were regular attenders. I well remember a snow-storm when the weather was so wild that as I faced the blast on my way to church I was considering whether I should not dismiss the congregation, but the first man I met was the shepherd, George Davidson, down from the hills, with his plaid swathed round him and plunging bravely through the deep snow. . . .

Among neighbours it was my privilege to become friendly with Lady John Scott, the daughter of Mr. Spottiswoode, who lived a few miles away and made me welcome at all times to her house. She was at once a beautiful woman of genius—full of the romance of the borders, and familiar with every historic scene from the Cheviots to the Eildons. She sang delightfully, and herself composed many famous

songs. Among others she was the author of the well-known "Annie Laurie." Not long after I became acquainted with her the great sorrow of her life fell upon her, by the death of her noble husband, Lord John Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch and a man universally beloved. The blow was terrible, and for a time crushed her. As she expressed a wish to see me, I went to Spottiswoode, but she was so immersed in grief that she would hear me speak only through an opening in the folding doors of the drawing room. It was difficult, but I was thankful for the opportunity of trying at least to help her in her sorrow and to be of some comfort to her afflicted parents. When she had recovered somewhat from the intensity of her grief I saw her frequently, and in a year or two she was able to enjoy in a measure her old interests, and used to make me sing to her some of her favourite Jacobite songs. She was a true poet.

About this time the country was visited by a revival which, commencing in Ireland, reached Scotland. I became interested in it and when in Glasgow I went to one of the meetings being held in a Free Church Mission in the Wynds, where an old class-fellow, Dougal McColl, an able man, was minister. I found the Church filled and sat away at the far end. One of the first things done was to read requests for prayer, and to my surprise,among the first was a request on behalf of my own Parish in Lauder. When the meeting was over I discovered that the request came from the Free Church Minister in Lauder. On my return home I resolved to ask him and the excellent United Presbyterian Church Minister whether, "holding the one Lord," we should not form a united meeting for prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I received a hearty response from the United Presbyterian brother, but

the Free Churchman replied that while he longed for unity, yet as long as Lord Aberdeen's Bill was the law of the Church of Scotland he could not recognise that we held the One Lord. I was shocked and at once gave up the project. But on the representation of the United Presbyterian Minister I got a semi-apology from the Free Kirkman and so we called a meeting of Parishioners. The Church was crammed by an interested audience, and I hoped for much blessing. But after a time these meetings became a sore trial to me, for the Free Kirk Minister, who had a large element of fanaticism in his nature, frequently gave what were to me most painful addresses. Instead of preaching the Gospel he indulged in realistic descriptions of revival scenes where people were "struck down," and strong men "felled to the ground like oxen." Following on this, he asked all to engage in prayer. For a few minutes he remained silent, until one felt the tension of suppressed excitement, and then he began, "O Lord, *do it*—do it now." So that I felt if anyone cried out we would probably have an hysterical outburst, with such phenomena as he had described, and more nervous excitement with its many risks. The consequence was that these meetings became a pain to me, and I found later on that these feelings were shared by my Presbyterian brother, who felt it all so keenly that he was disposed to stop the meetings.

After this experience I determined on making a new venture. I wished to get at the people at the farms, especially the young hinds and the bondagers. I felt convinced that they required more direct and systematic teaching than sermons in church usually afforded, and so I arranged to hold informal meetings at some of the largest farms once a week. We were to meet in the ploughmen's houses time about. In 1860 it was a severe winter,

with keen frost, the temperature sometimes marking six degrees below zero, and there were heavy snowstorms that blocked up the roads so that I had often to ride on my active cob across the fields. I carried a knapsack containing books, which constituted a small circulating library, and I was delighted with the reception I got. I found the houses packed with people—accommodated on planks of wood resting on chairs, while the boys and girls were posted in the box beds. I gave them each night a systematic lecture founded on the shorter Catechism —followed by a Scriptural exposition made as plain and descriptive as I could. I also attempted asking questions on what had been taught on the previous occasion, putting these first to the young people in the box beds, and when they failed to answer I repeated the question to the audience in general, while I looked at the ceiling to avoid fixing on any individual. To my surprise there was no hesitation on the part of the older people, for the system of question and answer created much interest among them. Before leaving, I distributed the books I had brought, receiving back those which had been read. I was satisfied that such a system was admirably fitted for thoroughly reaching the people —enabling the minister to learn their actual requirements, and to build up at once religious knowledge and character. But it was hard work, and combined with the severity of the cold it proved too much for my strength, so that I had a breakdown at the end of the season. But these meetings established a warm relationship between me and the people, which was mutually helpful.

Lauder, as these extracts show, marks a further stage of advance towards the things which went to make Macleod the man he came to be. The

entries in the Diary of these years confirm it. He continues indeed in its pages the self-examination of the past. But it has ceased to be morbid. He is impatient of persons and he finds many of them who make feeling the criterion of their spiritual condition. The standards which he applies to his own conduct are broadly sound. He is concerned, for example, about his desire to be popular, and is persuaded that in it lies the secret of his lack of strength of Christian conviction. He quotes in this connection the words of Jesus, "How can ye believe which receive honour one from another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only?" The burden of the sins and sorrows of his fellows presses upon him. On his 30th birthday he looks back on the way by which he has been led, and perceives nothing but love and tenderness unspeakable. One sees higher and clearer in his sky the truth which came to be the "master light of his seeing," "the fountain light of his day," the Fatherhood of God.

CHAPTER VIII

LINLITHGOW

THE natural charms of Linlithgow have been sung by two Scottish men of letters, Sir Walter Scott, who extols in his *Marmion* its Palace and Park, and Alexander Smith, whose poetical description in his Essay *Dreamthorpe*—Dreamthorpe being Linlithgow—is marked by tender feeling. Nature, however, by no means exhausts the interest of the Burgh. At the "narrows" of its struggling street, on a site now occupied by the County Buildings, stood the old house from one of whose windows one of the family of Hamilton shot the Regent Moray. Not far from the spot is the Cross, from which a steep ascent leads up to the esplanade in front of the pile of the Palace, while here on one's right, not less grand but redeemed from decay by noble restoration, is the ancient Church of St. Michael. In the Palace Mary Queen of Scots was born and spent nine months of her infancy. In the Church on the eve of the battle of Flodden, seeking divine aid for his arms, James IV had seen the vision of the man "clad in a blue gown," "bald

and bare-headed," " with red yellow hair," who warned him against " his passing at this time where he was purposed," and in the Palace they show you a grey Turret, " Margaret's bower," it is called, where his consort awaited his return from the " fatal field." The Palace was built by James I, and was the residence of all the Scottish monarchs who succeeded him. Oliver Cromwell destroyed private houses and public buildings to build with their stones a fortification. The Palace stands on a piece of land which pushes into Linlithgow's fair loch. In the burgh and in the neighbourhood are traces of ancient religious houses. A building of romantic interest disappeared in recent times in the Lodge of the Knights Templar, afterwards of the Knights of St. John, whose " square tower," according to an account of the building from Macleod's pen, " touched with many a tint of age, used to rise from a cluster of crow stepped gables, corbie windows and richly-coloured tilings " : in the reign of James I it served the purpose of a mint, and the coins that were struck bore the name of the town.

Daniel Defoe in the first edition of his *Journey to Scotland* reports of Linlithgow in the middle of the 18th century that it looked businesslike. " It has," he said, " a good face of business." The same might have been said up till very recent

times. Linlithgow has no longer as in Defoe's time a trade in linen, but other industries have taken its place and continue till the present. Its considerable trade in shoe-making, however, has declined since the days when the orders for military boots were executed there.

Macleod, who was presented to the Parish of Linlithgow in 1862, interpreted his duties there in a large way. He called on every inhabitant, and continued in his rounds not to differentiate between one denomination and another. The ministers of the other Presbyterian Churches resented this, and together drew up a letter of protest. "If he should continue the practice," they wrote, "it would bring to an end all co-operation." Macleod replies that as minister of the Parish he considers it his duty to visit all within the bounds assigned, without interfering with their church connection. He will not "purchase union at the price of what he believes to be his obligation and his liberty as a Parish minister." His brethren rejoin that if he considers it his imperative duty to visit his parishioners, he has not visited *them*, doubtless on the grounds of propriety and expediency, and express the hope that similar considerations will lead him to stop the practice of which they complain. Writing again, Macleod states that he calls on their

members as their Parish minister, professes to be their pastor as little as to be the priest of the Roman Catholics whom he also visited, and adds that he is only following the example of his predecessors. Macleod publishes the correspondence, and, in a prefatory note, explains that his reason for not visiting the ministers of the non-established Presbyterian Churches is not that they are Dissenters, but because they are ministers. "On this ground I would not dream of professionally visiting a clergyman of my own Church were he resident in the Parish, and as I have always thoroughly respected the official position of brethren of other denominations, I have not acted towards them in a different manner."

Revival meetings are a source of annoyance to him. Writing to his mother of a series of these organized by the Evangelistic Association of Edinburgh and held in the grounds of the Palace, he gives it as his opinion that there is an element of good and a mixture of vast impertinence in the whole affair. "I steer," he goes on, "a middle course, neither going much nor staying away from it. The whole thing has too much of Yankee spasmodics about it for my taste."

His Autobiography shows him construing his responsibilities very widely—so as to include more than indiscriminate visitation.

From the Autobiography :

There was much that gave me anxiety. There was no Parish Sunday School, and that had to be organized. The state of education was also most unsatisfactory. The Master of the Burgh School had been long engaged in a lawsuit with the Authorities and there had come a deadlock as regards teaching, and except for a Kirk Sessional School taught in a " loft," and one maintained by the Free Church, there was no instruction given to the people, and what was given was quite inadequate. I also discovered that a distressing number of grown up men and women could not read or write. The chief industry was shoemaking for Government contracts, and so badly organized was the trade that the men had to work till late on Saturday night. Sunday was spent in loafing about the fields, and as the work was not usually given out till Tuesday, Monday was practically an idle day, and there was much drunkenness. There was also much of the slum element and no little poverty in the population.

My first work was to get a hall built to serve as a Day School, and for evening classes and religious meetings. But as I felt that little could be accomplished without a revolution in the customary arrangements of the trade, I issued a handbill asking all the journeymen and apprentices to meet me in the Town Hall, which they did *en masse* in their working clothes, attracted very much by curiosity. We had a friendly chat in which I set forth the evils of the prevalent system and said that if they would support me I would do my best to get the masters to give out the work early on Monday, securing a half-holiday on Saturday, and promising games and amusements on that day in the Park—as the Palace grounds were called. This was accomplished, and with the assistance of the people of the town we got

up a series of games and races, frequently assisted by an excellent band. My experience in the attempt to teach the apprentice boys and girls—who were employed at a very early age in " closing " boots and shoes—showed that they were so tired, poor children, that it was impossible to make any real progress in the night school, and so I took the bold step of following the example of the great Sunday School of Stockport, and with an excellent staff proceeded to teach them on Sunday morning reading and writing, with some religious instruction as well. It proved a great success. We had a cricket and football club for the boys, as well as a flute band from their number dressed in Garibaldi shirts. An *esprit de corps* was kindled and I was pleased to see the lads coming of their own initiative to Church after the school had been dismissed. On the Sunday evenings I had services in the Hall for people in their working clothes, and was assisted by a succession of young ministers who were full of enthusiasm. I can never forget the devotion of my dear friend the late Rev. Alexander Shepherd, afterwards Minister of Ecclesmachan Parish, who gathered in his room a class of grown up people, men and women, who were anxious to learn to read and write—a touching sight—nor the manner in which he ministered to the sick, carrying soup and sitting up with them whenever he could minister comfort. Another bold step, for that period, we took by introducing an organ into our mission services. After one of these I asked an old woman, Jeany Ross, how she liked it—" Ah, weel," said she, " I canna hear it for the noise it maks." Evidently meaning she could not easily follow the tune. All these movements stirred some life in the population. One of the great events in the year was the Sunday School treat, when we marshalled about forty carts crowded with children

and teachers, and with flags flying, headed by myself on horseback, went off to some well-known place to spend the day, the whole population taking a keen interest in this annual event.

Two trying events made a deep impression. One of them was a railway accident in the neighbourhood —when the wounded were brought into the town and lodged in the hotel. The suffering of the injured and the grief of the bereaved formed a painful experience, although one was thankful to be able to minister some consolation and sympathy. The other event was a visitation of cholera. I had just returned from Edinburgh to my Manse when I received notice that an outbreak had occurred in one of the poorest " closes " in the town. It was a thick damp evening in November, not a breath of air moving, and a mist which distilled itself in drops from the trees. I confess that I was not free from a certain nervousness when I went off to visit the sufferers. I found a crowd of people standing in the street in a state of panic—so much so, that when we got out two nurses from Edinburgh no one would give them lodgings, and they had to be accommodated in the Parish Hall. When I arrived I found a bonfire had been kindled at the mouth of the Close to create a draught in the still, heavy air, and a man was engaged in white-washing the walls. So I had to leap over the fire and dive into the darkness of the narrow vennel in order to visit the dying, but when once I was there all natural nervousness vanished and I was able to minister to the poor sufferers with a comparatively peaceful mind. But it was unspeakably sad—so sudden was the outbreak and so fatal, for more than one died during the first night. The visitation lasted for several days, but gradually passed away. Among the victims there were alas ! some bad characters.

Macleod had been two years at Linlithgow when he married Isabella, daughter of James Anderson, Junr., Higholm, Port Glasgow. Common to both were a sense of humour and a love of nature, and—although Mrs. Macleod was a Lowlander—an appreciation of what was Celtic in song and literature. One of these characteristics finds illustration in an entry in Mrs. Macleod's diary when her husband presided as Moderator over the General Assembly of the Church. It is customary for the wife of the Moderator to keep a record of the events of the days on which the Assembly holds its meetings. The form which it usually takes is that of merely a series of notes of fulfilled engagements. In Mrs. Macleod's Journal the dull succession is broken by an exclamation : " I was awoke this morning by the beautiful song of a mavis." One recalls the words which, when driving along a country road in Perthshire, she uttered at the sight of some beech trees : " They meet me like a strain of music." It was on a high plane of relationship that she and her husband lived. He shared with her in his letters his sacred thoughts and feelings. He assures her again and again that their love has only deepened with the years.

In Linlithgow they lost the first born—a little

daughter named Margaret—of their family of six—four sons and two daughters. As one dream vanished, another that had been long cherished was fulfilled. In company with his brother Norman and Mr. Alexander Strahan, publisher, Donald made a tour—in his case a second time—of Egypt and the Holy Land, the story of which is told by Norman in his book, *Eastwards*.

During the time when Macleod was minister of the Royal Burgh he had the support and sympathy of every class of the community. Letters from his pen, however, show him from time to time in a mood of dissatisfaction with the results of his efforts. He is no longer interlocked in a contest with his enemy, the love of praise. He seems to have attained the mastery. "It is not popularity I want," he writes. "I do not know of a single case of saving conversion under my ministry since I came. Some of those I thought much of have been my bitterest disappointments." He must give himself, he adds, "to more earnest prayer, and lean more wholly on God." In another letter addressed to his wife, he deplores that during their time at Linlithgow they have been more concerned to be happy than good, but his contrition passes into gratitude to God for the happiness that has come to them,

and he is sensible of the worth of contagious joy.

One finds him already at this time engaged in the more or less regular observance of an evening ritual, which he came to practise, as often as opportunity occurred, in the retreats of his later years. He was ever on the outlook for a glorious sunset, and he would go forth, it might be many times in a week, when the clouds gave promise of it. "You have no notion," he wrote to his mother, "of the fineness of the scenery here. There is a knoll close to my Manse where I wander in the evening to get a sight of the sunset. And nothing can be more heavenly than it is sometimes, as last night—the magnificent Highland hills, fold behind fold, fading from blue to purple and from that to the most delicate lilac gold in the far distance."

CHAPTER IX

RECONSTRUCTION AND REFORM

CHRISTIANITY as presented in the sermons of the Scottish clergy of many generations was a scheme of salvation devised in the counsels of eternity, according to which some were elected to everlasting life, and Christ endured the equivalent of their sins in order that the divine purpose of election might be fulfilled consistently with the Divine justice. The humanity of certain religious thinkers of the middle of the nineteenth century was restless under this tradition. The words of Jesus in the Book of the Revelation of St. John, "And whosoever will," seemed to them the language of His wounds and to forbid the thought that Christ suffered only for some. The system, modified at this point, if equilibrium were to be maintained, had to be adjusted at others. God was conceived of as Love, the work of Christ an exhibition of this Love designed to break every barrier down and achieving its end in a filial relationship to God.

Thomas Erskine of Linlathen and John Macleod Campbell, minister of Row, whose

ideas on the Atonement, according to a Gifford Lecturer, were the best contributions to Dogmatics which British Theology produced in the nineteenth century, had been the first to labour in the work of reconstruction. At the beginning of Macleod's ministry the Gospel conceived as Love's appeal, Love's response, Love's way, was the burden of the preaching of Norman Macleod, John Caird and John Tulloch, the foremost orators of their time. It became as a fire in the bones of Donald Macleod.

Macleod's theology was affected by other influences. A Bill effecting certain changes in the existing system of education by the Parochial Schoolmaster had been passed, but there was a general desire for a scheme of national education adequate to the wants of the country. The prevailing interest led to the foundation of Sunday Schools and the introduction of children's services. When it came to speaking to the children, the Calvinistic system was felt to be unrelated to their mind and needs, and indeed to be unpresentable. It was not only Donald Macleod who told them that God loved them better than any father or mother, and that He delighted in their laughter, their play, their song. To one in the act of preaching this the old Calvinism became as the rumbles of retreating thunder.

The friendships of men are self revealing, and two of those in intimate relationship with Donald Macleod at this time were the afore-mentioned Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, the former, as it has just been indicated, a representative of the Broad School in Theology, the latter a Conservative. Erskine made prolonged visits to Edinburgh, and at such times Macleod lunched with him once a week. He used to refer to him as "a man of great culture and of original thought inspired by deep spiritual insight which largely guided his ever reverent treatment of the letter of Scripture." Principal Shairp lived at Houston, the ancient and interesting residence of the family. Its nearness to Linlithgow enabled him to make frequent visits to the Manse. In a chapter of the Autobiography Macleod draws a slight sketch of him and at the same time recounts a characteristic incident, of one of these visits.

From the Autobiography:

Shairp was a born poet, deeply religious and full of romance. Oxford had in many respects moulded his sympathies but he was withal an enthusiastic Scotsman. His veneration of the Highlands and of every scene associated with the poetry and chivalry of the Borders had been gained by long pilgrimages on foot. Grasping a shepherd's big crook—"a

cromag" as it is called in Gaelic—he wended his way through long glens and up mountains, as he went crooning some old ballad or weaving original verses of his own. My brother Norman and he were like brothers ever since they had met as students in Glasgow and together came under the spell of Wordsworth. He was one of the most devout and religious men I ever knew—and his talk was at once inexhaustible and inspiring. I well remember an occasion when he met Norman at the Manse and, the conversation turning on Tennyson, Norman who had been studying "In Memoriam," casually remarked that he was tempted to prefer him to Wordsworth. Shairp said nothing in reply, but when I accompanied him to the gate he grasped my arm and said, "I tell you what it is, Donald—Norman could have scarcely shocked me more if he had said that he had given up the Apostles' Creed!"

One is reminded of the fact that, while progressive in spirit, Macleod, like Principal Shairp, was conservative in matters of belief. To use a phrase often on the lips of his brother Norman, his ship was anchored but swung with a free cable.

There was at the time a stirring of the dry bones in another quarter than that of theological thought. For some little time previous to Macleod's appointment to Linlithgow the question of Reform in Worship, which had arisen out of changes made by Dr. Robert Lee of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, in the conduct of his service, had been agitating the Church. The question of

certain innovations was debated with great ability in successive Assemblies; the cause of freedom was at length won; members of the party in sympathy with it constituted themselves the Church Service Society, whose aim was "to promote a more solemn, uniform and devout worship by the preparation and publication of forms of prayer." Macleod was in the inner circle of those who were on the side of progress, and was among the first members of the Society.

The extracts already given from the records of Macleod's inner life show him as having already approached Macleod Campbell's standpoint by the thorny path of experience. The misery and vanity of introspection led him away from self to God, in the thought of whose loving purposes he now found rest and the promise of advance. It was not surprising that one who was drawn forth to behold and admire the glories of sunset should cherish the ideal of a reverent and beautiful worship.

CHAPTER X

GLASGOW AND BEYOND

It proved a difficult matter for Macleod to decide to leave Linlithgow. The Committee of The Park Church, Glasgow, charged with the duty of looking out for a minister, seems to have approached him informally through his brother Norman. Macleod declined to think of it. Members of the Committee again sought Norman with the question as to whether they must regard his brother's decision as indeed final. They gave him to understand that the Church was "splitting up," that the people were both disappointed and angry at the number of refusals, and stated that if Donald would come the call would be unanimous. He hesitated, and Norman, taking courage in both hands, advised the Committee to proceed. Their unanimous invitation left Donald of the same mind as before. He was happy where he was. He had, he said, a strong hold upon the people of Linlithgow. He had many projects on hand. Only if he were assured again that the position in The Park Church was critical, and that it was necessary to go in order to prevent the weakening

of a point which was important for the Church of Scotland, would he accept. He was at length satisfied, and in his letter of acceptance he states that he would be untrue to his convictions if he declined.

The district which The Park Church was designed to serve on the erection of the building in 1857 was part of the Parish of the Barony, but was not consituted a separate Parish till 1864. John Caird, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, was the first minister of the Church ; his immediate successor was Archibald Hamilton Charteris, later Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh. Macleod came next.

" It was for me a great responsibility," he writes in the Autobiography, " to succeed two such eminent ministers, and I began with fear and trembling, but the influence of my predecessors was manifest, and the tone of loyalty and brotherliness which they had inspired was most encouraging, and made the forty years during which God spared me to minister to this kindly and warm-hearted congregation a time of comfort and joy."

The years of Macleod's ministry in Glasgow were marked by many activities. He became a familiar presence at the meetings of the General Assembly. He would tell how he came to make

his first speech. A brother minister was heard delivering himself as to certain matters of which he and the minister of Rosneath had special knowledge. "It's either you or I, Story," whispered Macleod to his neighbour. Story looked elsewhere.

It was the beginning of many speeches. They dealt, the earliest of them, with the conditions, social and religious, of the people, and some of them made so marked an impression that when the Church had in 1888 to appoint a Convener of the Home Mission Committee, the thought of those whom the Assembly charged to make recommendation turned to Macleod. Dr. Archibald Scott, minister of Greenside, one who for many years held in the Supreme Court of the Church a position comparable to that of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, in a letter in which he offered him nomination, assured him that he could do the work as no other man could. "You would have the direction of the Scheme, the shaping of its policy, and be its apostle in the country." "We are," Dr. Scott added, "thinking only for the Church and not for your convenience or comfort or honour, for you are a true soldier, and will accept duty however difficult, if you can do it at all."

As one recalls Macleod's addresses to the House,

fragments worthy of remark come back. His voice became hoarse with excess of feeling when he spoke of the foolish aping of ritualism foreign to Presbyterianism. "The economic policy of *Laissez faire* is just French for 'Devil take the hindmost.'" He speaks of the academic, soulless character of much modern preaching, and rounding on the younger ministers of the Church with the exhortation, "Preach Christ, my boys," pleads for a ministry more distinctively Christian. "Our mission services must make men stronger for life, stronger for duty. Personnel, the character of the agents, is most important. The ministry must be exercised not in the interests of any particular congregation or Church, but of the people themselves."

Listening to certain advice which on some of these occasions he gave to young ministers, one found oneself indulging the reflection that there was present to the mind of the speaker an incident which occurred when he was assistant to his brother. "Norman had been appointed" —so he would tell the story—"to supply the pulpit of a vacant church on a particular Sunday, but being unable to go himself for the morning service he sent me. The church was crowded in expectation of hearing him and the people were doubtless disappointed when I appeared

in the pulpit. I noticed in the front gallery a working man in his working clothes, looking very restless. As I proceeded in my sermon the restlessness became intensified, when to my astonishment he stood up and shouted, 'I say my man, put awa' that pamphlet and speak to me.' The congregation looked aghast. One or two men near him tried to remove him, but he called in the same loud voice, 'Na, na, leave me alane and I'll gang oot mysel' and dinna tramp on ma corns,' and as he was disappearing at the door he informed us all that he had come 'to hear Norman and no that young lad.' I was thankful that I had what he had termed my 'pamphlet,' as without it I would have had difficulty in proceeding after such an interlude which had naturally excited the risibility of the whole audience. However, I came to see the wisdom of his advice 'to put away that pamphlet and speak to me.' I learned from my experience working among the people of my district that if one is to reach them, the reading of sermons must cease and the preacher must learn to speak freely and as man to man. For many years afterwards I took nothing but a few notes of my sermon to the pulpit, and found I could speak with perfect freedom and that seeing the people eye to eye helped me to adapt the teaching

to what I perceived was their requirements. One may sacrifice much of literary style—and often even blunder—but the direct address is undoubtedly the best for reaching the heart."

Matthew Arnold in one of his letters has distinguished in the advocacy of causes the way of persuasiveness and charm from that of fury and energy. Donald Macleod was not lacking in the former qualities when he sought to recruit to the campaign of social righteousness and reform. One had no sense of weariness under his classification of details as to men and money. There were vivid pictures of social distress, some of them tender and showing an artist's power of observation. There were charming asides. One recalls how once upon his departing very widely from his theme the Assembly became impatient and he ejaculated, "You say I'm wandering. I'm not wandering"—a remark so daring and so delightful that the Assembly laughed and applauded and with renewed attention sped the speaker on his way. The dominant note of these addresses, was, however, that of energy, passion and power.

It was characteristic of him that at a meeting of the Home Mission Committee when reports on the condition of the mining communities in Fifeshire had been read, he should have got up

and described it all as " a relapse into barbarism," appropriately as everyone felt. One is reminded of how when the nation was deeply stirred by wrong, the citizens of Glasgow looked to Macleod to give expression to their feelings, and he would do so with a force of language which the times seemed at first only to justify and then to demand. He shrank not upon occasion from references to "scoundrels" and "inconceivable brutality," and again and again the harshness vanished into the sense of " a word fitly spoken." Glasgow was at once shaken up and satisfied when at a mass meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, to protest against the massacre of Armenians, he rose and struck the table and said it was " damnable."

The Report of the work of the Home Mission Committee which is printed each year for members of Assembly and issued in the form of a *précis* for circulation among the congregations bore, during the years of Macleod's convenership, the impress of his personality. Dr. Archibald Scott in the letter referred to in which he urged Macleod to accept the Convenership did so on the ground that they wanted " a man who should be an apostle for the conversion of the Church." The members of the Church, that is, were to be enlightened as to the spiritual needs of the great

centres of population, and to the provision made and requiring to be made by the Home Mission Committee. These Reports represent one way in which Macleod fulfilled the expectation. They report the disposition of the Convener as well as the achievements of his Committee. The human sympathy and passion of Macleod's speeches reappear in such words as these: "There are objects which the Committee longs to accomplish: new enterprises which they are anxious to undertake." "The one true method," he writes again in language in which one seems to hear again the peroration of various addresses, "for mitigating the bitterness of social warfare is an increase of the Christian spirit among all classes, bringing with it mutual forbearance and a loftier sense of that one brotherhood which Christ taught in the name of the one Father. And the Church cannot set forth that truth effectively by merely setting it forth as dogma. It can find expression only when exemplified in actual life—only when brotherliness is made visible through the brotherliness of living men."

Macleod sometimes arranged for public meetings in the interest of one or other department of the work of the Committee, and on such occasions it was brought home to one afresh that the hopes which had led to his appointment

as Convener were true and not vain. At one of the most important of these, held in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, and typical of many others, the most brilliant dialectician and most persuasive pleader in the House of Commons was among those who spoke, who included leading representatives of the Church and the Bar; but in the opinion of numerous citizens of Glasgow, there was, and that decidedly, only one speech—that of Donald Macleod.

During the years of his Convenership Macleod initiated many schemes. The ancient order of Deaconesses had been already revived in the Church of Scotland by Dr. Charteris, Macleod's immediate predecessor in his Glasgow pastorate. The Women's Association for Home Missions that came to be formed to enable poor and populous parishes to avail themselves of the services of these originated with Macleod. It was he to whom it occurred to embody the idea of womanhood organized for parochial service in yet another form, that of the Parish Sister, who although she should not be ordained like the Deaconess, would like her be a woman of training and experience, and "under less formal conditions" act as Home Missionary agent in some centre of population. Macleod wrote to Lord Tullibardine asking him to address a meeting to be held in the

interest of the Women's Association for Home Missions, whose funds helped to make available the services of both orders of womanhood. "I know of no agency," he said, "more effective for dealing with the slum population of our great cities and the masses connected with our mining districts than that of our Deaconesses and Parish sisters—all trained ladies who have the gift of winning the sympathies of the poor and of the lapsed or lapsing." Let it suffice to make mention of one other of these ventures. It is to Macleod that the ministers, who are set apart to take the message of Divine Tenderness to the Lodging Houses and Hospitals of Glasgow, owe their sphere of service.

The state of the finances of the Church, as reported, to the General Assembly of 1896 led to a resolution to improve them; and the duty of preparing literature that should present the subject of Christian liberality to the Church in an instructive and stimulating way was laid upon a Committee with Donald Macleod as Chairman. The discussion, in the papers circulated, of the principles on which men should give of their substance and of alternative methods of collecting it, and the account of the varied activities of the Church for which support is sought, are so plainly after the Chairman's manner

as to render his signature to the documents unnecessary.

Brass plates inscribed with the words "Nursing Home" became familiar objects in the terraces of The Park Parish. There was also a Sick Children's Hospital in the near neighbourhood, and the roll of the congregation came to include the names of many nurses. Macleod, during the five months of the winter 1899-1900, when he was ill with phlebitis, had two nurses in attendance upon him. These used to speak of him as an ideal patient, doubtless in part because he made their interests his own. Florence Nightingale had been a contributor to *Good Words*, and had sought to engage his support in her efforts to raise the status of the nursing vocation. He came to know much of the conditions under which nurses lived; his sympathies with them were awakened, and he conceived and carried out the idea of a Glasgow Nurses' Guild which should promote in various ways their higher interests, and also that of a Nurses' Rest House or Club, in which during their free hours they might meet their friends, write their letters, and even spend a night.

When Macleod was Convener of the Home Mission Committee, he had, as has been already stated, shown interest in the patients of the

Glasgow Hospitals by moving for the appointment of a chaplain. On his resignation he became Chairman of the Committee of the Presbytery of Glasgow which assumed control of the Chaplaincy. In this capacity he drew up and addressed to the Directors of the various Hospitals a letter, signed also by the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Glasgow, in which the clergymen made request that in order to ease the work of the different chaplains the bed of each patient should bear a card of a special colour, green or white or blue according to his particular denomination. In no case does the proposal seem to have been carried out precisely as stated, but the result of the correspondence was to secure ministration for patients who might have been overlooked, and generally to extend the facilities and usefulness of chaplains.

One often heard in those days officers in "The Boys' Brigade" in Glasgow complaining of the indifference of the authorities in congregations towards the companies attached to them, and of their lack of sympathy with the movement generally. Macleod used to speak with glowing heart of this Institution at gatherings convened in its interests, and he often addressed the special Company connected with The Park Church. "I think," he said in the course of one of

these addresses, " Dickens was one of the first writers who created the modern sympathy with boys. His revelation in his pictures of Dotheboys Hall of how cruelly boys were used at Boarding Schools, and the pathos of his poor Jo and of the lonely little David Copperfield and of the terrible training of Oliver Twist awakened feelings that had long lain dormant. Then we had Tom Brown's Schooldays, and since then the boy has been a favourite with a host of writers, among them Rudyard Kipling. Even his two ill-behaved but heroic drummer boys in 'The Drums Fore and Aft' kindle our enthusiasm." On another occasion Macleod leads out, as it were, a whole troupe of boys, and hits off their differences of character. His youthful hearers are introduced to " the sneak," " the rogue," " the soft, spoiled boy, who cries at anything and a selfish wretch besides," " the notorious liar," " the foul-mouthed little beast " in more or less rapid succession. That the child is father of the man and that boys influence and are influenced by the set in which they move were among the strong, simple, familiar truths of these addresses.

The list of organizations with which Macleod was keenly, actively and for long identified during the period of the Glasgow ministry might be considerably extended. These were sometimes

as diverse one from another as "The Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society," as Director of which he continued a family connection, for his brother Norman had stood for many years in the same relation to it, and the Scottish National Council of Women's Trades, a body which set itself to expose the evils of "sweating" and to prevent them. He was one of the founders of the Council and a member of the Executive. Of his work Principal Sir George Adam Smith, who was Chairman, writes that "he remembers gratefully the assistance they derived from his experience of life in Glasgow and his warm enthusiasm." He alludes to the never-failing inspiration of his moral ardour and genial humanity.

There were perhaps a larger proportion of "the high" than of "the low" in his congregation, but even during the period of his life when successive attacks of phlebitis might have furnished him with an adequate excuse for not climbing stairs, he accepted no such plea. He made no account of class-distinction in pastoral work. During the days of his strength and his power in Lauder and Linlithgow and Glasgow he had carried on a door-to-door visitation of the Parish, which in the case of The Park included a district in marked contrast with its imposing terraces and crescents; and even

when he was forced to hand over this duty to his assistant, a United Free Church ministerial brother in Glasgow, who afterwards became Professor of Church History in one of the colleges of his Church, referring to this later period of his life, writes of him as " an example and model in visitation which is apt to be neglected in city parishes : I remember meeting him engaged in it when he was feeling the stairs, in the less favoured portion of his parish."

Macleod had a gift for organization even greater than this chapter makes plain. An emergency found him ready to draft a scheme at a moment's notice. He could by a look turn a man's indecision to decision. He had the instinct for the occasion when the accepted code of convention might be disregarded. Here is a typical letter:

1 Woodlands Terrace,
Glasgow.

My dear——

I am raising a sum for the cleaning of the Church, and I have put you down for £5, and you can send me a cheque as soon as you like.

Ever yours,
Donald Macleod

CHAPTER XI

EDITOR AND MAN OF LETTERS

Macleod's ministry in Glasgow was different from that of his predecessors. It was a ministry not only to the congregation, but, much more decidedly than in their case, to the country at large. He had been but two years in Glasgow, when his brother died and there passed into his hands the control of the popular monthly *Good Words*. As an editor he proved a friend and counsellor to men and women of letters. Many of them he never saw, and through the magazine which he conducted he rendered service to the English-speaking world.

When Messrs. Strahan asked him to succeed his brother in the editorial chair, they gave as one of their chief reasons their desire to keep the magazine on the old rails. He writes to Dean Stanley that the request comes to him as a great surprise. To his mother he expresses himself as full of misgivings. He feels, one sentence of his letter runs, "so unfit for the great responsibility laid upon him in *Good Words* that except for the

faith that it is given and that it is his duty and that he will get help he would gladly retire." Nor was he greatly encouraged by the remark of Queen Victoria on the occasion of his visit to Balmoral: "Your brother's mantle has fallen on you, and I trust you will feel what a call it is for exertion."

The confidence of the publishers was soon fully justified. The orchestra of contributors welcomed their new master, and the same brilliant music rose to his baton. He managed in the words of Dr. John Brown, who wrote him a letter of counsel, to "get new hands and secure the first crush of their grapes." One of those who had hitherto "found a platform in *Good Words*," alludes later to "the amazing spirit and energy with which the new editor is carrying on the magazine," and after a decade of control it was generally recognized that the importance and popularity of the magazine had vastly improved.

It was as a ministry that Norman had regarded his editorship and Donald brought the same spirit to its duties. The ideal which he had for the magazine was that to which he gave expression in the course of an appeal to a contributor for further assistance: "I wish very sincerely my monthly to do good work." He maintained the continuity of the magazine in all that had been

characteristic of it—its aims, its sentiment, its width of appeal, its balance of religion and culture; and he had his reward in the readiness of writers to contribute to its pages. Mr. J. M. Barrie bids him be assured of his affection for *Good Words*, and the pleasure it gives him to write for it. "I would much like," writes Miss Edna Lyall, "to find a corner in your magazine. I am a thorough Conservative in one or two points and have a special feeling for *Good Words* —and that dear old brown cover, the pictures of which used to puzzle me as a child." The popular American authoress, Miss Amelia E. Barr, in intimating her willingness to comply with the editor's request for copy recalls that "the Magazine was a part of her happiest days—her Scottish life." "It filled my eyes with tears," she adds, "to see Glasgow on your letters." Mr. R. D. Blackmore has had "to impose limitations on himself, and with great regret" to pledge himself to abstain even from *Good Words*. Mr. Quiller Couch assures him that it would have given him real pleasure to see more of his writing appearing in *Good Words*, "for I owe your magazine a debt of gratitude that dates back to the time when I was a very young reader indeed." "It is only the consciousness," writes Mr. Scott Russell, the naval architect and engineer, "that

you have so long done good work of which Scotchmen may be justly proud that leads me now to take up my pen in answer to your request and to play with my somewhat unpromising subject. I should be unworthy of my Scottish pedigree if I refused to co-operate with the good work done by your *Good Words*."

When engaging a writer to contribute a story, Macleod is careful to state the aims of the magazine and sometimes goes the length of indicating the sort of matter he does not want. Usually it is taken in good part and permission is given to the editor to remove passages that are not suitable. But it is not always so. Mr. Clark Russell objects to " the suggestion that he should do this and not do that, in the tale they are seeking to arrange. If the editor," he proceeds, " had read certain of his, Mr. Clark Russell's, works, he would not wish to control him as the helmsman of his own intellect nor define for him his operations in a field in which he was forced to feel and affirm without arrogance that he stood alone." Macleod, probably with the recollection that his brother Norman had paid Anthony Trollope £500 for a novel which had been commissioned but could not be used, defended himself on the ground that " he was preserving himself against a pig in a poke." Mr. Thomas Hardy, on the other

hand, is graciousness itself: "Should you on looking over the MS. as we go on discover any passages out of keeping with the general tone of the magazine, be kind enough to tell me frankly and I will do anything to get it right."

The reader of to-day would probably be highly amused at some of the changes which Macleod, out of regard to the crotchets of subscribers, was led to make in MSS. which he accepted for publication. In *The Trumpet Major* of Mr. Thomas Hardy, which appeared in *Good Words* in 1880, Sunday, the day of the week for which two lovers have arranged a meeting, is altered to Monday. As the appointed day draws near and during its course, allusions such as "that Sabbath day," "it being Sunday," as well as references to Church and Prayer Book are removed, and there are found to be necessary changes of a more serious nature which as made by the editor move one to admiration of his ingenuity.

Letters to young men and women writers enroll him in the blessed society of encouragers; sometimes he advises, sometimes he gives both heart and counsel. "This appreciation of yours," thus doth one of them express gratitude, "is so much more than the mere utterances of reviewers. It is the first ray of sunshine after a longer and darker storm than I can yet look back upon.

Indeed I will do my best now." "Your letter," says the writer of another acknowledgment, "has given me back more of heart and hope than I have known for many months." The praise which he bestows on the articles of Sir John Skelton takes the form of a contrast drawn between his style and that of others. "We have too much studio work—puir Cockneys writhing like serpents that knot themselves in the attempt to twist out style. Give me the natural flowing of the pure stream that you can enjoy without standing on your head to see what the mischief the fellow means." Here is a letter which Macleod wrote to Lanoe Falconer, whose *Mademoiselle Ixe*, the story of an English governess in association with Russian Nihilists, had achieved remarkable success. The authoress seems to have been deploring that the creatures of the mind, the Brownies, as Robert Louis Stevenson calls them—Sir J. M. Barrie's *M'Connachie*—which she relied on for suggestion, had been deserting her.

I am sorry you speak of your own little health. Never let me put it to a strain, but work, if not excessive, is healthful.

As to Louis Stevenson and his "brownies" there is a certain truth in it, but it has another side. In moments of real inspiration, when one feels it is given to one to say something, work is delightful and the "brownies" are delicious companions. But it

is extraordinary how often instead of being our masters we may make them our servants—by sitting down and with a pen compelling them to give aid.

I am often—to compare small things with great—at the end of a week without an idea, almost without a conviction, and with two sermons to preach, anxious, God knows, to have something to say to my people and for Him ; and when I feel as dry as summer dust, I am tempted to say, " No use, must wait for the afflatus—must take an old sermon this time." But it is extraordinary, how when the temptation is resisted and I sit doggedly down, something is given which ends in great thankfulness.

Sir Gilbert Parker in a communication to the writer of these pages gives his impressions of Donald Macleod as an editor, refers to what he was to him in the literary ventures of early life, and suggests how deep and wide his influence must have been.

2 Whitehall Court, S.W. 1.
18*th Jan.* 1926

I never met a man I liked better than Donald Macleod. He was a broad-minded, high-minded man, of a fine intellect, and of a generous spirit, and a most excellent Editor, associating himself with William Canton, who writes charmingly and has many remarkable gifts.

I have known many editors. W. E. Henley I put above them all. Frederick Greenwood—I wrote for him ; for Wemyss Reid, Sir Sidney Low, E. T. Cook, Greenhaugh Smith, for Oswald Crawford, for Hutchinson of the *Windsor*, for Lord Ernest Black-

wood of the old *Pall Mall Magazine*, for Sir Douglas Straight—for Clement Shorter, for Robert Barr of *The Idler*, and other celebrated—and properly celebrated—editors of our time.

Each had his own worthiness, and I was a friend of them all, but somehow W. E. Henley, Donald Macleod and Sidney Low got nearer to me than anyone else in the English editing world.

Henley was a cripple, but his mind was not crippled —it was a great, healthy, splendid machine, behind which was the soul of a real poet.

Donald Macleod had not the skill of a poet, but had the soul of a real Editor. He had immense sympathy with literary work, as my letters from him show.

The Battle of the Strong, I think, is one of the most powerful of the books that I have written, and that *Good Words* should have published it is a tribute to the broad and splendid spirit that always animated Dr. Donald Macleod. The world can ill lose such men—they are never really replaced, and what they mean to authors is well shown by the fact that while I live I shall always feel that Donald Macleod helped me, an unknown man, with the sympathy of an understanding editor and a literary mind. Good men leave behind them a long, long trail of high accomplishment. If he influenced me, how many others did he influence ?

Macleod's work as an editor went to make him the man he came to be in the relationships of life. The charm of personality is always illusive, but the attraction in Macleod's case turned partly on his sympathetic realization of another's vocation in life. He had an instinct for what your work

meant for you. He was your mate and comrade in it. The editorship of *Good Words* must have helped him here. In the contributions which he appraised, in his wide correspondence, he entered greatly varying worlds. He made in consequence an appeal to many who found in the ordinary clergyman few points of interest or possible contact.

Norman Macleod had been editor of *Good Words* for twelve years; his brother was to fill the position for thirty-two years. It became in the course of its history the property of various publishers. Transferred in the end to the Harmsworth Company it ceased to be a monthly at sixpence. It was issued as a weekly at twopence, and in this form finally disappeared. Its decay and dissolution were owing to causes outside the magazine itself. Started, as it was, at a time when Sunday was strictly observed, it served the ends of a *Chambers' Journal*—it differed in having illustrations—and at the same time carried with it an atmosphere which made it acceptable in homes that demanded "Sunday reading." With the ensuing change in the habits of the people, the magazine ceased to have a *raison d'être*.

Two years after Norman Macleod's death, Macleod set himself to write his brother's life.

The book had a wide circulation and made a great impression. Some of its many readers wrote to him of being, as they read, "heightened into laughter and broken into tears." Others confessed to being sent to their knees; very many told of the good the book had done them; there were those whom it drew into the Ministry of the Church. Professor John Stuart Blackie, asked by the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* to draw up for his readers a list of the Best Hundred Books, entered it on the list. The book is now out of print; but one hears of the eagerness with which second-hand copies are bought. He who pens these lines remembers when he was a boy of ten or twelve the *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* came into his hands, and when he had finished reading it he became moody and depressed, and at length sought a quiet corner and found relief in tears, and on one drawing near to learn what it was that troubled him and to comfort he explained that it was because Norman Macleod was dead. Surely, it is more than remarkable testimony to the literary power of a biographer that he could so present his subject as to make a boy so young feel that in his passing he had lost a friend.

Macleod's powers in respect of biographical writing appear in various articles and lectures

on the lives of great men. A man of science, whose researches in a special department of Chemistry are known far beyond these shores, when reading a volume containing a course of Lectures delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, was led to contrast a Lecture which appeared there under the name of Donald Macleod with that written by a distinguished contemporary. He remarked: "L— learns his lesson as he goes. Donald Macleod sees the thing first and then writes his vision with glowing heart." A similar observation is true of a lecture on Chalmers which formed one of another St. Giles' Series, and which brought him many letters from Churchmen both because of the fidelity of the portrait, and because, it may be mentioned, of his delicate handling of the crisis of 1843 in the history of the Church of Scotland, and it might be passed on many biographical notices which he wrote for *Good Words*. To these Florence Nightingale once referred thus: "We miss your beautiful short biographies of great men that we used to have." A letter in which Sir William Robertson Nicoll pled with him to set down his reminiscences in autobiographical form ended with the assurance: "You were never so happy as in biographical work."

On the evidence of various articles in *Good*

Words one may regard him as very happy when writing of Nature. Trees, rivers, mountains, the sea—his vision of these embraces details which have escaped one, and the colours of the descriptions have often the freshness of a dream. "Each tree"—he is writing of birch trees in Braemar—"forms a picture, rising with silvery stem to its light crest, from which the tendrils, covered with dancing leaves, fall back again to earth—as a fountain shoots up to send down its shower of sparkling water-drops around its shining column." "Not an air moving"—in a sketch of a winter day—"to shake down the crystals that encrust every twig with silver." "The hollies," he continues, "sparkle with a million lights and the russet of the faded beech leaves still clinging to the branches glows and burns." "Nature," he proceeds, "appears waiting and listening as if harbouring a sweet secret—perhaps it is still the unmuttered promise of Spring." "Rivers," it is written in another place, "have always to the imagination a certain conscious personality, and this is natural, for they assume such variety of aspect, bright or dark, still or loud, yielding themselves now to a landscape teaming with wealth, or with their flashing waters giving vitality to a scenery otherwise weird and desolate, and under all circum-

stances from their ceaseless motion and continuity of progress suggesting individuality and purpose, that it is no wonder poets in every age have regarded them as conscious beings." "We had tropic rain"—an account of a voyage—"and tropical lightning, both on a grand scale. The rain came down almost solid, spouting in floods from the upper deck and hissing like hail along the boiling surface of the sea. The effect was curious, when the waves which had been breaking in foam were crushed by the rain drops into a forced calm. Every ripple became smoothly defined, so that one saw the anatomy, as it were, of the wave form and wave motion, each articulation and swelling surface standing out like the muscles on the torso of a Hercules, while the smoke of the rain drove all the while along the ocean plain."

CHAPTER XII

ECCLESIASTICAL

In 1894 Macleod was designated Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the following year. In a letter which Professor Henry Cowan wrote him on learning the name of the nominee of the College of Ex-Moderators the thoughts of many hearts were revealed. He congratulates him on "the personal honour, pre-eminently well deserved, on the tribal honour of another worthy man, a fourth, being added to the roll of Macleod Moderators, and on the civic honour of Glasgow for the third time in succession being asked to give to the Church and her Assembly *vir dignissimus*—a civic honour," the writer adds, "which is also personal, for what in most cases would have raised an outcry from neglected provincials has in the case of Donald Macleod been received with general acclamation."

His address to the Assembly—it fell to him as Moderator to deliver such at the close—he entitled *Lines of Progress*. In a historical survey he spoke of the Moderatorships of his father,

"the friend of the Gael," his uncle, Dr. John Macleod of Morven, and his brother Norman as each of them marking the advance of the army of the Church in some particular direction; he reviewed the existing situation and reported further progress along these several paths. He encouraged the Church to march forward towards other points, and worked into his deliverance with skill of arrangement and studied expression the ruling practical ideas of his life.

Macleod had been zealous in the cause of all that bore on the well-being of working people; he had regarded himself as providing good literature for the English-speaking world and as a servant of young men and women who were ambitious of distinction in letters; his Moderatorship he seemed to interpret as a call to him to do something for Scottish Presbyterianism and for greater unity among the Churches.

The Conference of Bishops which met at Lambeth in the year 1896 passed a resolution which is worded in a vague and even confused manner, but seems to recommend that Committees of Bishops be formed to represent the point of view of the Church of England at conferences on the subject of Unity that might be held "between different Christian bodies." It was interpreted by Bishop Wilkinson of St. Andrews

and his brethren on the bench of Scottish Bishops as authorizing them to hold private conference with members of the Presbyterian churches in Scotland to consider the practicability of a day of intercession on behalf of re-union.

Various meetings of the kind, over which Bishop Wilkinson presided, took place. Macleod, however, had his misgivings as to whether the minds of the Bishops were not closed on the subject of Episcopal and Presbyterian orders. He might have had none had he read the words of the resolution referred to, for the Bishops are apparently only "to give counsel." He had, however, his chance of learning how matters stood, and he took it with characteristic courage in a conversation which he had with Bishop Harrison of Glasgow. He mentioned to him the case of a young lady communicant of The Park Church, who had married an Episcopalian, who lived with her husband in Glasgow, and who had been refused admission to Communion unless she consented to be confirmed. Dr. Harrison's reply to Macleod's protest was that his clergy were bound by the Rubric following the Confirmation service in the Prayer Book, according to which "There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed or be ready and desirous to

be confirmed." Macleod on returning home read the particular direction on Confirmation, and communicated to the Bishop his reflections. "The Rubric following the confirmation service," he writes, "cannot well be understood without being taken along with that following the catechism; and the phrase in the former, 'none shall be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed or be ready and desirous to be confirmed,' must, with the word 'admitted,' be regarded, it seems to me, as referring to *admission for the first time*. This 'admission' is evidently looked upon as the concluding step in the various stages from Baptism, followed by instruction in the Catechism, Creeds, Lord's Prayer, etc., leading to confirmation and finally to 'admission' to Communion, whereby the Church trains those who have been born within her pale from infancy to full membership. But it surely cannot be intended to apply to those who are already in full communion with another Church. Such an application of the Rubric would be equivalent to the assumption that their former communion had been *no communion at all*, and I need not remind you that such a position, if assumed, would not only be out of harmony with the views held by many Theologians of eminence,

past and present, in the Episcopal Church, but that it is one which if decisively taken regarding the Church of Scotland would excite keen feeling and create an intolerable position between our two churches." The Bishop replies that he has laid the letter before his fellow Bishops of the Scottish Church, and that the plan which had commended itself to them was that he and Bishop Wilkinson, the latter as representing the Bishops, should meet with Macleod and discuss the issue raised. The *modus vivendi* which the parties in turn submit to one another is an interesting study in the ecclesiastical mind. Macleod in a statement which he has drafted and lays before them at their conference asks them to declare that "the requirement of the confirmation of those who have already been in communion with non-episcopal Churches is not intended as a denial of the validity of the sacraments of the Church they have left—a matter on which this Church has never made a pronouncement," and also formulates the resolution that they shall not enforce the rite of confirmation in cases where there are conscientious scruples. Macleod in fact offers them a form of words which does not commit them, and supplements it with another form of words, consent to which is recognition of the validity of the Presbyterian

rite of Communion. They accept the first of these, but in a communication to Macleod alter the second, so as apparently to admit certain cases without confirmation to Episcopal Communion. In Macleod's opinion, however, the terms on which admission is granted amounts practically to a refusal. "Everyone apparently who declines confirmation may or must be submitted to a kind of ecclesiastical trial by the Bishop—superseding the action of the minister of the congregation. A girl, for example, marrying an Episcopalian and wishing to be a fellow-communicant with her husband, but not desiring to be treated as if she had never been a true communicant before, and declining confirmation as necessary in her case for admission to the Table of the Lord, must according to the resolution under review be submitted to trial by the Bishop—probably as to her sincerity and the reality of her objections, and a judgment passed not by the ministry of the congregation she belongs to but by the Bishop. In short, the way is made as difficult for her as possible and the applicant treated in a manner calculated to compel her either to abstain from communion or to submit to a rite, the enforcement of which wounds her conscience as apparently denying her previous Christian standing." Macleod complains of the language

the Bishops use when they explain the motive of their apparent concession. "It is not charity we seek," he protests, "but justice." "Unconsciously on their part the Bishops seem to speak here *de haut en bas*." In the course of further correspondence, Bishops Harrison and Wilkinson have no other solution to offer, as the former repeats that "the rubric is the barrier," while the latter regards the Scottish Bishops as too small a body to decide a question which is nothing less than "whether the orders of the Church of Scotland are to be recognised as of equal validity with those of the Church of England." Bishop Wilkinson promised to do his best to raise the issue at the next Lambeth Conference. The Bishops, however, when they met, set aside his plea and passed from the subject. Certain expressions of Wilkinson in his letters to Macleod plainly hurt him, and must have strained their friendship to the breaking-point. In the Autobiography, however, Macleod refers to him as, in words already quoted, "the holiest and most consecrated soul he ever knew," and states that "their brotherly intercourse continued to his life's end."

As a result of Macleod's conference and correspondence with the Bishops, the subject of the relation of Anglican and Presbyterian orders acquired for him a new interest, and he set himself

seriously to the study of the question. The fruits of his reading and reflection appeared in the Lectures which he delivered in 1903 under the Baird Trust, entitled, *The Ministry and Sacraments of the Church of Scotland.* He sets aside the claim of Episcopacy that its Order of Bishop, Priest and Deacon was divinely instituted to the exclusion of any other arrangement, and defends the position of Presbyterianism, which is that bishops are, and through the ages were really never anything else, but elders raised originally by reason of the practical needs of the Church above their brethren. He also presents the view of the Sacraments held by the Scottish Reformers. Various considerations helped to decide his choice of a theme. Among them this : Members of his congregation often sent their sons to English Public Schools, where they were confirmed and in the course of the preliminary instruction were sometimes taught that Presbyterianism was schismatical in respect of Government and "had no altar." The effect on their parents in certain cases known to Macleod had been a certain restlessness, and ultimately an abandonment of the Church of their fathers. He delivered the lectures at the ordinary morning service in The Park Church in order to strengthen the wavering.

Macleod covers familiar ground when in the course of his chapters he shows that in the pages of the New Testament *bishop* and *elder* are one and the same, goes over the relevant passages in the letters and other documents of the period of the early fathers, and, where their evidence is uncertain, with much show of logic claims them as witnesses to the rule of the Churches by Councils of elders. In the Church of the East, in the circle of influence which had its focus in proconsular Asia where Episcopacy rose rapidly and according to tradition was instituted by St. John, Macleod traces its origin and growth to the pressure of heresy and the threatening of schism, and holds that the assumption of episcopal authority is as likely to have originated the tradition as any real knowledge of the historical truth of it. Those who write in defence of the episcopal theory, of whom Bishop Gore is taken as a type, are shown to start at the other end. They begin not with the New Testament, but when and where the Episcopate has emerged as distinct from the Council of Elders and with the existence in certain quarters of a traditional belief in a succession of Bishops from the Apostles ; they discover the Bishop in allusions to " evangelists," " rulers," " men of distinction " in the relevant documents of the second century ; coming at length to

Timothy and Titus, they find in them "apostolic delegates," whose office they identify with that of the Bishop.

In a Thesis, which in accordance with the Regulations of the University of Glasgow, Macleod had, twenty-seven years before, printed and submitted to the Senate for the degree of D.D., he had discussed Calvin's doctrine of the Lord's Supper, given many citations from his writings in order to show that it was what would be termed "high", and had argued from an examination of a *catena* of Confessions of Reformed Churches at home and abroad belonging to the period between the Reformation and the year of the Westminster Confession of Faith, that the standards of the Church of Scotland at the point at which they bear on this institution must be interpreted in a similar "high" sense. After a chapter on the subject of Baptism, in regard to which he maintains a similar position, he embodies in the Second Part of his Baird Lecture the earlier treatise.

The interest of these Lectures lies very largely in their revelation of the author. The broad-minded humanity which led Macleod to restate in terms of himself the doctrine of the Atonement rises in protest against the depreciation of values to which those who defend the episcopal

theory are led and the lack of sense of proportion in their estimates of existing Churches of Christ. "It may well seem a scandal or rather *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of Apostolic Succession, when it is elevated into an *articulum stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae* and made a test so important that false doctrine, neglect of the Word of God, formalism and deadness in respect to Christian enterprise are all excused because the one feature of ministerial succession atones for such defects; while on the other hand the holding of the truth, sanctity and devotion of life and the seal of God's spirit in the richness of the fruits of the ministry are held to be no warrant for ministerial communion if the link of succession is not in evidence. It may well seem a sorry spectacle, for example, to see the Anglican Church begging for recognition at the hands of Rome, a Church where the Word of God is greatly withheld, superstition and error are rampant and the claims of the Papacy reign supreme; or seeking almost on bended knees for visible communion with the Oriental Churches that in spite of many interesting features have not been for centuries distinguished as being missionary, while, on the other hand, she stands proudly aloof from the Churches of the Reformation at her own door which have been the holders

forth of the Word of Life and the devoted messengers of the Cross. The archimandrite or priest from the Greek Islands is welcomed with delight, while—taking our Scottish Presbyterian Churches as an instance—men like Chalmers, Tulloch, Caird, Norman Macleod, Candlish, Buchanan, Horatius Bonar, Cairns are treated as Samaritans and kept without the sanctuary. Macleod's treatment of Episcopacy, however, is often sympathetic. "On such grounds, as securing the efficiency and dignity of the Ministry" he is "ready to grant the special advantages which executive Government by Bishops presents." He heartily "acknowledges" in like manner "the value of the Prayer Book, that magnificent heritage of holy thought and stately diction, which has been a ministering angel to the devotional life of generation after generation of our fellow-countrymen." In his chapters on the Sacraments, on what to many readers must be arid soil, one stumbles on the fresh flower of human emotion, its "hue angry and brave." "The shocking effects of the theory of Baptism which identified saving grace with this rite of the Church found till recently a barbarous illustration in the Anglican Church, when unbaptised infants were forbidden to be buried in consecrated ground. Verily the sacraments which are

revelations of grace were converted into dogmas of repulsive cruelty when men could dare thus to treat infants, forgetting how He who instituted Baptism once took an unbaptised Jewish child in His arms and blessed it ; and how He placed another child in the midst of His disciples and said ' Except ye be converted '—i.e., the disciples—not the child—'and become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' "

The same contrast—the "root out of a dry ground"—is suggested when Macleod writes of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and of the Church as the Body of Christ. Here he makes perhaps the nearest approach to mysticism to be found in his writings. The mysticism, however, is less apparent than the human feeling. " If the Lord's Supper set forth the body broken and the blood shed for the sins of the world, it is also a witness to the other sacrifice which can never cease, wherever in true union and fellowship with the Lord, His people come in contact with human sin and sorrow. There is a sense in which the perpetual sacrifice of Christ goes always on in the Church, for it is only as the Church can say like Christ, ' I give myself for the life of the world,' and actually lays down its own life of self for the sake of others, that it can be a true continuation of His presence among men."

The proportion in which the element of humanity stood to ecclesiasticism in the nature of Macleod prepares us for the strong sympathy which marked his attitude to the movement towards the Union of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. The students of the United Free Church College in Glasgow had asked him to give an address to their Missionary Society. According to George Adam Smith, the Professor of Old Testament Literature in the College, and Chairman on the occasion, it was particularly fine. His youthful hearers were greatly impressed and loudly cheered him at the close. " He was much affected," writes Principal Sir George Adam Smith, "and in the retiring-room afterwards with tears in his eyes took me by the shoulders and said, ' Oh, Smith, there is really no difference between my Church and yours. We must labour for their Union.' "

All his life through, and to the end, he was in favour of preserving the connection between Church and State. By the time to which the incident belongs he had, however, ceased to lay emphasis on grounds on which he had defended it in earlier years at public meetings and on the floor of the General Assembly when the National Church seemed in danger. He had feared, in the event of separation, the effect on, among other

things, the Protestant Succession to the Throne, and the Marriage Laws. In a sermon which he preached in The Park Church, published under the title of "A Plea for the Reconstruction of the National Scottish Church," he defends the union of Church and State mainly on what came to be to him the paramount, if not the sole, ground for its continuance. He stated it very simply in a conversation which some time afterwards he had with Professor Macgregor, now of the Glasgow United Free Church College. When the Committees of the two Churches, which were instructed to consider the causes that kept them apart, had begun to hold their conferences, the proposal was made in the General Assembly of the United Free Church that their Committee on Church and State should be dissolved as its existence tended to harden tempers on both sides. The discussion brought out certain objections from extreme voluntaries which seemed to forebode trouble, and Professor Macgregor sought out his friend, Dr. Donald Macleod, to see what degree of importance he attached to them, only to learn that what seemed offensive to these members of the United Free Church had no interest for him. "What I value in the Establishment is the security it gives for the maintenance of a territorial system of Christian provision in every part of Scotland."

In the sermon he makes the suggestion that " if the Scottish Churches would but come together for mutual conference in a brotherly spirit, and wisely and earnestly seek agreement respecting the points they deem essential, then it would be possible to go to the Legislature and secure the possibility, on the foundations, of a renovated National Church wide enough to embrace its branches now separated, and while holding by the heritage of truth that comes to us from the past, yet possessed of an assured legal freedom to accept or refuse, according to the sum and substance of the Reformed Faith, the new thought of each new age." This was in 1904. One can imagine Macleod's joy had he lived to see the fair promise of 1926.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PREACHER AND HIS DOCTRINE

When a boy, the writer of these pages attended with his parents a church in Edinburgh in which Donald Macleod preached from time to time. He recalls the expectant interest with which, though little more than in his teens he saw him led by the mace-bearer in the course of the service to the stairs which he mounted to deliver his sermon. It was from the pulpit of John Knox that he spoke, and his protests against certain abuses of the time had, like those of the Reformer himself, their note of high disdain, their passion, even their thunder. Sometimes on the field of the imagination of the boy listening in the pew there outlined themselves dim forms against which the preacher directed a repeating rifle, and with every crack of it there spread among them dismay.

Macleod's reputation as a preacher is attested by the important occasions on which he was chosen to officiate as such. It was he who in the year 1887, in the pulpit of St. Giles', Edinburgh, gave expression to the general sentiment on the

Day of National Thanksgiving for the Fifty Years' Reign of Queen Victoria. When the British Association met in Edinburgh in 1892, he again was select preacher.

Some of Macleod's sermons are available in his volume, *Christ and Society* ; they appear in a certain form in many religious articles contributed to *Good Words* ; they are also, considerably shortened, to be found in *The Sunday Home Service*, a book of meditations to be read at Sunday evening family worship.

During the cholera epidemic at Linlithgow Macleod leapt across a fire. It might be said of his ministry in Glasgow that in it he did the same. At a period when the social sermon was unheard and might be expected to be unpopular, to a congregation whose traditions were intellectualistic and quietist, and whose wish more than that of most congregations it might well be supposed was to sit at ease in Zion, Macleod, taking his courage in his hands, denounced the social evils of the time.

Professor Flint, in a paper which he read at a Conference of The Scottish Church Society on the subject of " The Church's Call to study Social Questions," remarks on the power which the Church has " to reform and to regenerate, to quicken and elevate society," and adds that " there are required of the ministers of the Church, if they

are rightly to apply these powers, the knowledge and prudence which inform a man when and what to speak, how to say just enough and to refrain from adding what will weaken or wholly destroy its effect." He alludes to "Dr. Donald Macleod's *Christ and Society* as greatly more valuable than it would have been if its author had shown less exquisite sense of knowing always where to stop."

I remember once assisting at Communion in the church of a young parish minister in the Highlands at which Donald Macleod—it was in his later years—was present, although he took no part in the services of the day. He and I sat during the morning diet of worship side by side at the Communion Table and we sang from the same book. The minister had given out the paraphrase which begins,

> As when the Hebrew Prophet raised
> the brazen serpent high.

Macleod was in good voice ; it rang out strong and rich, but when we came to the lines,

> But vengeance just for ever lies
> Upon the rebel race,

he was silent. The matter somehow came up at the dinner table in the minister's house afterwards, when our host expressed his impatience of the

scruple. Macleod took no part in the discussion, beyond saying simply but decidedly, "I could not sing it."

> And like a man in wrath the heart
> stood up and answered 'I have felt.'

In Macleod's sermons we see him submitting the traditional doctrines of the Faith to the same test. He explores, as we may say, with the candle of his heart their cavernous recesses, and at whatever points the light which it casts upon them is flashed back, there, he says, are the gems of truth they contain. He must find the Father. He must derive strength of manhood from what he was asked to believe. In this spirit, to change the figure, he clove his way through various theories of Atonement when these denied his humanity elbow room. Like the valiant man at the Gate Beautiful in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, he strode through opposing warriors, and went up to the man with the book and the inkhorn, who in his case was John Macleod Campbell, his spiritual leader, and said, "Set down my name, Sir. The price," so he utters himself, "that can buy the cry 'Abba Father' from the lips of the wandered and rebellious child cannot be one that is paid to Satan; it cannot even be some suffering endured which is the equivalent to the sentence of the broken law of God, for that could not awaken the response of

our hearts to the heart of the Father. It must be the price which love pays in its travail over the object it would redeem."

His love of children, familiar to those who knew him, apparent in his writings, illumines for him the doctrine of the Incarnation. A special difficulty that is sometimes felt in regard to it disappears as he looks at the spotless purity in the eyes of a little child. They show him how the Infinite may express itself in the finite. He reads off from them the truth that "moral beauty requires nothing less than perfection to make it infinite."

The leading ideas of Macleod's sermons—once fresh to the world—were common to him with his brother Norman. "There is no dividing line between sacred and secular." "Salvation means character." "Eternal Life is not duration but quality of being." "Death is a transition." "Belief in the Divinity of Jesus must not depend on texts or catechisms or Church Councils; its self-convincing evidence must be the self-revealing glory of the Lord." "We are the sources and subjects of unconscious influence."

What is most rewarding to the readers of these sermons to-day is their flashes of spiritual insight. "The doom of apathy is emptiness of soul." "Manliness is the courage of duty, and Christian manliness is the courage of duty in reference to

the Christian ideal." "It is when love is called to give forth that its depths are revealed." "When our cup is fullest we are often conscious of a certain sadness. Thus it is that persons sometimes burst into tears when surprised by sudden and unexpected joy. There is a kind of pain connected with all our noblest achievements either in thought or deed. This is more than the effect of reaction. It arises rather from the consciousness more or less avowed that there is One who makes us glad, that it is not our doing alone. There is something in such moments which makes us 'tremble like a guilty thing surprised,' for we feel that we are in the presence of Another from whom has come down this good and perfect gift." "The great moral Trinity of Faith and Hope and Love is continually at work making men what they are according to the objects they believe in, hope for, or love." "Happiness arises from without; peace is from within. Happiness depends on what 'happens' or the 'hap' of life; but peace can be possessed in spite of misfortune. Happiness has its source in what we have; peace in what we are." "The peace of Christ was part of the eternal blessedness of God enshrined in a human life, shining from within outwards and unquenchable as the Divine nature."

CHAPTER XIV

THE PENCIL AGAIN

Macleod was a hard worker, and he was happy in his toil. "Let me tell you," he writes to a friend who was impatient for retirement, "that you will never be so happy as when you are in harness and growling at the burden you have to pull." None however, anticipated a holiday more eagerly than he. On the eve of it he became transformed. There was brought home to one then how little of a mere ecclesiastic he was at heart. It was not only that he had the good spirits that possess most men when they are thus about to exchange routine for freedom, voluntary choice for compulsory effort. His heart rose at the thought that in a foreign country he was no longer within earshot of the ecclesiastical and theological controversies of his own land. "How truly delightful," he exclaimed in a note to the writer of these lines, "to be in a country where no one has heard of the Kilmun case." "It was with feelings of peculiar expectance," so he prefaces a narrative of travel in a number of *Good Words*, "and with a

joy which only those who have been long chained at the wheel of toil can experience that I prepared for eight weeks of freedom. The preparations of a holiday are by no means the least enjoyable part of its gladness. I have known those who happily deceive themselves year after year, by laying out projects and studying maps of countries which they profess to visit next summer, while in their heart of hearts they know it to be all moonshine. But when the dream is about to take substantial form, then Murray and Baedeker, the planning of the route, the selection of hotels, and the purchase of new articles *de voyage* impart such a subtle reality to hope as to stimulate the imagination delightfully."

The reader has already met in Macleod the born traveller. Men and women everywhere found in him a simple nature, and were in their turn simple and self-revealing to him. The dullest unlocked to him the clasps of the bound pages of their story. He drew amusement out of trying situations. "The new road being made, from Gregnano to Amalfi," he relates in a travel chapter of the Autobiography, "the excursion to Castello di Lettere, with its extraordinary view over the plain that stretches from Vesuvius to St. Severino is delightful, except for the beggars. Every previous experience was eclipsed by what

we found at Lettere ! All, old and young, able-bodied and feeble, male and female, mobbed us with the cry, 'Un soldo.' Joking was of no use, nor objurgating. I tried there in vain what had proved most successful elsewhere, for I hurled at their heads the names of Highland places containing the greatest number of gutturals that I can remember and the very sound of which might well have been interpreted as ominous 'Va Via,' I shouted, 'briganti tutti quanti ! Ardnamurchan ! Strontián ! Acharacle ! Va Via. A-charr-r-acle.' It was all to no purpose. 'Signore, un soldo,' was still shouted from many throats."

Macleod was wont to make up his mind quickly and he was sometimes very bold. The very thought indeed that he might yield to timidity seemed to make him strong and to precipitate his action. When minister of Linlithgow and in the act of robing for morning service he was informed that one of the heritors had placed a rope across the entrance to his pew in the gallery, to prevent strangers entering. Macleod marched in full canonicals through the assembled congregation, mounted the gallery stairs, and took off the rope. On the occasion of a service of National Thanksgiving in Glasgow Cathedral, the arrangements for which had been left in the hands of the Town

Clerk, he found on arrival the members of the Town Council taking precedence of the clergy. He at once turned the procession right about.

The nature which is common to the high-born and the humble leapt to find itself in Donald Macleod. He was himself with people of all ranks of society, and they were themselves with him. When on a voyage to the Cape, undertaken on account of the ill-health of his son James, whose promising young life was early cut off, he wrote that he preferred the society of the steerage passengers and spent most of his time among them. Sitting one day in his study, he was informed that there stood a man on his doorstep who insisted on seeing "the Doctor." A policeman, it appeared, had accused him of being drunk and incapable. The man at once thought of Donald Macleod. "The Doctor" made him stand upon one leg, and then on the other, and satisfied, gave him authority to cite him as a witness for his sobriety. He was a friend of the Venetian gondolier who had been imported to Glasgow during the Exhibition and plied his gondola on the odoriferous Kelvin, doomed to row backwards and forwards over a distance of a few hundred yards. "The contrast was too ridiculous when I persuaded him to sing some of the songs associated with the moonlight and the Grand Canal—

Vieni la Barca é pronta or *La Barchetta ze a la riva*—and to recite *Tasso*—upon that brown and narrow stream." He was on a simple, natural footing with Queen Victoria. When he made her the subject of an article in *Good Words* she took it upon herself to correct some statements in it, and in doing so she was led to make confession to him regarding herself and in the frankest manner. "I never said my Lord Archbishop prays for me, for I was anything but a pious little girl, and I hated to say my prayers. I did not rush into my mother's arms and burst out into tears, and Baron Stockmar had little or no influence over me, but my governess had above everyone." In their conversations she was always greatly interested to hear of his mother, and of members of his family, especially of his son Norman, whom she remembered to have been named after his uncle, and she talked frankly of his brother chaplains.

He loved, as it has been stated, little children. Once, for example, the writer found Macleod on the top of a car in Glasgow, engaged in playful talk with a little child at his side. His writings abound in references to the magic wand of their imagination, their idealism, their visions, their trustful confidence, their willing dependence. As his daughter, Nan, pattered when a child over

the floor of his study, he said to a friend, " Man, you little know what a gospel there is in these wee feet." His eye bends in love on the children of the countries of his travels, and he seldom leaves them out of his pen pictures of these. " Ophthalmia is so common in Egypt," he informs us in his account of a tour, " that weak eyes are the rule, not the exception, and total blindness is very common. In no cases, however, are bad eyes so distressing to witness as in the little children. Mere infants carry swarms of flies settled in the corners of their eyes, and no attempt is made to remove them, so that at first when you see them with such grave and patient little faces, it is difficult to restrain the impulse to rush to the rescue of the sufferers and have one good wipe out of the irritating pests that infest them."

Macleod's heart of childhood appears in his love of animals. " My heart," he writes on his arrival in Glasgow from Lauder, in reference to his dog which he left in the Manse, " is sore thinking of himself all alone. He sat all the morning before I left, with his ears drooping, on the sill of the study window, and would not move off even to say good-bye." Macleod used to tell of a visit which John Macleod Campbell paid to his manse in Lauder and a little scene which took place there. Macleod possessed at the time a Dandie Dinmont

" with a big chest and a prodigious appetite." At breakfast, when Campbell was soaring into the highest themes, he suddenly got a glimpse of the dog sitting up beside him with a long stream of saliva dropping on his chest, and the two looked intensely at one another. " An instance," said Campbell, with an ethereal expression on his countenance, " of the animal trying to gaze into the spiritual." " A most amusing picture," Macleod would add, when narrating the incident, " the rapt countenance of Campbell and the animation of the dog looking up at him. I shall never forget it." Macleod himself was unforgettable in the companionship of that same dog or of one of those that succeeded it—his humble pensioners. He would take it on his knees and stroking its ears would elicit its views on a proposed licence for cats or on its local canine and feline acquaintances. The dog had its opinions on the merits of the fowl that had been discussed at table and found it possibly to be " no chicken." It appeared to be quite familiar with the foibles of its master's family, and even with the idiosyncrasies of their father's guests, and indulged in a good deal of humour at their expense. When the present minister of St. Columba's, Pont Street, London, was minister of the Tron Church, Edin-

burgh, Macleod was his guest, and on his return to Glasgow wrote the following letter to his Dandie Dinmont, Yarrow by name. The "lassie" to whom allusion is made is the minister's sister and the "lawyer chap" one of his brothers, at that time an advocate at the Scots Bar.

1 Woodlands Terr.,
Glasgow,
23rd November, 1897

—— Yarrow, Esq.,
c/o Rev. A. Fleming, M.A.,
9 Forres Street, Edinburgh.

My dear Yarrow,

I know your loving hert was sair when I did na tak' ye—but I thocht it wad be too much for the nice lassie if you left, and for her sake I didna tak you, as ye wished.

But this wad hae been a gran place for ye—for there are 25 cats—one muckle black ane wi' a bell—an' a white ane wi' een like a Deil—and we hae at least 69 doogs o' a' kinds aboot the door. But keep up yer hert—and dinna heid yon lawyer chap—for his bark is waur than his bite, and ye needna believe a' he says—for he's paid to say onything—but be guid to yer maister—for tho' he canna speak dogs' language he means weel.

Sae you cock your tail an awa' ye go, and clear out Moray Place o' cats and strangers, and daunder doon to Stockbrigg, and up tae the Castle—but dinna gang near the Tron, for the music—as they ca' it—would mak ye howl.

Gie ma love to the family—to the guid Minister and the nice lassie and even to the puir lawyer body.

Yer ain freen,
D. Macleod

Macleod used often to remark on the value of humour in strained relations of all kinds. He would say that sometimes it was the only way; that at Committee meetings and elsewhere it was a lightning conductor which led off the gathering electric stream. His practice here constituted one of his valuable lessons to those who served him, if so be that they were able to profit by it.

There is an unwritten law of hospitality which imposes on all guests a certain reticence in regard to the intimacies which they have shared; it is regarded as specially binding on those who have dwelt in kings' houses. Once Macleod had to send to overtake a reporter who was on his way to transmit to London what seemed to Macleod to be a confidence which had escaped his lips, but here for the most part he was strong in his reserve. "The Queen was asking for you," so he put off an indiscreetly enquiring assistant, "the Archbishop of Canterbury was most anxious that you should enter the Church of England, but the Queen agrees with me that you are better where you are."

Macleod and Dr. Marshall Lang, the latter Norman's successor in the Barony Church, Glasgow, afterwards Principal of Aberdeen University, lived near one another, and Macleod saw a

good deal of his family. The present Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Dr. Lang's son, has written of the great affection which he had for Donald Macleod from early childhood. They did not often meet in later years, and by reason of various circumstances they had lost perhaps the feel of their old relationship. When, however, Cosmo Lang became Bishop of Stepney, Macleod broke reserve and wrote : " The Cathedral Church of Glasgow is vacant. Come back and all will be forgiven."

On the Sunday on which the writer preached for The Park Church Assistantship, in Glasgow, it happened that Macleod was due to preach in the afternoon in Partick Church a sermon on behalf of the Home Missions of the Church. At the close of the service I joined him in the vestry, where there was with others, Professor Robertson of the Chair of Hebrew in Glasgow University. He was on the point of introducing me, when he suddenly forgot my name. He remembered only that it began with " S." " Let me introduce you," he said, addressing Professor Robertson, " to—Simon Peter."

A lady member of The Park Church congregation had been present at a meeting at which the Duchess of Sutherland had spoken, and on her way home, met her minister, to whom she expressed

in unrestrained language her admiration of the charms of Her Grace. "What a lovely woman," she exclaimed, "a dream of beauty," she went on. Macleod listened and then said, "But have you ever seen my wife?"

On Sundays the family used to wait the father's return from church before beginning lunch; on one occasion the writer, at this time assistant in The Park, was of the company; Macleod had been detained unusually long at a meeting of Session, and on his return there was expressed a good deal of curiosity as to the business which had engaged them. "Whatever have you been doing all this time?" he was asked. "We have been talking of dismissing Sydney Smith," he replied!

When he had to administer a rebuke, or say something necessary but unpleasant, he would sometimes take the sting out of it by an extravagance. If his assistant, one of whose duties it was to attend at his house on Monday morning to discuss plans of work for the week, was remaining too long, he would summarily dismiss him, and then as the young man approached the door, ease the parting with the counsel "to see and behave himself." On one occasion Nelson, the beadle, was present with the assistant, and was receiving letters to post, and was putting a stamp upon a

certain letter which he was intended to deliver when Macleod quickly stopped him with the expostulation, " It's all very well for assistants and beadles rolling in wealth. . . ."

Macleod was a man of extensive acquaintance, *répandu*, as the French say, and through the winter he accepted many of the numerous invitations to dinner and to receptions sent him both from within and beyond the bounds of his congregation. In his travel Diaries, " a *récherché* repast " is a recurring entry, and he would never have denied that, like others, he enjoyed a good dinner. When the writer of these lines refused wine and tobacco, he would say playfully he had no virtues. At a good play there was at least a chance that you might catch sight of him ; quite likely you could have recalled an evening with friends, and Macleod as one of the company, and the piano opened for an accompaniment to some rollicking song he was to sing.

Those who were aware only of these things might easily enough have missed the man. In the Journal, however, which he wrote at Lauder, we find the entry : " The less a minister dines out I believe the better for himself and his influence. Not only has the unfortunate and lamentable thing put me in a false position with others ; it lowers one's spiritual tone." In Glasgow, how-

ever, he came to feel that if he did not go out to dinner, there were those whom he would not otherwise come to know. In this he may not always perhaps have greatly succeeded, but they at least came to know *him*, and they cannot but have been the better for it. In his acceptance of the warm-hearted hospitality of the West, he was a real minister of good to his fellows. On such occasions he radiated forth the light and warm glow of his personality, and scattered the *largesse* of his hopefulness and essential kindliness. To meet him at such times was to have the pulse of life quickened, and brooding thoughts dispersed as mists before the sun. As to his love of the play, he remarked after hearing Toole that he was more than ever persuaded that the stage might be a great instrument for good.

CHAPTER XV

A FAMILY INHERITANCE

At the usual family luncheon or dinner, there was much high debate between father and sons. The discussion turned sometimes upon questions of the day, at other times on matters more directly relating to the special interests of youth. Donald Macleod, while freely engaging in the contest, kept the argument well within the limits of exhilaration, retained it in the service of recreation, and when it threatened to overlap these bounds "saved the situation."

An evening in his house, with himself in the midst, casts its glow across the years. It was a surprise for those who had seen him only in the pulpit or in the Church Courts. He would rise and call for one of his sea chanties of battle and breeze, or for some Italian song which he would sing to his daughter's accompaniment; he might choose a Scotch ditty or, if such were his mood, something sacred. Tunefully he sang and with rich voice, and he put so much of himself into it

as permanently to associate the song with himself. He felt all and expressed all, but sometimes he felt so intensely that expression failed him and one recalls his "Caller Herrin" and how the melody flickered like a flame as he sang :

"Ye may ca' them vulgar faring,
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives of men."

Music would then give place to reading and reciting. He liked to read from the *Idylls of the King*, and he would give freely of the treasures of memory. There come back to me verses of the Ayrshire poet, Hew Ainslie, which he used to repeat all his life and never without great emotion.

"It's dowie in the hint o' hairst
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
When the winds grow cauld an' the burns grow bauld
An' the wuds are hingin' yellow.
But, oh ! it's dowier far to see
The wa'-gang o' her the heart gangs wi'
The dead set o' a shining e'e
That darkens the weary warl' on thee.

There's mony things that come and gae,
Just kent and syne forgotten ;
The flow'rs that busk a bonnie brae
Gin another year lie rotten.

But the last look o' that lovin' ee
And the dying grip she gied to me,
They're settled like eternitie—
Oh! Mary that I were wi' thee.

The writer remembers once remarking to Macleod, in the early days of their acquaintance, on the value of a hobby, and enquiring if he never felt drawn to the pursuit of some branch of science as a relaxation from his practical activities or some abstract studies. He replied that he found his relaxation in playing with his boys. The observation, as one recalls it, draws aside a curtain, and one sees under the evening lamp a game of backgammon and two heads bending there, one with silver locks, the other crisp and close and brown.

It is as an ideal father perhaps that I like best to think of Donald Macleod. Here it may be he was biggest and greatest. He became young with his boys, and visiting their world found it his own. He discussed with them their themes, played with them in imagination the field games which they played, and, as we have seen, there were common pastimes. He gave them hints, too, upon the conduct of life, not as one who dwelt apart, not magisterially or even as a Bible Class Teacher, but simply, quietly and with the suggestion of one who had himself felt his way.

Father and son, related yet unrelated, each set of interests rounded off in solid singleness from the other—we have frequently seen that. It is a rarer vision which we have just described, and none but must feel the spell of such relationship—its suggestiveness, its charm, its promise. For out of it there emerges the association of home and happiness, from it there flow those confidences which as they pass from age to youth make the former less unknown, and as they are given by youth elicit true guidance, and there comes, too, the love which casts out fear, and in years ahead a strong, hallowing, inspiring memory.

The spirit of Macleod's home was an ancestral tradition. In the letters which grandfather Norman wrote to his son, "the friend of the Gael," given in the second chapter of this book, we had glimpses of a household religion at once serious and cheerful, a piety in association with many human interests and the pursuit of many pastimes. As we read a letter by grandson Norman, him of the Barony, and quoted in the *Memoir*, in which he describes the life of the Manse at Campsie in which he and his brother Donald were brought up, we are back again as we might imagine in the Manse of Morven. The religion to which we are introduced by both epistles is not of the letter, as represented by the imposition on the

mind of a rigid theological system, but of the spirit, a living trust in God, the love of the Saviour, faith in good and right, natural affection, innocent gaiety, common interests.

These birthday letters to his daughter Nan, in their affection and their religious sense help us to realize something of the spirit which pervaded the home :

Western Club,
Glasgow,
2nd Oct.

This is your first birthday—my own bairnie ; and I send you a little present. I would be a hard-hearted man if I did not thank God for you and for His giving you to me—such a joy to your mother and me.

Oct. 1st.

. . . You are getting to be a young woman, and I am sure that on the morning of your birthday your heart has gone up to God as mine will do for you, thanking Him for all the goodness and the mercy that has followed you, with the prayer that when all is done, you will dwell in His house for ever and ever. Life is a serious charge, and what use we are to make of such a gift with its unspeakable possibilities, is the biggest question we can put to ourselves. The best answer is to serve Him who died for us, and that is to try to do His will and be like Him—unselfish, loving, helpful. The more we forget ourselves and seek the good and happiness of others, the better and happier will our lives become. "He that seeketh to save his life shall lose it."

Balmoral,
Oct. 1*st*, 1880

God bless you who are so precious to me. May you be His wholly—in love, obedience, trust, hope, for all earthly love would be imperfect and poor and weak except it be centred in Him. And the love which binds us all, princes and children and brothers and sisters—becomes stronger and eternal when it meets in that abiding centre. So go on your knees, my own bairn, and thank God—and give yourself anew to Him.

CHAPTER XVI

"HIS OWN SUNSET"

When Macleod was approaching seventy, he would remark that he felt little difference from what he had been at thirty-five. His activities seemed to confirm it. He would preach on Sunday morning, for example—in the afternoon pay one or two visits among the sick, in the evening conduct perhaps a class for catechumens, and thereafter preach again. He was still Convener and Editor as well as Preacher and Pastor.

Troubles sat lightly upon Macleod. He was accustomed to say in his genial way that his remedy for worries was to multiply them. Certainly the heavier the burden, the lighter seemed its pressure. Perhaps with increase of trouble he made the greater use of the power which he shared with the late Mr. Gladstone, that of abstraction and concentration. In book, in correspondence he found immediate surcease from care. He knew little of the stress of inward debate.

He made up his mind quickly, as it has been stated, in presence of alternative courses of action, and having put his hand to the plough, he did not look back. His heart was young. The glint of his eye declared it, and it was the perpetual witness of his letters, which remained bright even when the war began sadly to preoccupy him. He loved young people. He continued to recite the poems that had "found" him in youth. The sea and the Highlands were still his passion. When the writer told him that he was going on holiday to Appin, in Argyllshire, he remarked, "You'll get grace there." He "lived by admiration, hope and love." It was good to him to hear of good work. As is the way with men in advanced life, his gaze was often retrospective, —"there were giants in those days"—was a familiar ejaculation but he was by no means merely *laudator temporis acti*. He was sympathetic with youth in its perplexities of belief. Macleod accepted in a more or less liberal sense the articles of the Creed. He deplored the omission on the part of a neighbour to affirm the truth of the Virgin Birth of our Lord after the delivery in his Church of a lecture by a Professor of Oriental Languages who had impugned it. It was, however, characteristic of him that he should have written as he did of a sermon by one whose cre-

dal standpoint was so widely different from his own as that of Stopford Brooke. "The discourse," he wrote after hearing him preach, "was admirable, helpful, loving, beautifully expressed, and I am thankful for it. His point of view was so much of my own way of feeling that he found me very thoroughly. I felt soft more than once under his words." Macleod liked greatly to hear the discourses of young men who dreamed dreams and saw visions. To succeed with him it was not necessary to repeat any shibboleths of the past or present, it was needed only that a man be reverent, believing and sincere.

Macleod had suffered, as has been mentioned, frequent serious attacks of phlebitis, and in the effort which movement now cost him, he swayed as he walked. Visitation became difficult to him. He could carry on no effective ministry in The Park Church, he was convinced, if he was unfit for pastoral work. He decided to retire. The writer, on a visit to Glasgow, happened to call on him and to be shown in to see him at the very moment that he was writing his letter of resignation. Dr. Macleod, the light gone from his eyes, a certain dejection in his face and form, like a ship from whose sail the wind has just passed, turned, his hand on his knees, and with a searching look

asked him what he thought of it all. The only thing it occurred to the writer to say was that there was none but felt a pang, a sadness, when someone, to whom through many years we had looked to lead us, felt he could no longer do so. Dr. Macleod appeared satisfied. The decision he had come to must, however, have cost him much, for he was persuaded that there was much that he could do, and as well as ever. Nor was he the subject of illusion here. At a meeting of the Presbytery of Glasgow, at which he took leave of his brethren, one of his elders remarked in the course of his speech that Dr. Macleod's preaching had during recent months been specially rich and full. The members of The Park Church, to quote further words of the same speaker, Dr. Leonard Gow, who had been asked, as one of the oldest members of the session, to represent it on the occasion, had always had the highest esteem for their minister, Dr. Macleod, and a warm attachment to him, and as the years passed these feelings had only deepened. "I would express with emphasis," he said, "our esteem of his ministry—one of ability, earnestness, faithfulness, efficiency." "If the separation means much to the congregation, it must mean still more to Dr. Macleod—a great trial, full of change and of sacrifice. His resignation is a noble, generous

and self-denying act—a fitting close and crown to his life."

In 1894, on the completion of twenty-five years of ministry, he had been presented by the members of The Park Church with his portrait, painted by Sir George Reid. Twenty-five years later they had, at a meeting held in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, and representative both of themselves and the community, made him other gifts, including one of £1,000. On his retirement in the following year they raised a sum which provided him with an annuity of £300.

After an interval at Invergarry, where his youngest son Kenneth was parish minister, Macleod took up residence in Edinburgh, and it was here that he passed the winter months of the remaining years of his life. The rest of the year was spent partly at Inverness, where some years before his retirement his son Donald had been appointed to the charge of the High Church, and partly at Caputh to which parish Kenneth had been transferred.

In the early days of his retirement, when the congregation of The Park Church were looking out for a successor, his pupil of old days at Kilkerran, Sir Charles Dalrymple, happening to meet him, remarked in the course of conversation that

he would, of course, be interested in the appointment. "Yes," he replied, "I am thinking of asking to be put on the short leet." When Macleod visited the General Assembly they clamoured for a speech. He gave them none, but his old resourcefulness did not fail him. He rose and said that when he was Editor of *Good Words*, he had asked for a contribution from Dr. John Brown, who declined in these words: "It's no use working the pump when the well has gone dry."

On the external side of him he was always an arresting personality. When, for example, in former days in the General Assembly, he had bent over from his seat near the clerk's table to speak to a neighbour or with friendly intent or upon business errand, brushed past to some other part of the House, one noted the nervous mobility of countenance, the quiet absorption, alternating with penetration, the expression in the eyes of kindly interest and content as he looked forth on his brethren, the head with its silver hair and slight inclination. In his retirement a certain beauty came upon his countenance, an added refinement.

One was made aware, in conversation with him, of a wonderful humility, as though at length the desires which the reader has met with in many

extracts from his early journals had been fulfilled. The suggestion was not however of an attitude of self-disparagement, but of a constant and pervasive sense of some gracious purpose of God towards him, both in the past and the present. His thoughts were much on Christ; he saw new points of light and worth in His teaching, new wisdom in His example ; and it gave new meaning, lent freshness and vividness to the thought of Him as God's gift to man. On one of the occasions on which the writer met him at this time, the wonder of it all was on his lips, and his voice would almost fail him as he spoke, just as it did when he used to sing one of his favourite and deeply moving songs. Anyone who might have been of the opinion that his Assembly speeches were merely dramatic would have been rebuked by the keenness of his interest in schemes of social betterment.

As one looked at his face again one could read from it as from a manuscript some of these sacred thoughts. It spoke, even without words, of a heart of sympathy purified of self, the graces of faith, hope, love: one thought of flowers which, some obstructive, superincumbent mass having been cleared from them, had sought and found their own form.

Though he would write of himself as " an old hulk," and as " being on the shelf," these were

years of wonderful health and much happiness The "monotony of idleness" of which he sometimes complained was broken by regular visitation by and of the many friends he came to make at Edinburgh, Inverness and Caputh, by much letter writing, by preaching, and, in the early years of his retirement, by reading the lessons for his sons, whose interests in a considerable range of them he made his own.

He used often, when minister in Glasgow, to speak of the thrill and throb of life in that city. "To come back to it from Edinburgh," he would observe, "is like coming back to a city of the living. There is something," so he would put it," of life and stir and go-aheadness in Glasgow which makes its strong appeal." He missed these things in Edinburgh; he missed too his friends in the West; he missed also his church, and wished very much to worship within its walls, to see it at least. More than once he had been persuaded by his family, who feared that the effort might prove too much for him, to put off the project, but at length he would not be denied, and one evening when the writer chanced to call at his house at 8 Tipperlinn Road, he learned that it had all been arranged, and he was to start next morning.

The writer of these pages spent that evening

with him, and the latter part of it with him alone. There was the welcome one knew so well with its playfulness, almost extravagance of humour. He remembered, however, only my Christian name, and when he observed how bad his memory was, I recalled to him the meeting in the vestry on the first Sunday of our acquaintanceship, remarking that he had made progress, and next time would be still further on. " Come and have a smoke with me," he said, as he had said in old days, and continued to say through the period of my assistant service. Though he was aware I never smoked, he offered me a cigar, only a " Tweenie " one, he remarked, pressing it on me, and seemed disappointed when I did not take it. I informed him playfully that one of the things I had learned from him when his assistant was to say " No," but he did not brighten and I thought how different it would have been in old days, when he would have told me that I had no virtues, and I pondered and feared.

But he recovered himself, and the talk ran on as of old, and he was himself and more than himself. One of the impressions that remain was, in spite of lapses of memory, that of active strength of mind unimpaired, the power and disposition in advanced age " to see things steadily and see them whole." He spoke, for example, much of the

war, of the bloodshed and suffering of all kinds, of "the poor peasantry and bright loving people of Belgium and France," and he was anxious about his son Norman, who was home wounded and was about to return to the "Gehenna" in Flanders; but he passed from these things to the thought of the heroism and patriotism shown and the need for sacrifice in all directions. The conversation turned on the work of one of the younger and bolder teachers of the Church, with whom he might have been supposed not to be much in sympathy. But he knew his strong points; and of him and certain other teachers modern in attitude he spoke in terms of warm appreciation. Finer than all was the impression, not so much from any one thing he said, as from the spirit pervading all, of a spiritual essence, faith and love come to their own, and again of deep humility.

During a pause in the conversation I noted an expression of weariness and rose to go, and as I looked at him again, I feared, as I had already feared, nor did the shadow lift with his parting words, "See and do what I tell you," for there was in them a suggestion of farewell, and as I passed into the night it was with something like a persuasion that I had seen him for the last time.

And so it proved to be. He set out on the morning of next day, February 11th, 1916; in

the course of the afternoon he called on one of his elders of former days ; hand had just been placed in hand when he was seen to totter and fall. In an earlier part of the day he had sent a message to Edinburgh "that he was very happy in the sunshine of Glasgow," and at sundown, he passed, in the city of the West.

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