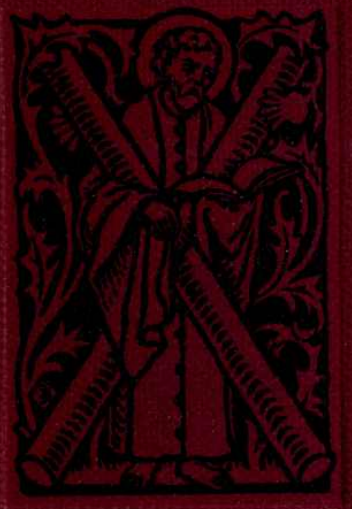
HENRY DRUMMOND

BY JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON



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TO

JAMES STALKER

ALEXANDER SKENE

JAMES BROWN

JOHN WATSON

DAVID MORISON ROSS

FRANK GORDON

GEORGE ADAM SMITH

ALEXANDER HUGH FREELAND BARBOUR

AND

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN F. EWING

HENRY DRUMMOND

ROBERT WILLIAM BARBOUR

BEING THE MEMBERS OF THE GAIETY CLUB

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS

BY ONE OF A YOUNGER GENERATION

WITH ADMIRATION

DEDICATED

PREFACE

It was a characteristic saying of the subject of these pages that the age of biography is past. This alone might make one hesitate to publish any such biography. When it is known that a standard work of that nature exists from the pen of Professor G. A. Smith, the last excuse for offering a new Life seems to vanish. Let it be said, then, that this slight volume is no detailed work of reference, but merely an attempt to sketch the development of one of the most attractive personalities of our time, together with some estimate of his work. It divides itself, accordingly, into two parts corresponding to these aspects.

It will be seen, nevertheless, that much material that was not previously available has been forthcoming. Of the letters quoted either in part or in whole, the great majority are published for the first time. In the chapter on Science and Religion I have incorporated the draft which Henry Drummond had drawn up of what was intended to be a Preface to a new edition of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*

To express obligation to numerous friends is the more difficult where those who have helped me most are most insistent upon being the *ossa innominata* of the skeleton. But I must thank his family, and Mr. James Drummond in particular, for putting everything that was needful at my disposal, while the paragraphs on Africa owe something to the kindly experience of Mr. John Moir.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

EDINBURGH, *October* 1901.

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"If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HENRY DRUMMOND

PART I

CHAPTER I

FIRST THE BLADE

It was towards midnight, and two friends still paced the beaten slope that links the city of Edinburgh with its historic castle and serves as parade-ground. The March wind blew chill, and one of the two had clad himself against it in a fashion that was then characteristic of the man; for over a dark check suit he had thrown a plaid that swathed his well-knit shoulders. The esplanade stands high,—only less so than the castle,—and from its wind-swept eminence a prospect of the staid, encircling city is attained, that at once gratifies the stranger and fills the heart of the habitant with rare pride. By night the impression is intensified, and gentler voices rise into the air. Loves have been told and tragedies averted, problems discussed, promises won, hopes crushed, there, on the parade-ground, between the sleeping capital and the stars.

But it was neither love nor war that held these student friends together at that late hour. Their con-

verse bore on the question of the relation of the natural to that indefinable spiritual which seemed to overhang and wrap the other round. Was it that the spiritual and natural were but one and the same thing seen from different standpoints? Or could it be that the former hung above the other with nought in common? Or again, might it not be that, though they were distinct, something yet ran through both, uniting them? Pausing in his walk, and glancing from the city lights beneath to the stars above, one of the questioners,—he in the tartan plaid,—exclaimed, "May not one *law* run through the natural and spiritual?" Already in his student days Henry Drummond had seen his vision, and given expression to a thought which in later years ripened into the conception with which his name is so widely associated.

These early years further contained, as we shall see, at least one unique experience, and though at the end of them no man could have been more uncertain about his future, yet it is impossible to imagine anyone better prepared for what it brought him to do. They open, however, in another royal burgh.

Southward of Stirling Castle rolls the King's Park, on whose far side stood in the year 1851 some four or five detached villas, in one of which[1] Henry Drummond was born on the 17th of August. He was the second boy in a family of four sons and two daughters. His grandfather, William Drummond, and his father, after whom he was named, were each in their day principal of the firm of W. Drummond & Sons, seedsmen, Stirling and

[1] 1 Park Place. Later the family moved into the adjoining house, Glen Elm, which is still the residence of his mother.

Dublin. Henry Drummond, senior, a man of sterling character, justly beloved, occupied various positions in the public life of the town; his brother Peter founded the Stirling Tract Enterprise. Five years after the publication of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, Henry Drummond, when going over his father's papers subsequent to his death, found amongst them a note-book of his grandfather's containing, amongst other religious reflections, some that curiously foreshadowed the chief contention of that volume; but he had never seen him, for his grandfather died in 1824.

An uncle on his mother's side, James Blackwood of Gillsburn, was a mineralogist and scientific inventor of some repute, and his young nephew, who had frequent opportunity of meeting him, was deeply interested in his very varied work. A mental picture remains of the boy standing kilted but stockingless in midstream of one of the burns where he loved to fish, wondering who would discover "perpetual motion." We may believe that the situation arose out of some talk with Mr. Blackwood, who had told him of an acquaintance's labours on the problem. Of the opening years of Drummond's life, however, singularly little has been preserved. His story is not that of some precocious youth who went from book-prize to book-prize, medal to medal, scholarship to scholarship, until he found himself, as everyone expected, in some position of promoted eminence. One day, after a period of unmarked years, he suddenly appeared and took his world by storm.

The impression remaining with those who knew him then, is that of a radiant boy who lived in the sunshine and reflected it in his life. His lively nature made him

a general favourite, and although of unusually quick comprehension and always ready to play his part or take the lead when necessary, there was not a trace of vanity or self-consciousness about him from morning to evening. The following incident is fresh in the minds of many in his native town. On one occasion the Rev. James Robertson of Edinburgh, a noted preacher to the young, was addressing the United Sunday Schools of Stirling in the Erskine Church. The children of the Free North were the last to arrive, and, owing to the already crowded state of the church, some of them had to be accommodated on the pulpit stair. The preacher commenced his discourse by likening the Bible to a tree, of which the books were the several branches, the chapters twigs, and the verses leaves. "My text is on the thirty-ninth branch, the third twig, and the seventeenth leaf. Try and find it for me." Henry Drummond, who with two others was seated in the pulpit itself, at once turned up the passage in his own Bible and said, "Malachi, third and seventeenth," whereupon Mr. Robertson added, "Right, my boy; take my place and read it out." Now it so happened that a brother had died quite recently, and the sight of the little curly-headed figure,—for he was but eleven years of age,—with his little black gloves and his little white tie, reading in silvery tones these words, "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels," evoked varied emotions amongst his hearers. Mr. Robertson laid his hand upon the boy's head and said, "Well done; I hope one day you will be a minister." Long afterwards he continued to inquire for his "little colleague."

Henry Drummond entered Stirling High School at the age of six, where he remained till he was twelve. Into the vigorous life of a Scottish day-school he flung himself with boundless energy, and showed himself a genuine schoolboy, even to the picking up of all sorts of useless information. Years afterwards he thrilled his student audiences by the remarkable *timbre* and soft cadences of his voice; we are not surprised to learn that at school he often gained the reading-prize. Apart from this, although no dullard, his success was greater in the playground than in the classroom, and there are those of his fellows who recognised even then a note of distinction that marked him out from them.

Of these play-hours Dr. John Watson has given us the following charming reminiscence:—"It was in the King's Park more than thirty years ago that I first saw Drummond, and on our first meeting he produced the same effect as he did all his after-life. The sun was going down behind Ben Lomond, in the happy summer time, touching with gold the gray old castle, deepening the green upon the belt of trees which fringed the eastern side of the park, and filling the park itself with soft, mellow light. A cricket match between two schools had been going on all day and was coming to an end, and I had gone out to see the result—being a new arrival in Stirling, and full of curiosity. The two lads at the wickets were in striking contrast—one heavy, stockish, and determined, who slogged powerfully and had scored well for his side; the other nimble, alert, graceful, who had a pretty but uncertain play. The slogger was forcing the running in order to make up a heavy leeway, and compelled his partner to run once too

often. 'It's all right, and you fellows are not to cry shame'—this was what he said as he joined his friends —'Buchanan is playing A1, and that hit ought to have been a four; I messed the running.' It was good form, of course, and what any decent lad would want to say, but there was an accent of gaiety and a certain air which was very taking. Against that group of clumsy, unformed, awkward Scots lads, this bright, straight, living figure stood in relief, and as he moved about the field my eyes followed him, and in my boyish and dull mind I had a sense that he was a type by himself, a visitor of finer breed than those among whom he moved. By-and-by he mounted a friend's pony and galloped along the racecourse in the park till one only saw a speck of white in the sunlight, and still I watched in wonder and fascination—only a boy of thirteen or so, and dull—till he came back, in time to cheer the slogger who had pulled off the match —with three runs to spare—and carried his bat.

"'Well played, old chap!' the pure, clear, joyous note rang out on the evening air; 'finest thing you've ever done,' while the strong-armed, heavy-faced slogger stood still and looked at him in admiration, and made amends. 'I say, Drummond, it was my blame you were run out' . . . Drummond was his name, and someone said 'Henry.' So I first saw my friend."[1]

It may not be amiss to consider, more especially in relation to his after-life, some of the stronger forces that were moulding this young soul. In the family circle

[1] *The Ideal Life and Other Unpublished Addresses*, by Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., with Memorial Sketches, by W. Robertson Nicoll and Ian Maclaren, p. 24.

there was the influence of his parents,—of that mother to whom his last earthly message was sent, of that father who was his chosen counsellor and friend at the critical moments of his career, and for whose wish he had a reverent, filial regard. His home was permeated with a bracing Christian atmosphere in whose reality his happy nature throve. He made early acquaintance with his father's faith, and thought seriously for himself. About this time he went very carefully through Horatius Bonar's *God's Way of Peace*, but in the light of later experience considered that it did him harm.

Again, after preparation for school, he and his brothers generally played about in the corner of the King's Park immediately opposite their home, in full view of the romantic castled rock, with its thick lichen-growth of history. Such surroundings would unconsciously influence the most unimaginative of youths: on Henry Drummond they produced a deep impression, which, although it never showed itself in wordy patriotism, yet left him hopelessly in love with his own country. At times when he returned from some far wandering, and in a brother's company rounded again the Castle Hill with its panoramic outlook, he would say, "Man, there's nothing like this anywhere."

On Saturdays he and his brothers often went fishing up the neighbouring streams—sport that to the end never lost its zest. In these outings the boy came into close contact with Nature, and his observant eye missed nothing. He studied the habits of creatures, their homes, their haunts,—bird-nesting was a hobby, — and gradually he came to acquire the sweeping vision of the field geologist. His earliest efforts

in literature were simple but vivid word-pictures of some of his favourite resorts. Already, too, he blended the pure joy of it all with the deeper joy that remained with him to the end of making others happy, even if it took the very boyish form of fixing a newly caught trout on a younger brother's line while he was momentarily gone, so that the less experienced angler might gain the long-sought pleasure of his first fish.

The removal to Morison's Academy at Crieff entailed no change in Drummond's way of life. He was the same bright discursive lad, finding his greatest interests outside the classroom, but on the other hand impressing those around him by his solitary stands for what he deemed to be matters of conscience. As before, he fielded wickets for the school, fished in the Earn and skated on the loch of Ochtertyre, and was so skilful at chess that the rector sometimes invited him to complete small chess-parties. He had a genius for bargaining, and came home from day-school and boarding-house alike, his pockets bulging with happy exchanges. At the same time his school record improved, and he began to face the problem of the future.

At last, in July 1866, he left the Academy with prizes —two firsts and a second—for Latin, English, and an essay. His schooldays had come to an end, but not his boyhood. Drummond never forgot that he had once been a boy, and he permanently retained many of the characteristics of those early days. He comforted despairing parents with his belief that all children must pass through a stage comparable to the Red Indian or savage, in which they seek to kill and to destroy. When he was asked the secret of the path to

a boy's friendship, he would say that it might begin by way of the cupboard, as thus:—

"... The boys will swagger in later. *Private.* Can you indicate (on a postcard) anything in the wide world which I could buy, borrow, or steal which could make them happy; anything edible, drinkable, scentable, seeable, or feelable which could give them delight? Perhaps there is nothing; but most boys have a particular brand of chocolate or something."[1]

In later years, the members of a College Club to which Drummond belonged[2] added to the pleasure of their annual reunion on one occasion by inviting their wives. In the afterglow one of them received the following letter from him:—

"I am so glad you enjoyed Moffat. I must confess I was much afraid the ladies would find us a very queer set of beings. We are so accustomed to one another, that when we get together we drop all the graver responsibilities and become schoolboys once more. This, of course, is a great and natural joy to us, but I fancy you must often have been bewildered at us. Moffat reminded me even of an earlier stage than the schoolboy this year. You know that curious old memory of 'going through a wood when we were children,'—that was what Moffat was to me; young, fresh, and buoyant; 'children going through a wood.' Yet I trust we will never forget this memory, or lose this spirit."

He certainly did not forget this memory, or lose this

[1] 3 Park Circus, Glasgow, Feb. 28, 1889. To their mother, to whom the greater number of the letters in the following pages was addressed.

[2] The Gaiety, see p. 52.

spirit; hence his remarkable success with children, for one and all of whom he stood as a hero. He studied them individually and tried to understand them; he had a wonderful power of putting himself in their little places and seeing how things appealed to them. He made them feel that he was giving himself up entirely to them for the moments that he was their playmate, and it was easy for them to surrender themselves to him. So much was this the case that when a group of tender heads in a vain moment were recounting their possessions, one of them thought he had turned the scale in his favour by remarking, "But I have Professor Drummond for *my* friend."

In the country he would ask his boy-friends if they had ever seen the nest of such and such a bird, and if the answer were in the negative, he would describe it to them, explain the adaptations in the colouring of the eggs, and if it were the spring-time, might go off with them to seek the real thing. Were it in town, he took them to some scenic display like Buffalo Bill; and on an after-exchange of points of interest, it was found that he had been impressed with the ease with which the showman's voice had carried over the large audience, and by the fact—which he had timed—that at the close the crowd had disappeared within three and a half minutes. He made their pleasures his pleasures, seeing in them things that they did not see, and so teaching them to observe.

His extraordinary power of putting himself in other people's places, and entering, even to the most trifling detail, into their petty interests, is illustrated by a series of examination papers that he sent, on learning that one of his boy-friends was being examined for entrance to a

public school. They were accompanied by the following letter to an elder brother:—

"3 PARK CIRCUS, GLASGOW.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your esteemed order to hand. I enclose three papers, which I trust will be suitable. The person being examined should have a wet towel round his head, and be fed hourly on lucifer matches, as the strain of answering will be great, and calls for much renewal of phosphorus.—Yours respectfully,

"A. ADRIEN AULD.

"EXAMINATION PAPERS

"*Domestic Economy*

"One hour

"1. What is the retail price of sausages?[1]

"2. Name the two best brands of Shortbread.[2] What is Longbread, and how does it differ from Highbread?

"3. Discuss the following:—Has the discoverer of Chloroform or of Bean Bags done most for Humanity?

"4. How would you spend 2d. if you got it? Subtract ½d. from 2d. and parse the remainder.

"*History*

"One hour

"1. Give a short life of Piggott.

"2. When was Major Whittle born? Contrast him

[1] This and question 3 refer to certain games with which he was greatly taken.

[2] The reference is to a notorious weakness of his own.

briefly with Wellington, Napoleon, General Booth, General Tom Thumb, and the General Supply Stores.

"3. Who was Lord Fauntleroy, and name his chief battles?

"4. How long did it take Dante to climb the mountain, and what is the shortest time it has ever been done in? Who first beat Dante's record?[1]

"5. Are you a Home-ruler, and if so, why not?

"*Physiology*

"One hour

"1. What was the number of your bed in the Fever Hospital? State the reason.

"2. Of what Hygienic Substance is it recorded that 'He won't be happy till he gets it'?

"3. Where was your face before it was washed?

"4. Define the term 'Gotyourhaircut'[2] and say if Red hair is Hair-reditary?"

Another child-friend who had begged an autograph for an acquaintance received along with her request the following reply:—"Madam, We have much pleasure in executing your esteemed favour of the 12th inst. We have a large stock of the enclosed at present which we are disposing of at a ruinous sacrifice,—large size 3 centimes per dozen, extra finish 4 centimes, discount for cash.

[1] The reference is to a book, entitled *How Dante Climbed the Mountain*, that was then exercising the mind of his intended examinee.

[2] The catchword in one of his best stories.

"We can also supply autographs of the celebrated Mr William Smith and the great Mr. Jenkins at a slight advance on the above rates.—Yours respectfully, ——." An asterisk beside the hieroglyphic flourishes that stood for signature drew attention to the following note:—"This is our patent Blizzard Style—2 centimes extra."

Drummond did not confine his interest to any particular species of boy: the whole genus elicited his sympathy. If you had wandered down to a certain penny gaff in an Edinburgh slum late on a Sunday evening, you would have found its shabby benches crowded with a company of grimy youths nobly endeavouring to restrain themselves. On the little platform at the farther end of the hall are to be seen two or three men, one at least faultlessly attired and of princely bearing, contrasting in a hundred different ways with his surroundings, and yet visibly at home. As he rises to speak, a hush overspreads his restive audience, who sit subdued by the light that beacons from his eyes. Possibly he merely requests a solo, and a shrill young voice fills the hall with sacred song:

> "Come! come! wanderer, come!
> There's plenty for thee in thy Father's home."

But at some high phrase the effort is too much, and the hymn abruptly terminates. "Never mind, Jamie, try again; pitch it lower." It is Drummond who has spoken, and more than ever he is one with his hearers. The pipe-like voice rises again at this encouragement and carries its message through to the end. Then would follow as simple and direct and useful words as these rough, hard-working lads could well have wished to hear,

and oftentimes their moral resolve was strengthened as they listened to the speaker's luminous and gentle answers to their questions—Where is Hell? Why is it wrong to swear? and so forth. Thus he held Sunday audiences with religious discourse such as a Socialist might only have commanded on some question of politics.

Within a few hundred yards, at an earlier hour, you could have seen the same man facing an audience of public-school boys. His aim is to redeem the missionary ideal in some young minds, but he is announced to speak about Coral Islands. He tells them how he, too, in boyhood, had attended missionary meetings, but from one he went away feeling "like a whipped dog"; the result of another was to cause him to play truant in order to investigate the effects of opium-smoking on his own account. Missionaries no longer stood with black coat and umbrella under some stately palm-tree preaching to a circle of gaping negroes: they were men much like ourselves, but with a great passion, and often doing in their spare moments brilliant work in different departments of science. Was the practice of the Christ-life not worth while? Was it not even more glorious to commend it to such as still "sit in darkness"?

In ways such as these Henry Drummond turned to most practical account the knowledge that he acquired with so little difficulty concerning the inner secrets of a boy's life, and his rare influence over them. He was utterly unconventional in everything that he did. He approached the general question of a boy's religion from the sane standpoint that it must be his own, and could not possibly be the religion of his grandmother. He was quick to see the weak spots in modern Sunday-

school teaching, especially under those conditions where most of the time has to be spent in giving elementary lessons in manners with indifferent success. Especially was he convinced of the failure to present Christian truth in forms that were at once attractive and adapted to the comprehension and horizon of a boy's mind. To one who had consulted him with regard to an appointment in connection with such work he wrote:—

"Geniuses are scarce—especially those who know the 'awfulness' of children. I really do not know who would be in the least impressive. I am very sorry, for I have an impression that Sunday-school teaching is grievously bad in many cases, and I have long looked for a Sunday-school prophet to arise."[1]

Henry Drummond's association with the Boys' Brigade is now matter of history and need not be again detailed. He lent his enthusiastic support to this organisation because he saw in its methods, in the first instance, the solution of his problem, more particularly in those cases where the question of control constituted the greatest difficulty. In a magazine article[2] he has described these methods in his own felicitous style. After picturing the Sunday hour as it was passed under the old conditions, he supposes that the class, to whom have been expounded the principles of the Boys' Brigade, is asked to meet in a certain hall on a week-day night for initiation. "Next Thursday, strange contrast to all Sunday precedents, every boy is on the spot at the hour. Instead of the wandering, bored look, every eye is transfixed on the brown-paper parcel which, with newly

[1] 3 Park Circus, Feb. 5, 1891.

[2] *Good Words*, 1891, vol. 32, p. 93.

acquired cunning, you have labelled 'Accoutrements' —not that they know the word, but they feel sure it is something military. After capping and belting them—though this is not lawful at this early stage—and standing them up in a row, you proceed to business. You do not start off with the old injured Sunday air, 'Now, boys, behave yourselves.' There are no boys in the room. These are privates, full privates. You do not cringe before them and beg and implore attention. You pull yourself together and shout out that last word, ''Tenshun,' like an explosion, and the very change of accent to the last syllable paralyses the whole row into rigid statues. Following up this sudden advantage you keep them moving — marching, halting, marking-time and doubling, till they are dropping with fatigue. What liberties you take this blessed night! No lion-king making his wild beasts jump through hoops could be prouder of himself. You order them about like an emperor. You criticise their hands, their faces, their feet—even their boots—without a murmur of dissent. Number Five's hair is pilloried before the whole company, and he actually takes it as a compliment. Eleven's coat has a tear across the breast which is denounced as unmilitary, and he is ordered to have it repaired on penalty of the guardroom. If Three of the rear rank again kicks Two of the front rank he will be put into a dungeon. Any private absent from drill next Thursday will be branded as a deserter, while unwashed hands will be a case for a court-martial.

"Amazing and preposterous illusion! Call these boys, *boys*, which they are, and ask them to sit up in a Sunday class, and no power on earth will make them

do it; but put a fivepenny cap on them and call them soldiers, which they are not, and you can order them about till midnight. The genius who discovered this astounding and inexplicable psychological fact ought to rank with Sir Isaac Newton. . . . Look at this quondam *class*, which is to-night a Company. As class it was confusion, depression, demoralisation, blasphemy, chaos. As Company it is respect, self-respect, enthusiasm, happiness, peace. The beauty of the change is that it is spontaneous, secured without heartburn, maintained without compulsion. The boy's own nature rises to it with a bound; and the livelier the specimen, the greater its hold upon him."

This, however, is but the first step. Later come the gradual acquirement of reverence, courtesy, punctuality, obedience; the quiet though persistent efforts to win the boys to Christianity by precept and example; and through it all, the possibility of their having in their officer one true friend in whom they can confide, and to whom they can turn for help and advice what time they desire it. Such a scheme seemed essentially the Programme of Christianity for these lads, and Drummond laboured actively at home and abroad in behalf of the cause. He started the movement in Australia, and addressed meetings on the subject in Canada and the United States. Above all, we owe to it that tiny gem of genius, literature, and life—*Baxter's Second Innings*. It is possible to imagine that the truth in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* may so become part of universal experience that the volume will drop out of sight,—some books are forgotten because they succeed; it is easy to fancy that fuller appreciation of the relations

between scientific and religious thought will make the thesis of *The Ascent of Man* a commonplace, and to read the book a work of supererogation; but so long as boys are keen to play straight in the game of life, so long will that allegory live for their encouragement and in their love.

CHAPTER II

THEN THE EAR

HENRY DRUMMOND was little more than fifteen years of age when he matriculated (October 1866) in Edinburgh University. At that time it was usual to go through the Arts curriculum in a recognised sequence of subjects, and most men spent their first year over Latin and Greek, taking Junior Mathematics in addition if their course was to cover four years. Drummond did not do this, for he took Senior Humanity (Latin) and English Literature in his opening session. Possibly the ordinary first year's course was too classical for the taste of one who was so thoroughly modern in his ways of thinking. The following winter he attended the classes of Junior Mathematics, Junior Greek, and Logic and Metaphysics. During the winter 1868–1869 he worked at Natural Philosophy and Senior Mathematics. In his fourth University session he enrolled in Senior Greek, Moral Philosophy and Senior Humanity for the second time. At the close of his third winter he passed the departmental examination in Mathematics and Physics for the degree of M.A., and in the following spring the corresponding test in Mental Philosophy. In spite of his repeated attendance at the

Humanity class, he "had never courage to attempt the classical department of the M.A.," and left the University, so far as the Arts curriculum was concerned, without a degree.

In Edinburgh, as at Stirling and Crieff, his real interests lay outside the University and classroom. An exception should, however, be made in favour of the Philomathic Society which he joined during his second session, although with some hesitation, fearing that it might occupy too much of his time. The same winter he read an essay before it, the subject being "Novels and Novel-reading,"—"which I shall knock down on all sides," he says, in an anticipatory letter. The following summer certain of the more energetic members started a journal entitled *The Philomathic, a Literary Magazine conducted by a few of the Alumni of Edinburgh University*, of which he was the first editor. To it he contributed a paper on "Mesmerism and Animal Magnetism." The peculiar interest of this article lies in the fact that Drummond himself developed remarkable aptitude as a mesmerist and thought-reader. Latterly he gave up the practice, considering it a questionable procedure to deprive a fellow-being of his will-power even for a moment. At this period such subjects seem to have had a great fascination for him, and amongst his papers are several slips with advertisements of clairvoyant séances. Replying from Edinburgh in 1871 to his elder brother, then at Dublin, who had asked him to try to pick up certain books on Forestry, Drummond requests of him a similar favour with regard to Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism, but regrets that his hobby is not so rational as that of his brother. "However, if I am

burned for witchcraft, I *may* have the consolation of knowing that the stakes were of your growing."

During his first academic winter he roomed with two divinity students, one of whom afterwards became his brother-in-law; in subsequent years he was generally alone. We may think of him giving regular attendance at class hours, but roused to nothing beyond routine till he listened to Professor Tait, portions of whose discourses on Natural Philosophy he transcribes in his letters to his brother with as much zest as he pictures some new engine that he has seen in a bazaar window, or vignettes his landlady.

Out of college his forms of amusement were original. He frequented auction rooms, making brilliant bargains on the spot and by letter; one of his correspondents offers him "articles enough to stock a pawnshop." This schoolboy trait survived in a modified form to the end, affording himself and his friends real enjoyment.

He also haunted bookstalls old and new, and there made discoveries that influenced him for life. In an informal talk upon books that he occasionally gave in later years he has told us of these experiences. One of the first books that he bought was a volume of selections from Ruskin, which, much more than any practical instruction subsequently received in science, taught him to use his eyes. Many men go through life with their eyes shut. He might have done the same had it not been for Ruskin, who taught him to see Nature—"put him up to it in three minutes." As a boy he used to wonder why God had not made everything scarlet, like the inside of a penny trumpet; now his eyes were opened to the

lovelier, softer, subtler colours of Nature. "Look at yon lichen—its delicacy, its strength, its adaptation to outlines. Think how it grows and lives. You wonder, then you worship."

His next author was Emerson, whom he discovered for himself, "one of the sweetest souls God ever made." Emerson soothed him, an effect in marked contrast to that produced upon him by Carlyle, who was effusively admired by his fellow-students. As for himself, he did not even go to hear Carlyle's rectorial address. Emerson's books were unworldly; they taught him "to see with the mind." To Drummond, Emerson seemed to tell what he saw without explanation or qualification, and his charming optimism was a fountain of strength to him during these college days. From one of Channing's treatises he learned to believe in God as a Moral Being. Channing taught him reverence — that God was everywhere; he became glad that there was a God. The next book that he studied was along the same lines,—Martineau's *Endeavours after the Christian Life*,—but he found it chilling. A reaction was occasioned by one of F. W. Robertson's volumes of sermons, who taught him to believe in Christ as a Young Man helping him to fight the battle of life. Up till then he had simply known the Christ of Doctrine—a theological figure; now he found a living personal Elder Brother. He never forgot the sermon on "The Loneliness of Christ," together with others that shed so much human light on the person of Christ. He then read Robertson's Life, which showed him a man who practised what Emerson enjoined. It was his first glimpse of liberty,—of a man taking a stand on his own con-

victions and following out his own instincts whatever it cost him.

To his shelf of books he next added one or two novels of George Eliot, who opened his eyes to the meaning of life. "In her world you live with nice people and see the great laws in their action on men and women." He was in love a whole winter with one of her characters, "but I have now that book uncut." After a passing reference to Mark Twain, he always concluded the talk by warning men not to read the books that he had recommended, but to choose their own diet.

I am unaware whether Drummond formed any superlatively intimate friendship during these college days; indeed, it is an open question whether any man really *knew* him. Some he impressed by his "apparent loneliness." They remember him standing aside from the ordinary knots of students scattered about the quadrangle of the University in the intervals between classes, looking like "one possessed by great thoughts which were polarising in his mind and giving a happy expression to his face." On the other hand, no man had a profounder interest in human nature, and he moved amongst his fellows, easily winning their confidence by his perfect naturalness and inborn courtesy, and so gaining that large, deep insight into humanity that he so deliberately set himself to acquire. Perhaps this trait in an early stage of development cannot be better exhibited than in what he wrote as a Free Church student to his elder brother, who was in doubt how to deal with a young medical friend whose attachment to his subject was too engrossing to be pleasant to those around him. "Allow —— to talk as much 'shop' as

ever he can. It will please him and instruct you. I know exactly the stage he is passing through. It is common to all medical students; but you will find in a little (perhaps a good while) that he will go on exactly the opposite tack, and become as jealous of his knowledge as possible. That is when he begins to look on it as professional,—as that with which an amateur has no manner of business, unless to admire it in others. In the University I used to hang on the lips of young medicals, and many a lecture I got. I used to accompany them to the Infirmary to see pet cases, and one way or another I came to know a good deal about Physiology and Anatomy. Even now I have a pretty good general notion of bones, muscles, arteries, and so on."

During these University years he retained all his old interest in sport and athletic exercise. One winter he skated home on the canal as far as Polmont; and there is a page of glory in his spasmodic diary over his first grilse. He filled in his summers with short pedestrian tours or a tutorship; and being uncertain as to his life-work, he assisted his father for some months in business. He always felt that he had what our fathers rightly spoke of as a "call," although he did not see how it was to be answered. He had the best prospects of success as a merchant that anyone could desire, but they had no attraction for him; he was sensible of a summons to direct service for God. From the beginning he did not know how to set about it; and it was partly to please his father, and partly because it was the recognised procedure, that he went right through the M.A. course, and finally entered New College, Edinburgh. This last step he

took in November 1870, although he never felt any call to the ordained ministry, and never meant to be a minister.

Previous to such entry, however, the candidate is required to pass an examination conducted by the Examining Board of the Church. Hebrew here constitutes the greatest difficulty for the average man; at this subject Drummond worked by himself, and on 26th July the test was successfully passed. In the summer he acted as tutor in a Kincardineshire family, where he spent his nineteenth birthday. Thinking over the past years, and uncertain as to the coming winter with its entirely new field of study, he felt that this particular birthday marked an epoch in his life, and he was "led" to these reflections, recorded in a private journal which was never seen during his life:—

"I was startled to find that it was really come—my nineteenth year. I almost cried. If such is my birthday experience in the days of my youth, what will it be when 'my bones wax old,' if that shall ever be? There is a sadness even in my years at the flight of Time. May I never be too hardened to let these annual milestones sweep by unwept for!

"It is the first birthday I have spent away from home, and perhaps that has helped to make this a more sad occasion than wont. In looking back over my past years I see nothing but an unbroken change [chain?] of Mercies. Few lives have been as happy as mine. Few have shared as many pleasures and borne as few griefs. The rod of affliction may conquer many, but if I am subdued at all I have been killed with kindness—unmerited, unrequited, unsolicited, unexampled kindness. 'What can I render

unto God for all His gifts to me?' Alas, I have rendered nothing—nothing but evil. The only misery I have endured has been of my own creation—the confusion of face for my own iniquity, the mournings for sins that were past, and the consciousness of my guilt before God. For days I have felt ashamed to look up to Him, and too wicked to approach His footstool. I believe I have discovered by my own sad experience the true meaning and justice of His attributes, 'Long-suffering,' 'Plenteous in Mercy,' etc. O that these humiliating periods of darkness were at an end. I think that I can honestly say that the chief desire of my heart is to be reconciled unto God, and to feel the light of His countenance *always* upon me. As honestly I think I can say that God in His great goodness has given me little care for the things of the world. I have been enabled to see the extreme littleness of the world in comparison with the great Hereafter, [so] that the temptations of the former seem as nothing to the attractions of the latter, and I cannot be too thankful that I have been thus spared being whirled into the vortex of the cares of this life, and of the deceitfulness of riches. This may sound like vain-glory, but it is very far from that; I am far too deep in the abyss of sin to deceive myself in that respect. I say it not boastfully but in fear and trembling, with deep humiliation that all these mercies should have made me little better than if I had them not.

"May I make such resolutions to-night, and may God help me to keep them, that should I be spared to see another birthday, my thoughts should not be *sorrowing* but *rejoicing*—sorrowing as I am now with no faint illumination of joy to make me hope for better things, but

rejoicing that real progress has been made in that Wisdom which is 'better than rubies.'"

One other examination still remained to be passed on the way to the Theological Hall, namely, that by his native Presbytery. On 7th October 1870 he wrote to his brother James, "To my great surprise I appeared before the Presbytery on Tuesday, in company with John Watson. We passed with flying colours."

Henry Drummond was the youngest of five and twenty men composing the First Year in the New College that winter. As classmates he had James Stalker, John Watson, and John F. Ewing of Melbourne. In senior years were Andrew Harper and W. G. Elmslie. After him came D. M. Ross and, still later, G. A. Smith and R. W. Barbour. With its smaller but maturer numbers and its unity of purpose, life at the Hall is richer than in the University; there is an added sense of brotherhood. The curriculum is strictly defined, and in the studies of the opening year Drummond found congenial subjects. He was first prizeman in the class of Natural Science; Apologetics likewise seems to have interested him, to judge from his notebooks. He also experienced the subtle thrill that passes through a man as he listens to the great master of the Old Testament, Dr. A. B. Davidson, who began the process of weaning him from the more or less mechanical views of inspiration on which Drummond and those of his generation had been reared.

Part of the work of the first session is the preparation of a homily, the student being at liberty to choose his subject from a number of suggestions. On this matter

Drummond writes to his brother:[1] "The subject I have chosen is perhaps the most secular of all, but I chose it for it suited my liking and capacity best. It is The Six Days of Creation. I have been reading up extensively, and find it a splendid subject." The previous year he had led a debate in the affirmative on the question "Was the Deluge Partial?" at the Philomathic, of which he was then a President. In his second session at the New College he wrote a class essay on "The Doctrine of Creation." Under these efforts we see the gradual erosion of that well-defined channel along which the main current of his thought flowed in after-years.

In the part of the College training conducted by the students themselves Drummond took his share. He frequently attended the meetings of the Theological Society, of which he was a President in his last session. He taught a class of boys in the Sunday school organised in connection with the College Missionary Society,—"I brought some of them in from the High Street." But other interests had crept in, and he can have had but little leisure. During the next two years (1871–1872) he contrived, with the aid of a summer session, to attend the classes of Botany, Natural History, Chemistry, and Geology. Under Sir Wyville Thomson he was second to the medallists, and took a high place in Professor Geikie's examinations.[2] He sat twice for the first

[1] To J. W. Drummond, 6th February 1871.

[2] Drummond was not medallist in the class of Geology, as has been widely believed. He took third place with 76 per cent., and halved the prize for the best essay on the class excursions. Nor is it the case that he was offered the class assistantship, for the simple

part of the B.Sc. examination, but failed to satisfy the examiners on either occasion. Thus, with a summer at the University of Tübingen with his friends Ewing and Ross, three years came and went without throwing clear light upon the future. Although Drummond made many lasting friendships at the Hall, yet on his own confession he was not "in it" among the divinity students. Sometimes he thought he saw his mission was to be an evangelist. He had always been interested in evangelistic meetings, and saw that genuine work was done in them. Over against this he placed his growing inability to understand "how men can knock together two sermons a week—as if they were rabbit hutches."

In the autumn of 1873, after his return from Germany, Drummond determined to leave the New College for a year, in order to devote himself to Natural Science, —more particularly Geology,—and gain experience in mission work. As President of the Theological Society, however, he appeared before it in November, and read the essay on "Spiritual Diagnosis"[1] that first awakened his fellow-students to recognition of his peculiar powers. In it he maintains that the great deficiency in preparation for the ministry is the lack of anything corresponding to the clinical instruction of medical students. "The study of the soul in health and disease ought to be as much an object of scientific study and training as the health and diseases of the body." The delivery of some heal-

reason that the post did not exist in Sir Archibald Geikie's time. In January 1873, however, he was elected a Fellow of the Edinburgh Geological Society.

[1] *The New Evangelism and Other Papers*, p. 189.

ing message to a crowd will have effect merely on those to whom it is most applicable; consequently what is really required is "to draw souls one by one, to buttonhole them and steal from them the secret of their lives, to talk them clean out of themselves, to read them off like a page of print, to pervade them with your spiritual essence and make them transparent." The essay contains a suggestive discussion of this "spiritual science which is so difficult to acquire and so hard to practise." Already in a humble mission hall Drummond was addressing halting words to handfuls of working men and women, and tentatively practising his "spiritual science." Within a week his environment was changed, and he was swept into the greatest evangelistic movement of the century.

In what is perhaps the most impressive chapter in Professor G. A. Smith's Life of Henry Drummond, he has told with remarkable sympathy and discernment the story of the Great Mission of 1873–1875. In the late summer of the former year Messrs. Moody and Sankey landed in Britain, and after conducting meetings in several towns in the North of England, they came by invitation, towards the close of November, to Edinburgh. Within a week of their arrival an evangelistic campaign was inaugurated on a gigantic scale, and in the crowded "inquiry rooms" there was ample opportunity for the practice of that "spiritual science" which Drummond had but a few days before so clearly outlined.

No one seems to know how or when Henry Drummond first met D. L. Moody, but it must be evident that what he saw on his first visit of critical inspection would appeal to him in some measure, and that he would

without much hesitation join in the work. The whole plan of campaign was new, and at the beginning there was some opposition. Many of the New College men, however, enlisted with enthusiasm; and from mere attendance in the "inquiry rooms" Drummond and his friend Stalker were led on to conducting, if not actually proposing, special meetings for young men. Further, demands for information regarding this movement in Edinburgh began to pour in from outlying districts, and the students were sent on deputation to the provincial towns. Certain marked successes that Drummond achieved in the North of Scotland more than ever brought him under Moody's notice, and he persuaded the young evangelist to make such work his chief endeavour for the time. And so it happened that from Kirkwall to London, and from Derby to Sunderland, Drummond either accompanied or followed in the wake of the Americans for the space of nearly twenty months. He devoted himself in particular to young men and children, whom he addressed in thousands. These extracts from a letter to his mother will show the nature of the work in which he was engaged:—

"HARTLEPOOL, *16th May* 1874.

"The people here have been very pressing for some of us to take a run down and hold a couple of meetings, and I made up my mind to comply while the other two[1] went to Newcastle, where I join them to-morrow. The Sunderland work would take me a week even to sketch. It seems to have reached all classes and all ages. Among the schools it has broken out in great force, and

[1] J. F. Ewing and James Stewart, fellow-students who accompanied him at this time.

we could spend another month among them with great profit. On Sunday I had an enormous children's service, and about 150 remained to an after-meeting. In the evening we had the Victoria Hall crammed (with adults), and a very large number entered the inquiry room at the close. . . . On Monday evening we had a farewell meeting with the young converts. There was a large church full, and it was one of the happiest meetings I was ever at.

"The general impression in Sunderland is that the work is just beginning, and although we have left the place I suspect we shall have to go back again. To give you an idea of the work in Sunderland, I may say that upwards of *three hundred* names were given in at the young men's meeting alone, of young men who profess to have been converted during the three weeks of the meetings. One minister of a small suburban church stated after the first fortnight that *forty* had been converted already out of his little flock. To me the whole matter seems an unreal dream. It is impossible to realise it. I suppose it was never meant that we should. Hartlepool is just a little chilly after Sunderland. . . . The grain seems to be got just now for the reaping. The whole countryside is ripe here, and I do not really know when this English tour of ours is to end."

Out of this great experience sprang a friendship between Drummond and Moody that was the occasion of no little surprise to their different admirers. The two men were as unlike in the build of their mind as in that of their body, and yet there was a grand community, for both belonged to "the true aristocracy of passionate souls." Many men, in religion as in all else, live on the circumference of things: Drummond lived at the centre.[1]

[1] In his interleaved Testament he gives this "Receipt for Misery —Be a half-hearted Christian."

He recognised in Moody a man of transparent sincerity and power, a man with a purpose, one whose life was likewise Christ-centred, and he went in with him. Much about the work in which Moody was engaged Drummond did not comprehend. "Sudden conversion" he did not doubt, for he saw too many instances, but he did not understand it fully, since he had never personally experienced it.

The friendship thus initiated never died. Of Drummond as an evangelist Moody would say: "There's nobody in the world like Drummond for interesting young men. Set him to talk to a lot of 'em, and he'll just crop 'em in in five minutes." Of his life he wrote: "Some men take an occasional journey into the thirteenth of 1st Corinthians, but Henry Drummond was a man who lived there constantly, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings." To Drummond Moody was "the biggest human" he had ever met.[1] In the early days,—such was their intimacy,—Drummond used to edit Moody's published addresses.[2] There naturally came a time when, to Moody's regret, he could no longer do this. There even came days when, with the development of his mind and a growing experience, Drummond laid more emphasis on aspects of Christian truth other than those he had proclaimed in the old days of the

[1] Years afterwards he wrote from Northfield, "Moody is grander at home than on the platform—a great, great figure. I am lost in wonder over him."

[2] "Mr. Moody's sermons are getting on famously. I think a dozen of them will be published in a week or two. I have been very busy with them." (Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., 30th June 1875. To Mrs. Mackinnon.)

mission, and men taunted Moody with the defection of his friend. But with the sanity of the true Christian, Moody judged the man by his actions and not by his words,—if indeed he judged at all,—and to the end they continued loyal, "in honour preferring one another."

During the mission Drummond's principal work was the preparation and delivery of addresses. About this time he outlined several of those by which he was so well known in after years. Certain of the discourses that have been published in *The Ideal Life* may be found in skeleton in the worn interleaved New Testament that he used throughout the campaign. The subjects that he selected covered the whole field of Christian fact and doctrine; in later years he restricted himself to a few special, less familiar notes, which he sounded again and again. His manner of address was quiet and measured, but there was withal such earnestness, such freshness of presentation and novelty of illustration, and the mysterious effluence of so strong a personality, that thousands were held spellbound and hundreds were won. Off the platform his work was even more effective. In a moment he could put himself alongside the most hopeless, the most desperate, of human souls, woo from them secrets that no ear had ever heard, and lead them again into "a large place." But for one confidence that he sought, a score were thrust upon him. Strange individuals of every calling, honourable and the reverse, felt that they could trust him, nor was their trust misplaced. As he himself wrote of Andrew in that same pocket Testament, he was the "accessible, *pleasant-mannered* man,—a great fisher of men,—whose

name is generally associated with 'getting hold of somebody'—first his brother Peter, then the lad with the loaves, also the Greeks." Men of thought and culture, simple working lads, those in whom he had some particular interest—"getting hold" of them; such was Drummond.

"Such tales of woe," he once said, "I've heard in Moody's inquiry room, that I felt I must go and change my clothes after the contact." In these inquiry rooms it was as if he had stood on the storm-beaten shores of the sea of life, and looked on vessels of every class broken on the rocks; but to him they were great even in their shipwreck. He was deeply impressed with the divinity of human nature: it was gloriously worthy of redemption. In these inquiry rooms he learned to know men and the almost unaccountable workings of the human heart. He came more than ever to see how each man is a distinct unit, with his own peculiar experiences, his own temptations, and his own sins; he appreciated the fact that he could only help any one man in so far as he thoroughly understood and respected his individuality. In short, Drummond learned for all time that even as God has made no two faces alike, so He saves no two souls in just the same way. Thus, in order to be effective, moral redemption must not be wholesale but solitary.

Above all things Drummond was happy because he was sure that he had found his vocation. He had intended to be away but one year from the New College, and passed his summer holidays in Orkney, fishing and evangelising. While there he received a letter from his father pressing him to return to the Theological Hall to

complete his studies. In reply he sent the following letter:—

"U.P. Manse, Kirkwall, Orkney,
"*Monday, 24th August* 1874.

"You see I am getting farther and farther north every letter. After some very grand work in Wick I was packed off here on Saturday morning. It is a terribly out-of-the-way place, and as I am quite alone I almost feel homesick. Of course I had a terrible crossing. I came by Thurso and Stromness, and thence coach to Kirkwall. On Sabbath I had no less than four meetings, and I think the work has got a very good start. We had a children's meeting which was a great success and is to be continued for two or three nights more, as well as an evangelistic meeting nightly. . . .

"I am among the U.P.'s here—they are the strongest body here, and it is wise to get where there is most going. Moody wanted me to go to the Inverness Convention, but there is a much better field here, and I am glad to escape it. He expects me, however, to go over to Belfast with him.

"I think, looking back on the past days, as well as at future prospects this winter, that I have been unmistakeably led in the right way. I am sure if I did not feel this, the work would be most uncongenial and bitter; but I cannot help thinking more and more that my way has been chosen for me, and that however irregular and unusual it may seem to others, this is the work that has been given me to do. It has never been the object of even the slightest desire to me to be the Reverend. If I know my heart, I believe I can humbly say that for the last seven years the work I am now engaged in has been the dream of my life. I know you will find it hard to believe this. I am sure no one, from my outward conduct, would ever have dreamt it. But I can only repeat that underlying my scientific studies and everything else, there has been this one settled conviction all these

years—that the only life which to me would seem at all worth living would be a life of evangelistic work. Why I have been so long in beginning I can never know, neither can I guess why Moses was forty and Christ only ten years younger when God gave them their work to begin. And when I think of them, I wonder not that I have been so long in beginning, but that God has chosen to honour me so soon. I know that most of my friends will think hard things of me just now. I know many able ministers will say it is very foolish and absurd. I know that even few of my own fellow-students will understand me or sympathise with me, but notwithstanding all that, I must still cling to my own earnest conviction that however dark and uncomprehended the future may be, not only my path but even the very 'steps' of it are just now 'ordered by the Lord.'"

The result was that in the autumn he moved over to Ireland, and thence accompanied or followed up Moody and Sankey through their second great English mission, which finished in London in July 1875. At the same time, as his experience widened, he came to see things more in their true proportions, and the old question of his future returned, possibly accentuated by communications from his father, who felt somewhat uncertain about the indefinite life into which his son seemed to be drifting. The following correspondence reveals a remarkable relationship between father and son, and as remarkable a change in Drummond's point of view.

In a letter from Holt, near Wrexham, dated 24th July 1875, after describing certain of his recent experiences, Drummond continues:—

"On the whole, I have enjoyed my run to England very much, and hope it has not been without some good. Indeed the work at Holt is worth the whole;

besides, I hope I have *got* a great deal of good myself. I begin to see more and more that the great thing is to *live* rather than to *work*. I should not wonder if my visit to England has been brought about to teach me this more fully; and I begin to think that this is the great lesson God has been meaning me to learn in the past six months,—in which I have done comparatively nothing,—and which He means still for a little to teach me before giving me a more definite work to begin to. I am profoundly thankful for the long time of comparative quiet I have had, as I see now what it has all meant. I believe it will be a life-gain to me. Had I plunged into work I know I should have *missed* it. I cannot tell you, therefore, how thankful I was to get your letter in which you said that all you could see or say of my life was just this, 'hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' And if doors seem to be closing on this side and on that, all one sees is that it is the truest wisdom, and even the truest service, to be 'waiting,' if the 'waiting' be 'on the Lord.' I earnestly hope that it is this kind of 'waiting' with me,—otherwise every moment that I live is worse than wasted. I cannot help thanking you for your letter. You can have no idea how it cheered me; for of course waiting-time is always more or less a little anxious time, and the people round about me can scarcely understand my case or sympathise with it as you can."

This letter was the occasion of a further communication from his father, the paternal nature of which can easily be gathered from the following reply from Manchester, dated 3rd August 1875:—

"I am afraid you have thought there was more in

my 'Welsh letter' than I myself meant by it. I think, if you read it again, you will find that there is nothing more in it than this, namely, an expression of a very earnest desire to have my path in life *unmistakeably* cut out *by God*. You seem to have taken up the idea that I have mapped out a path of my own, and speak of my 'choosing a path so very unusual.' Now the real fact is, that is exactly what I do not want to do—what I would not for a moment think of doing. I tried to say in my letter that I was feeling myself '*waiting*' upon God to open up some path for me; and I was trying to explain to you why I was, more, in a sense, 'waiting' than 'working,'—that I was waiting until I could get my orders from Headquarters as to what *definite* work I should first take up. You probably, and very naturally, have an idea that I was anxious to begin *evangelistic* work. You will perhaps be glad to hear that this is very far from being the case. I had rather, I think, *work in the Nursery*[1] than be an evangelist—in the ordinary sense of that word. I could not have said that six months ago. I *can* now, with my whole heart. *The reason* I tried to mention in my letter,—but I fear I did not make it plain,—when I said that God was teaching me that the end of life was not *work*, but to *live*. And I also tried to say, I think, that I looked upon the present time of my life as a time of *personal learning*,—as if God were telling me 'Thy strength is to sit still' and '*learn* of Me.' In a week or a month, or whenever He thinks, I am ready; I will doubtless get my commission. Thus my idea is exactly expressed in your own words,—the idea I meant all through my letter, and which I

[1] The reference is, of course, to his father's business.

think you will be able to see with the help of this commentary,—that I 'am afraid to move a single step without searching and prayer to know the mind of the only wise God.' These, you remember, are your own words; and my present position is exactly that in which I 'am afraid to move.' The word to move may come before you read this page—I know not. But I feel it *will* come, and I am glad to wait."

With these thoughts and resolutions in his mind, he returned to Scotland, and after attending the Perth Conference, went in September to spend a holiday at Bonskeid in Perthshire, the home of his fellow-student, Robert Barbour. Any lingering doubts he may have had with regard to the surrender of his evangelistic ideal were further dispersed one Sunday morning during a conversation with Mrs. Barbour, the mother of his friend. No one was more sympathetic with such work, nevertheless with her characteristic insight she saw clearly the possible dangers for the individual who made evangelism a life-work, and she showed him how the evangelist's career was apt to be a failure—perhaps a few years of enthusiasm and blessing, then carelessness, no study, no spiritual growth, too often a sad collapse. In the retirement brought about by an injured knee, the result of a stumble over a stone when rambling near Bonskeid, Drummond finally decided to return that winter to complete his theological course. He had gone home, and was able to count his "sore leg one of the best things that ever happened to him." He "got time to look into all sorts of things, and even made an attempt to write a first sermon." A year later, and in retrospect, he wrote to his friend in answer to an invitation to Bonskeid:—

"You know I am a kind of knotless thread just now, and I feel the shelf is the proper place for me. I have no business, either, to take a holiday, as I have had no opportunity of deserving one. Besides this, my programme is full next week, or perhaps I might have been tempted to have gone. I should rather like to make a pilgrimage to that stone on the hill at the back of Bonskeid. I sometimes think I owe more to it than I know. Perhaps if it had not been for that stone I should not have been at college last winter. 'That stone!' I wish it had been anything else but a *stone*! A wheelbarrow would almost have been as poetical."[1] He returned that winter to complete his theological course.

After two years of absence, the New College could not be the same place to him. He had passed through a remarkable experience for a young man of four-and-twenty, and every day brought pressing calls to return to the evangelistic field. Yet he slipped quietly back into the college life as if nothing had happened, and steadfastly set himself to banish that feeling of awe with which he easily perceived that he was regarded by some of the younger men. How well he succeeded may be judged by the remark of his poet-friend, Robert Barbour, in answer to one to whom Tennyson's lament over Arthur Hallam had appeared extravagant: "Just such language would we have to use were Henry taken from us." During this winter Drummond found scope for his evangelistic gifts in the Gaiety Music Hall in Chambers Street, which he rented for several Sundays, and easily filled on the occasions when he spoke. But he preferred to sit and listen to his more intimate fellow-

[1] Glen Elm Lodge, 21st September 1876. To R. W. Barbour.

students, whom he thus early brought into the work, and helped and encouraged at the beginning of their public life. From the brotherhood of these and earlier meetings arose the Gaiety Club.

In April 1876 Drummond completed his theological course and passed the exit examination. The remainder of the succeeding months he spent partly on holiday and partly in evangelistic work in different localities. Towards the close of the year he accepted Dr. Hood Wilson's assistantship in the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, for a few months, and from his pulpit delivered the majority of the addresses published in *The Ideal Life*. Twenty years later, at Tunbridge Wells, when talking with Drummond, who was explaining that he had never been a licensed minister, and that he had never delivered regular sermons, Professor Simpson recalled how he had once heard him preach in the Barclay from the text "What is your life?" "Oh no," he replied, "that wasn't a sermon; it was just a Bible-reading on the Bible view of life—a dream, a post, a swift ship, a tale; I remember it quite well. I never used it again." His engagement terminated in the end of May, and in the summer he accompanied Robert Barbour to Norway, to whom on his return he sent the following letter:—

"Glen Elm Lodge,
"Stirling, 21*st August* 1877.

"My programme since coming from Norway has been very simple and very happy. I have scarcely stirred from my den. I have studied some, and read crowds of, books. *The Ring and the Book* I have gone through with increasing interest, and Hutton's *Essays* have filled me with admiration for everybody except myself. I

have just got Shairp's new book, which I think will delight you, if you have not seen it, *The Poetic Interpretation of Nature*; my only other novelties being Pulsford's new volume of sermons, and a book by *Enigmas of Life's* brother, *A Layman's Legacy*, which is only mediocre. Norway did me a world of good; it was a clear month out of reading, out of thinking, out of planning for the future, out of responsibility for others; not a shred of these things followed me at least; I forgot them all, and I think this is the true holiday—to be one's simplest self, forget the past, and ignore the future. This is fearfully heathenish, and I sometimes had my misgivings, but I think now it is right. I never came back to work, to books, to Christianity I might almost say, with such a spring. The world seemed new-born. The first sermon I heard was heaven opened; preaching myself was inspiration. I should like to have your version when you write; or you can write a treatise if you like 'On the Philosophy of Holidays,' which is a subject quite worth thinking about, seeing that most men in our line give at least one-twelfth of their year to it. . . .

"I went to the Commission ten days ago, mainly to recover my ecclesiastical vocabulary. I had really forgotten all the more important words also in theology from pure disuse.

". . . I am a missionary again—sad relapse from an assistant's airy height. A handful of colliers in a place near Polmont were needing shepherding, and I go down every Sabbath and preach twice to them. It is most delightful work, and I would not exchange it for anywhere."

Still we can gather by suggestion, what he stated afterwards, that the early summer months of that year were the most miserable time of his life, as he did not see what definite work he could do to earn his bread and yet get time for evangelising. About this time he went

to the New College to find out in the Calendar what subjects were required for the licensing examination, although he did not wish to be licensed. At the college he found some numbers of *Nature* that had been accumulating for him; but now that his student days were over he seemed to see no use for them, and gave them to an engine-driver as he went down the Mound, saying they were some journals that he might find interesting. In a day or two he noticed the death of Mr. Keddie, Lecturer on Natural Science in the Free Church College, Glasgow, and he wrote to Principal Douglas to ask if there was any use in his applying for the post. The Principal encouraged him, and he collected some testimonials. Amongst them was a very commendatory one from Sir Archibald Geikie which, he thought, got him the post over his most serious rival.

In September the College Committee appointed him to the lectureship for a single session: the "definite work" had come.

The class syllabus, at anyrate in these earlier years, comprised instruction in the rudiments of systematic botany, zoology, and geology. At the close of the first session he started his plan of taking his students down to Arran for a week of field geology, latterly as his guests. During these days there were more mutual discoveries than in the ordinary course of the winter routine. Drummond spent the summer of 1878 in the Free Church chaplaincy at Malta; and having been reappointed to his lectureship, for which he was now sufficiently well prepared, he began to look out for some sphere in which he could exercise his gift of evangelism. As he himself wrote: "I want a quiet

mission somewhere, entry immediate and self-contained." This he obtained from Dr. Marcus Dods, to whose church he had attached himself, and whose paramount influence in the moulding of his life and thought Drummond never ceased to acknowledge. The Renfield congregation had shortly before taken up a mission station in Possil Park, a northerly suburb of Glasgow, largely populated with working-class families. Here Drummond, in addition to his other work, carried on the full labours of an ordained minister, and visited from house to house as conscientiously as any pastor.

The following summer he accepted an invitation from Sir Archibald Geikie to accompany him on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains: this occupied three months. On his way home from the Rockies, Drummond, five days before his steamer sailed, found himself at Boston in a dilemma. "It was the city of Lowell and Longfellow and Bryant and Emerson and Channing and Agassiz and Holmes. An invitation to meet the Laureate and Holmes at dinner lay before me. Longfellow I had learned to love from my youth up; Holmes, ever since the mystery of the three Johns and the three Toms caught my schoolboy fancy, years ago, has been to me a mouth and wisdom. And naturally the attraction of these names was a powerful inducement to me to spend my last days in quiet worship at shrines so revered and beloved.

"But some eight hundred miles off, away by Lake Erie, were two men who were more to me than philosopher or poet, and it only required a moment's thought to convince me that for me at least a visit to America would be much more than incomplete without a visit to Mr. Moody and

Mr. Sankey. It was hard, I must say, to give up Longfellow, but I am one of those who think that the world is not dying for poets so much as for preachers. I set off at once. . . . Neither of the men seemed the least changed. There they were before me, the same men: Mr. Sankey, down to the faultless set of his black necktie; Mr. Moody, to the chronic crush of his collar. . . . I can scarcely say I have much to record that would be in itself news. For my own part I am glad of this. We do not want anything new in revivals. We want always the old factors—the living Spirit of God, the living Word of God, the old Gospel. We want crowds coming to hear—crowds made up of the old elements; perishing men and women finding their way to prayer-meeting, Bible-reading, and inquiry room. These were all to be seen in Cleveland. It was the same as in England and Scotland. I was especially pleased to find that it was the same as regards *quietness*. I had expected to find revival work in America more exciting; but although a deep work was beginning, everything was calm. There was movement, but no agitation; there was power in the meetings but no frenzy. And the secret of that probably lay here, that in the speaker himself there was earnestness but no bigotry, and enthusiasm but no superstition."[1]

Drummond returned to his double life as science lecturer and missionary. Professor M'Kendrick recollects how he came to consult him one day about this time, being anxious to write a book along teleological lines, with the human eye as text; from this, however, he was dissuaded. It was during these years, likewise, that the Free Church was racked with the case

[1] *The Christian*, 20th November 1879.

of Professor Robertson Smith. Drummond quickly saw the peculiar vantage of the new standpoint in relation to such subjects as the interpretation of the Creation story in Genesis in view of the accepted facts of science, and found himself in growing sympathy with its supporters, although he had no occasion to take any public part in the discussions.

Ever since he left the Hall, Drummond had received not only offers of ministerial assistantships, but invitations to preach in vacant charges. It must be remembered that up to this time he was known simply as an evangelist of great power, and it is not surprising to learn that even after being appointed to the science lectureship he continued to be the recipient of numerous invitations to vacant pastorates. These he discussed with his father, who still cherished his ageing hope of seeing his son ordained and regularly settled in some fixed charge. But Drummond saw as clearly now as ever he did, that an ordained pastorate was not the sphere for him. In illustration of his unreserved surrender to what he believed to be the will of God for himself, tempered by rare filial regard, it is justifiable to reproduce the following letter, written to his father at this time :—

"POSSIL PARK,
"*Saturday, 20th May* 1882.

"I am sure your views and mine are in entire agreement upon the main points involved—indeed I think we found them so when we last talked matters over. Had I consulted personal feelings I should stay at Possil all my life. I am driven out by stress of circumstances.

"The only point in which we seem to differ is ordination. I do not object to ordination in the least, nor, on the

other hand, do I value it in the least. Had I been ambitious for *status*, I could have got my chair endowed, and been ordained by this time. If you desire that, you have only to say the word, and I will get it done now. You may not be aware that a recommendation from two Assemblies lies before the Church, and I have only to go with that in my hand to a number of our chair-founders and get the thing done. But this is a *mere matter of worldly position*, and the only thing which would induce me to push it would be your wish in the matter. At the same time, ecclesiastical position is, if anything, more 'worldly' than worldly position. But if it is to remove the family reproach of having a 'stickit minister' among its sons, that can be rectified with a word.

"The real question is, What is the most *useful* life? I have been working as a stated minister in Possil *for four years*, and *I could count the conversions in the church on my fingers*. Life at that rate does not pay? But if you think nothing better can be done,—if in the present state of the country, and in the present state of the Free Church, the orthodox charge is the most useful life,—then I accept the first call."

Whatever Drummond felt or knew with regard to Possil Park, the work so prospered in his hands that the General Assembly of 1882 raised the mission to the status of a full charge. Drummond resigned his post, and an ordained minister was appointed in his place. Before he left, he had the satisfaction of having Moody in his church when he returned, along with Sankey, in 1882 to conduct a second campaign. The following commentary is significant:—"I had Moody in my church last Sabbath—one of the most wonderful meetings I ever saw. A crowd of my own members stood up at the close and asked to be prayed for, and a number of other inquirers waited to the second meeting. I have

been following up all week with nightly meetings."[1] As a result of his resignation he was able to accompany Moody throughout the rest of the summer.

But Possil Park is chiefly interesting because it was to his audiences of its working men that Drummond gave the addresses that were afterwards collected and published as *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.* Some of them, doubtless, were given in outline during the Moody campaign, and we have already found that the main idea had occurred to him in his college days. The book, as we shall see later, consists of two parts, a philosophical introduction and the simpler addresses, of which the former, although earlier in inception, was really the last part to be elaborated. As is now well known, some of the discourses first saw the light in a defunct religious journal, *The Clerical World*, to which they were contributed at the request of the editor. The initial paper, entitled "Degeneration — If we Neglect," appeared on 28th September 1881; the last one, on Parasitism, came out on 28th June 1882. One of this series, entitled "Nature Abhors a Vacuum,"—an address on the words, "Be not drunk with wine . . . but be filled with the Spirit,"—did not appear in the book, as it failed to illustrate the fundamental principle of the introduction. The phrase *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* was casually suggested by Drummond as a suitable title for the series. But he has told us of a revival of interest in his early vision of the identity of law in the natural and spiritual spheres. This led him to make a rough sketch of the thesis, which he submitted to the Glasgow Theological Club in January

[1] Possil Park, Glasgow, 8th June 1882. To R. W. Barbour.

1882. With the single exception of Dr. Marcus Dods, the members of the club, whose training naturally led them to regard the topic from the philosophical rather than the biological standpoint, pronounced unfavourably upon the essay. Drummond had also been approached by an English orphanage that was in the habit of reprinting addresses for its own benefit, with a request to be allowed to publish the paper on Degeneration. Permission was granted, and as a result the author received letters from unknown correspondents testifying to help received from reading it. This made Drummond resolve—"if there was the chance of helping anyone a little practically, that was a thing to be done"—to proceed with the publication of the whole, and he forwarded the introduction and certain of the papers to two London publishers in succession, only to have them sent back. One day, on his return from a short continental trip, Drummond met Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Hodder & Stoughton, in Paternoster Row, who sounded him as to a possible reprint of the papers which he had noticed in *The Clerical World.* Accordingly, Drummond made a revision of what he had already prepared for publication, and for the third time despatched both introduction and addresses, together with a preface, to a London house.

On 5th April 1883 a first edition of one thousand was offered to the public, and Drummond was just able to read a few appreciative reviews before he started in June on his second scientific expedition, this time to Central Africa.

CHAPTER III

THEN THE FULL CORN IN THE EAR

In April 1884 Henry Drummond returned from Africa, and from that date onwards through a decade we have the fullest and best-known years of his life.

By the time he set foot in Britain again, sixteen thousand copies of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* had been published, and before the end of the year eighteen thousand more were to be called for. As a result, he was constituted in an even greater degree the confessor and counsellor of many who sought spiritual advice from him. He also received numerous invitations to co-operate in moral and social work, and was still approached in the interests of vacant ministerial assistantships and pastorates. The General Assembly of 1883 had, however, accepted an offer from Mr. James Stevenson of Hailie, of sufficient funds to increase his salary as Science Lecturer in the Glasgow College, provided that the chair was allowed to rank equally with those of the other professors. The Presbyteries having agreed to accept the condition by a majority of four to one, the General Assembly of the succeeding year "enacted and ordained that the Theological Faculty of Glasgow shall consist of five professors instead of four, the additional professor being a professor

of Natural Science." At the same Assembly, Henry Drummond was unanimously elected to the post, and on 4th December he was inducted to the chair. On this occasion he gave an inaugural address on "The Contribution of Science to Christianity," which was first published in *The Expositor* for 1885, and has been reprinted in *The New Evangelism and Other Papers.* As professor, his conduct of the chair differed in no way from that adopted as lecturer. Drummond saw very clearly that the majority of modern speculative difficulties are scientific rather than philosophical in their origin; but his great work along these lines seems to have developed and been made public apart from the class-room, where he devoted at least three-quarters of his time to expounding the elements of geology, botany, and zoology.

For many of his men Drummond did what Ruskin had done for him—he taught them to see. Early in the session he showed some of them, by means of what he styled an "ignorance examination," that hitherto they had not acquired the art of seeing. In it he set such apparently simple queries as "What are air, water, earth? Of what colour or colours are the stars? What do trees live on? Define a burning mountain: what burns? What is the use of a leaf? Why are the heavens blue? What happens chemically during the burning of a common match? Why do you strike it?" In answering them, his students became aware—as anyone would—of how little they really knew about very ordinary matters; and so it seemed almost a matter of necessity to listen to his fresh and vivid descriptions of life in its countless manifestations, and of the earth, the likewise changing abode of life.

With the first winter after his return from Africa began the most important achievement of Drummond's career—his mission to University men, particularly in Edinburgh. We have already seen how, in a wonderful measure, he had prepared himself for such work; but the story of how his hearers were prepared is no less remarkable, although it may not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that in the autumn of 1884 the student world of Great Britain was stirred by the news that Stanley Smith and C. T. Studd, two brilliant Cambridge athletes, had resolved, along with five of their college friends, to devote themselves to mission work in China. Previous to their departure the two leaders paid a series of farewell visits to various other Universities, and succeeded in firing other men with a like enthusiasm. Nowhere did they produce a more profound impression than in the University of Edinburgh, and they were at once invited to return. This they did within two months' time, and in a short course of meetings the student life was deeply moved. "Some were impressed by the stirring eloquence of Stanley Smith's appeals; others were attracted by the straightforward narrative of Studd's experiences; all were fain to recognise that it was no unmanly thing to become a Christian, and that there was some magnetic, mighty influence in the power of a life wholly given to the service of the world's Redeemer."[1]

The question at once arose, who is to be asked to

[1] This and the following quotation are from Professor A. R. Simpson's pamphlet, *The Year of Grace 1885 in the University of Edinburgh*, published by the Inter-University Christian Union, London.

follow up this movement? Shortly after the first meeting of the Cambridge graduates, Drummond had been invited by the Christian Medical Association of Edinburgh University to deliver their annual lecture. This he had done to an audience of between four and five hundred men, taking as his subject, "The Contribution of Science to Christianity." His hearers speedily recognised in him a teacher loyal to the old truths but not necessarily bound to old expressions of them, one who accepted at once the ascertained facts of science and the reality of the unseen. He was accordingly asked to continue the work, and if at first he hesitated,—"I cannot address students in cold blood," he wrote,—eventually he agreed. On the Sunday evening after the last meeting of Messrs. Smith and Studd, he appeared for the first time on the platform of the Oddfellows' Hall, before an audience of nearly nine hundred University men.

"It is difficult to describe the impression one got in such a meeting. . . . We have seen young men's meetings gathered before a platform crowded with ministers surrounding a world-renowned evangelist; but this was not a random gathering of the young men of Edinburgh. There were youths from all parts of Scotland. There were many from England and Wales. India had some of her sons there. Australia, Canada, the Cape, and all our Colonies sent their contingents. They had all come to our city to study, and were in various stages of their curriculum. Knowledge had been for them the principal thing; and they found themselves, somewhat wonderingly, in a scene where they might haply get something they had not got in any classroom. They saw the platform filled with their teachers, their class-

tutors, and some of their own number whom they might recognise as officials of one or other of the Christian Associations. When they had sung the Hundredth Psalm, and the professor occupying the chair had led in prayer and read a portion of Scripture, they sang another hymn, guided by a harmonium played by one of themselves. Then the young man at the chairman's side, who was a stranger still to many of them, came forward to the table, and the confidence at once awakened by his open, earnest look was confirmed when, putting himself in an easy posture, with one leg crossed over the other and a hand in his side-pocket, he began to talk to them in the well-known classroom tone of a lecturer who has some knowledge which it is his business to impart to his auditors, and which it is their supreme business at this hour to acquire. He began by telling them, with graphic circumstantiality of detail, how an amateur geologist had opened a mine in search of a silver lode, and when his fortune had nearly melted away, said to his people that for a few weeks longer they might dig, and if they found no silver they must cease; how it was sold to one more fortunate, whose men had only dug through two yards of soil when they came on one of the richest veins of silver in England. 'Now I believe,' said the lecturer, 'that there are some men in this hall who are not two yards off from a treasure greater than can be found in all the mines of earth.' And then he proceeded to enforce on them the command of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.' After the address, he prayed; and before giving out a closing hymn from the sheet which had been specially printed for

these meetings with the University crest at the top, he intimated that an after-meeting would be held for personal converse with any who might feel that they could get further help from himself or any other believers present. No urgent appeal was made: rather they were told that probably the best thing for some of them would be to go home and speak with none but God; yet the after-meeting was large, and some declared their willingness to make a new start."

Drummond had been invited for a single evening, but on weekly renewed invitations he returned from Sunday to Sunday, with one exception, to the end of the session. As in the Moody campaign, requests began to come in from other seats of learning for information about this religious movement; and small deputations of men, headed by a professor or lecturer, visited the other Scotch Universities in turn, where, at meetings recognised by the local teaching staff, Christian associations were formed and the religious life of the University quickened. When the session came to a close, it was suggested to the students that they might spend their vacation in telling the young men of other towns about these new experiences; and from this thought arose the Holiday Mission, which was carefully organised under Drummond's immediate supervision, and penetrated to remote towns and villages in all parts of the United Kingdom.

"Our work has opened out wonderfully. About one hundred and twenty students, mostly medicals, have given in their names to go anywhere and do anything, during this holiday month, to further the Kingdom of God. Last Sunday sixty of them were busy in different towns and villages, and meetings have been continued

all this week in several towns, with deepening interest and much blessing. Inquiries have been numerous at all the meetings, and we hear on every hand of real good being accomplished. Several deputations have gone to England, and by next week we hope to have many more workers in the field. Were it only for the help this holiday work is proving to the students themselves we feel it would be worth doing. No accounts of this work get into the papers, as we make a special effort to keep everything quiet. I enclose a memorandum from which you will see our method of working. I hope it will go on for the next six months at least." [1]

Drummond made it a rule on all these occasions that the student members of the deputations should, so far as they went beyond describing the Edinburgh work, merely bear witness to some truth which they had made their own by experience. On one of the few occasions when he was able to head the deputation in person, —it was at Greenock, and the large circus where the meeting took place was packed with men,—he remarked to one of his companions who was feeling the ordeal, as they stepped together into the arena, "It must have felt like this in the Colosseum before the lions were let loose!"

He has himself described a surprise visit that he paid to one of his young embassies at the close of his annual class excursion to Arran. "We had a very happy party at Arran. Twenty-two came, and Dr. Greenfield joined us. He and I meant staying over the Sunday, but smelt battle across the sea, and could not resist flying off to

[1] 3 Carlton Gardens, Glasgow, 9th April 1885. To Mr. P. Mackinnon.

Ayr, where six Edinburgh students were making their *début* at deputation work. We concealed ourselves till Sunday afternoon, and then dropped suddenly among them when they were 'gathered in one place' for prayer. They were on their knees praying for help when we entered; so they were answered (*i.e.* a wee bit!). Two, however, were in the secret, as they had discovered us at church. We had a good meeting at night, and the deputies kept at it all week, not without result."[1] So the movement began and grew, in continuance of which in after years Drummond was led not only to such University towns so unlike as Oxford and Bonn, but across the seas to America, Australia, and Japan. In Edinburgh well-nigh three generations of students sat at his feet till the spring of 1894, when he made his last appeal in the Oddfellows' Hall.

During three Sundays in April and May of 1885 Henry Drummond spoke on another platform in very different surroundings. The *World*,[2] writing of these meetings, found "something not only instructive, but pathetic, in the avidity with which English society, supposed to be irreligious, but in reality the most religious in the world," snatched "at the spiritual mixture prepared for it by Mr. Drummond"; but in many instances the desire to hear him had deeper root than the passing fashion of an hour. *Natural Law* was undoubtedly the main cause of the introduction. Many had found the book helpful; and though Drummond had had much correspondence over it, yet with others the wish defined itself to see and hear the man for themselves.

[1] 3 Park Circus, 12th April 1886.

[2] 27th May 1885, "Wanted, a Religion."

In this way the Grosvenor House Meetings took shape, with the cordial co-operation of the late Duke of Westminster. The first series was brilliantly attended on the informal invitation of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, whose lasting friendship was one of the great joys of Drummond's life.

On these occasions he gave a simple exposition of Christianity and personal religion in particular, looking at it more from the apologetic side especially as illuminated by some of the master conceptions of modern science. Out of these meetings arose no small amount of philanthropic endeavour which benefited the East of London as much as it instructed the West.

"You ask what I have been doing? Meetings, meetings, meetings. These have been mostly in private houses, and we are now seeking a little fruit. It ripens slowly in this climate, but there are signs of life on every hand. The latest development is a 'Workers' League' to set all the 'unemployed' in the West End to work."[1]

Three years later Drummond was invited to deliver a second series of addresses in Grosvenor House during the season. The letter of intimation bore these names: —Aberdeen, Arthur James Balfour, W. St. John Brodrick, George N. Curzon, R. Munro-Ferguson, Alfred Lyttleton, W. D. Murray (Gren. Guards), George W. Russell, John Sinclair, J. E. C. Welldon. Again Drummond dealt with the simple facts of Christianity, but the emphasis was on social rather than on apologetic aspects. These meetings resulted in numerous appeals and interviews. At this time Drummond also addressed a meeting of

[1] 37 Grosvenor Square, London, W., 10th July 1885.

young women in the drawing-room of the Speaker of the House of Commons. On this occasion the '88 Club was formed as a companion to the Associated Workers' League of 1885. In a letter he also tells of addressing the Harrow boys and a large audience of London omnibus drivers in one day. Contemporary literature, together with those who were present, testifies to the evident ease with which Drummond conducted the Grosvenor House Meetings. Throughout his life there was a total absence of strain: his love of nature had its counterpart in the naturalness of the man. Still, he did not lightly accept these unusual calls, nor would have done so had he not felt the constraining power to have other source than in his fellowmen.

In the political life of our country the year 1886 will long be memorable for the return of the Liberal Party to power, and Mr. Gladstone's declaration of a Home Rule policy for Ireland. The Earl of Aberdeen was appointed Viceroy at Dublin, and offered Henry Drummond a post on the viceregal staff. This, after due deliberation, he declined, on the simple ground that he feared to take any step that might be to the hurt of the peculiar work to which he felt called. Later, when a guest at Dublin Castle, he not only found his own reasons for committing himself to Home Rule, but also acquired a basis for the political article entitled "Liberalism the Christianity of Politics," which he contributed to a well-known journal.[1] At the General Election he was frequently pressed to stand as a Liberal candidate. In one instance Mr. Gladstone wrote a strong letter urging him to come forward; in another his expenses

[1] *The British Weekly*; reprinted 25th March 1897.

were assured him. Either incentive would have been unnecessary had he considered such action to be his duty. He was "touched unspeakably" with the generosity of the former; but it was not for him. None the less he helped several of his friends, Mr. John Sinclair in particular. When in 1892 the country was again plunged into the throes of an election, or at by-elections in the interval, Drummond maintained his former attitude, but was still a willing helper. "I have been enduring worse than the Plagues of Egypt for the last fortnight—an election. The house has been swarming with Radical M.P.'s, plotting and counterplotting from morning to night. —— was here all last week directing operations, and the result has been the glorious defeat of our candidate. In the intervals of politics I have seen my book[1] through the press, and it will be ready for you, I think, when you come back. Next Tuesday I am going to London as a deputation to Parliament about the African Slave Trade, and had you been going to stay a fortnight longer in Florence, would have been much tempted to have gone there. . . Now my time-table cries 'Basta!'"[2]

In watching the course of Drummond's life, it is impossible not to be impressed by the humility of the man. It is a constantly recurring trait, and we see part of its effect in the remarkable number of coveted spheres of activity that he was enabled to look past. We have already referred to some; others might be added in the form of the Secretaryship of the Shipping Commission and the Principalship of the M'Gill College,

[1] *Tropical Africa*, which was published in 1888.

[2] 3 Park Circus, 16th April 1888.

Montreal. He had distinctly heard his call to service at the close of a long, dark night, and he followed it faithfully to the evening of the succeeding day. At the same time few men had more accurately gauged themselves, and he well knew just what he could do: when he had come to a decision he was immovable, and could not be drawn with horses. On one occasion, when he had been pressed to give an annual address to what he was aware would be a large and acceptable audience, he replied:[1] "I have the time and the will; what fails, is the theme. I can find no 'message' in my soul. I never tried harder to find one, and must now confess myself beaten. Can you take this? You know the Aloe (not A.L.O.E.), which fruits once in ten years. That's me. I never 'stuck' before for want of a subject. But this thing is like no other thing."

In the autumn of 1886 Drummond, with some other members of his family, went over to Switzerland, a country of which he never wearied.

"Somehow[2] I can never write '*good* things' in letters, or I would try to reply in the same strain; but you know that is not my *métier*, and must put up with a plain traveller's prose. . . . I am lost in wonder all day long; and neither pen nor imagination could reproduce this spot. Switzerland is the one place in the world which is never false to old impressions, which never betrays one by a shadow of disappointment, but grows in grandeur with all one's faculties. I find this truer than ever this year, and I suppose this is my eighth or ninth time in it."

Most of his holiday, however, was spent in preparing

[1] 3 Park Circus, 22nd January 1891.

[2] Sonnenberg Hotel, Engelberg, Switzerland, 19th August 1888.

addresses for a short campaign that he intended to conduct amongst the German universities in the interests of the students. Professor Christlieb of Bonn had extended an invitation from that University to a deputation of Edinburgh students. From Tübingen Drummond went thither, and was joined by one companion. He was fully aware of the difficulties in connection with his mission.

"The University here has allowed a notice of my meeting on the 'privileged' blackboard; and Christlieb, who has the largest theology class, has intimated it from the chair and urged the men to come. A good turn-out is not to be expected, although Christlieb is sanguine. The difficulties here are enormous. Evangelism is *hated, loathed.* Still, a feeble spark may smoulder on, and time create a more accessible field for our bigger deputation, which I hope will follow next year." The meetings produced a profound impression, and Drummond was warmly invited to return and conduct a second series.

During this period Drummond's winters were fully occupied with his chair and literary work, his addresses to the Edinburgh students, and other meetings in Glasgow in connection with various philanthropic agencies.

In the summer of 1887 Drummond sailed for the second time to the United States. He had no lack of invitations to lecture and preach; and on the strength of his reputation, had he so wished it, he could have spent many financially profitable months in that land. He had already refused an invitation from his old leader to join in a general campaign such as they had conducted in Britain during 1873–1875, for the reason that he

wished to specialise in student work. But Mr. Moody was now able to offer him just such a sphere at Northfield, where he had not only built training colleges for young men and women, but had also a summer gathering of university men.

"Moody writes urgently about going to America for students' gathering, and I think I must go. I am also asked to give some lectures at Chautauqua (excuse the word), and thereafter may evangelise a bit among the American and Canadian colleges. If I go, it will be in the beginning or middle of June."[1]

He reached New York in the third week of that month, and after Northfield Conference, where he told about the Student Movement in Edinburgh and gave his address on Love, he moved to the Summer School at Chautauqua, where he discoursed on Africa and scientific matters, returning to Northfield to take part in a Conference. Thereafter, supported by a representative deputation of professors and students from Edinburgh University, he visited several of the principal colleges, including Smith, Wellesley, Williams, Amherst, Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, Philadelphia, Princeton, and the medical schools in New York.

"I hear a great impression was left at Philadelphia, and Smith[2] talks of following up on Sunday week. Smith, I think, was to write about Yale. We have worked steadily all week to the largest audiences we have yet had—this being the largest college. And I am sure the foundations of a permanent work for the winter have been laid. Very many men have decided; among these, some of the

[1] 3 Park Circus, Glasgow, 10th May 1887.

[2] Dr. G. P. Smith, now a medical missionary in China.

leaders in the University. We have to go to Harvard to-morrow. . . . Now I have scarcely time to eat during these busy harvest days, and you will excuse more. It is talks and appointments from sunrise till midnight. The Fall is here in all its glory. I wish you could have an hour of it.

"*P.S.* I write this in the Yale graveyard—the only uninhabited spot I can find in the city."[1]

Drummond made no mistake in estimating the effects of the mission. They were permanent, and were seen as much in the "quickened religious life of the American Universities" as in the Student Volunteer Missionary Movement, to which he won numbers of recruits at home and abroad. So real was the work in the American colleges, that students went on deputation from those which Drummond had visited to others outside that privileged circle, telling of the movement.

On this, as on other occasions, Drummond had the opportunity of meeting many leaders of science and thought, and other local celebrities.

"At Hartford, on Friday, I met a round of American celebrities; first spent half an hour with Mark Twain at his own house. He turned on the fun at once. He speaks just like his books. He let off several jokes while I was there which would have printed on the spot, although people say that his fun is all laboured and carefully worked up. He is much liked at Hartford, and has a reputation for great kindness to all who need help. He has about the finest house I have seen in America.

"Next door to him I found Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,—a wonderfully agile old lady, as fresh as a

[1] Dwight Hall, New Haven, 7th October 1887.

squirrel still, but with a face and air like a lion's. I have not been so taken with anyone on this side of the Atlantic. Thereafter I went to see Mrs. Bushnell, and saw many relics of Dr. Bushnell. This morning you might have seen me wandering about Yale with Newman Smyth and Dr. T. T. Munger, whose *Reality of Faith* I think you have. Both are capital fellows, and I am to meet them at supper to-night. I spent the forenoon with Marsh, the geologist. Old Dana is also here, and lecturing away still. The work here is everything we could wish, but I have to tackle it alone with Smith."[1]

On his return in the beginning of November, Henry Drummond found his father seriously ill. For the first time since early childhood the possibility of death came near him, and the new experience is reflected in his letters of this period. Hitherto he had not understood death. To one who had suffered a penetrating loss he wrote:

"I wish I were nearer, that I might come to see you—I shall not say come to try and comfort you. I could not do that. I do not know what this thing is. So little do I know, that when I lay down your black-edged note and take up my pen, I cannot write. Yet I send one brief line to make you sure that your darkened home will be often before me these next days. That I will not forget, you know." The end came. "My father has begun the *New Year*. He passed away this morning at five o'clock. You did not know him, but he was a good soldier."[2] A child who at that time asked Henry

[1] President's, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., 3rd October 1887. To Mr. J. W. Drummond.

[2] Glen Elm, Stirling, 1st January 1888.

Drummond a child's questions about death, was satisfied when he took him on his knee and read aloud Mrs. Gatty's *Parable from Nature*, "Not lost, but gone before."

Part of the summer of 1888 was again spent in Switzerland, at first in the company of relatives, latterly with the Earl of Aberdeen. He thus relates some of his experiences:

"A printed notice at our hotel told us of the usual Free Church Service here in the Maria Hilf Kirche, Mr. —— of —— to preach during September. When we got there, we found a congregation, mostly American, standing outside the *locked* door. The hour struck, but no minister appeared; and not even a beadle was about. By and by A. and I hunted up an old woman, got the keys, requisitioned two Swiss urchins to blow the organ and an American Miss to play it, and got under weigh with an extemporised sermon. A. gave out the hymns, and precented from an organ-loft about one hundred feet above the floor; after a little singing I read a chapter and discoursed, and then we had prayer and more singing and—no collection. The hymn-books had to be sent for to The Swan, and no one knew why Mr. —— did not appear. One theory is that the thing closes in the middle of September; another, that the parson had fallen down a crevasse. Anyhow, I mean to report matters to headquarters, as there was some unparliamentary language going, and the Down Grade in the F.C. must not be allowed to descend to glaciers. I hope Dr. S. at next Assembly will introduce an overture that henceforth 'All continental chaplains shall be roped.'

"I am here summoned to afternoon tea with the

First Lord of the Admiralty and his wife and their two Harrow boys in the room below. He used to come to Grosvenor House."[1]

"I left Aberdeen at Andermatt and ran off to Venice to spend three days more with my mother and sisters. I found them suffering from a sharp attack of Art Fever, and very speedily caught the infection. We wandered up and down with Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* in our hands till it was too dark to read. I never felt more beholden to any author than to Ruskin during these days. It was to me a revelation, and I mean to go back at the first opportunity. I suppose you know Venice, but without Ruskin one can simply see nothing at all. . . . I met Browning on the street one day, and had a memorable chat with him. He said this was his ninth visit to Venice, and he always found out many new things.

"On Sunday St. Mark's, like every church in Italy, was draped in black. It was the great mass for the dead to celebrate the Pope's Jubilee. On every church door stood a proclamation that *he* was on that day to let out one million souls from Purgatory. Is it not incredible? The Italian Bible I sent you is selling in every kiosk, and by the ten thousand. Issued simply as classical literature, by an irreligious man, it is being read on every hand."[2]

In the year 1889 Drummond gave much of his time to a scheme that was in no distant way connected with his own work amongst students, namely, the founding of a University Settlement in Glasgow. In it scope was

[1] Schweizerhof, Lucerne, 16th September 1888.

[2] Monte Generoso, 4th October 1888.

afforded for putting into practice the views that he had more or less recently attained concerning the social aspects of Christianity.

"I am busy with the University men here planning a Settlement in a poor district. The leader is an Established Church student, the second a medical, the third an Arts man coming on for the F.C. College. Plans are out, and the thing will be built by the beginning of next session. Thirty men are already at work in the district, and there will be fifteen residents. Is not this good? It will be on earnest evangelical lines, and ought to be a great blessing to the University. The first formal meeting of the workers takes place in my house next Tuesday night."

He also took a keen and practical interest in the candidature of his friend Dr. Marcus Dods for the Chair of New Testament Exegesis in New College, Edinburgh, and seriously considered a renewed invitation from Australia to go round the Colleges and Universities of that colony, as he had done in the United States, telling them of the Edinburgh work. This he decided finally to accept, and in March of the following year sailed for the Southern Cross.

Before giving an outline of this tour in Drummond's own words, it should be stated that he was not able to stay sufficiently long in the different places he visited to produce results at all comparable to those gained in America. In that country his message took hold of the athletic men as much as it appealed to the more intellectual minds. In Australia he proved a great stimulus to the thinking men, who were especially charmed by his talk upon Books; but on the whole the students did not "come

out" so well, partly through lack of interest, partly through timidity. Further, to those who were not outsiders the presentation of Christianity in Drummond and his message was something absolutely new: for them religion had been of an older evangelical type, and the adaptation to the New Evangelism demanded many days. Lastly, Drummond arrived in Australia just in time to hold in death the hand of his old college friend John F. Ewing, and this initial experience threw a shadow over those that were subsequent to it. In 1887 Ewing had been called from Glasgow to an important Presbyterian charge in Toorak, a suburb of Melbourne. There he had laboured and won the hearts of all. To a friend who knew how he practically was an idol to the people, and wondered how much his influence was merely due to his rare personality, Drummond characteristically replied: "Men find Christ through their fellowmen, and every glimpse they get of Him in them is a direct message from Himself."

"S.S. *Carthage*, off Port Said, 19th March 1890.[1]

"This is not a voyage (as yet), only a trip down the Clyde in the *Columba* in July. Nothing could be lovelier, quieter, healthier, or happier. It is too beautiful even to read Browning,—I have him with me complete—though I got through *A Death in the Desert* to-day before lunch.

"Aden, Mem., 24th March 1890.

"Just turned into Aden. Memories of last time, *en route* for Africa, with poor Bain. *He* lies by Lake Nyasa. I live. Why? And Keith Falconer too. But one

[1] The following extracts are selected from a weekly series of letters.

recalls these things only as a tribute to the dead. Nothing could be more living than this ship, or less morbid than its passengers. We have had the most perfect voyage on record. The keel has never stirred from the perpendicular; weather cool; all very happy. On Sunday Captain held service in the morning. I gave an address in the evening in the second-class saloon to about sixty people—fine young fellows, for the most part, going to push their way in Australia. Many Scotch. All educated. Last night I followed up with a lecture on 'Africa.' The 'Inquiry Meeting' will follow. For the next fortnight the sea will be smooth.

"S.S. *Carthage*, nearing Albany, 12th April 1890.

"Albany, be it known, is the first port in Australia, and we ought to drop anchor there for a few hours to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon. On Thursday thereafter I say farewell to the *Carthage* at Adelaide. From first to last this has been a perfect voyage. *The* event to me has been the day in Ceylon. That is quite the loveliest spot on this earth, and I made a great mistake in not arranging to stay at least a week there . . . *Robert Falconer* has greatly delighted me, and I have read every line of it. The bits about work among the poor ought to be reprinted as 'Workers' Tracts.' But what a heretic you have become—far worse than poor me. Pity so much of *Robert Falconer* is in Scotch, for it is worth a hundred *Robert Elsmeres*.

"Toorak Manse, Melbourne, 21st April 1890.

"At rest at last—though it has all been rest. I was advised to begin work at Melbourne rather than Adelaide, so came on here at once. A band of students met me at the steamer, and we had some speechifying in the saloon. The first welcome was from the University Union; the University Christian Alliance followed. In the evening we had a meeting here to plan the

campaign. The first big meeting will be on Friday, a kind of reception, and on Sunday we begin the 'Students' Meeting.' The prominent Christian students here are a splendid set. The one who wrote the petition came in this morning to ask 'if he might possibly be excused' from the meeting next Sunday week, as he was wanted to go to Sydney to play for the Inter-Colonial Tennis Championship, *i.e.* he is one of the four best players in the colony. Of course I told him to give up these frivolities and devote himself to his hymn-book! This man is the son of a leading member of the Australian Parliament. The other men are of the same stamp, so there ought to be business presently.

"I send you two papers, which will supplement this note and inform you on various personal matters on which you (and I) were ignorant. The press people are simply dreadful here, but I think I have cut my way through the worst of them now. Melbourne is an American city dominated by Scotchmen. Presbyterianism is everywhere in the ascendant. Everybody is rich. 1d. = 6d.

"Toorak, Melbourne, 6th May 1890.

"Mr. Ewing's illness is the one thought just now, and I cannot write. I am alone with him. What wonderful Providence allowed me to come out here for this? It has been a dark time, the typhoid running its insidious course day by day and we battling with hope and fear. I cannot say more than that it is now at a critical stage; but only One knows what news the cable will have told ere this can reach you. I cannot think his work is done. My friend has fought a good fight here. The whole city mourns. His is a great and a very tender heart, and his mark on this community even in four short years is a noble monument.

"The Students' Meetings have gone on. I have much to tell of them, but it must wait. All I will say is that it has been all I hoped for.

"Toorak Manse, 13th May 1890.

"You will have heard what happened—in the next room. He passed, my hand in his, more gently than a sleeping child. I know now one reason why I was sent across these seas. At the funeral I was chief mourner. From a paper I sent you, you will gather something of what he was. For me this has been a searching time. I feel I must work hard.

"The meetings have not been in vain. Holidays are on for the next ten days, and I start to-morrow for Adelaide, 550 miles off, to fill up the time at the University there. Then I return here and go at it every night. . . . I have a free pass for all the railways in the colonies and can go wherever I like!

"Melbourne, 27th May 1890.

"Back again from Adelaide after a hard week's meetings. We are now in the thick of the fight here, with meetings for men every night—said men being the students and their friends, who are turning out splendidly. I gave seven hundred fellows your sculptor on Sunday night. Next Sunday we start schoolboys in the afternoon. On Saturday night we held a conference upon student work generally—settlements, schoolboys, infirmary work, boys-brigade, deputations, etc. If the ball rolls soon, I shall go on to Sydney. After that I may do the New Hebrides, and return to Sydney—cannibals permitting—about 10th July. Thereafter, work up the Australian coast to Brisbane, etc., and thence to Japan. But all this is very uncertain. There is a big political and missionary problem at the New Hebrides just at this moment, and the Church here is very anxious I should take a month there. I should have to give up New Zealand if I went, but it might be well to leave something to deputations from Melbourne. I continually meet men from the Edinburgh meetings, holding like limpets. . . .

"Many thanks for your letters. . . . I shall look out for Stanley's broadside,[1] which I probably deserve. But perhaps he did not notice that I did not generalise about all Africa, but expressly said my remarks only applied to the wee bit I saw.

"I am wondering what the Assembly is about these days. I almost hear the firing. May there be few wounded.

"Now I must off to the 'Varsity to meet some wild beasts.

"Sydney, 9th June 1890.

"Finished Melbourne. All very good. At the last I had sometimes two or three meetings a day. Students and others taking up several bits of work. Boys' Brigade launched.

"On the way here I halted a day to visit a squatter's station in the bush, and was treated to a fine display of gymnastics by kangaroos in their native wilds. Dined on their tails after. Then hunted 'possums in the moonlight till the Sydney express shrieked through the forest about an hour after midnight. It had been ordered to stop for me; and when I tumbled into the Pullman I surprised Mr. J. L. Toole (if you don't know who he is, see *The Christian*) playing roulette. On Saturday night and Sunday night I got meetings agoing here, and I go on to-night and to-morrow. The chief helper here is a young Edinburgh graduate. This is supposed to be the loveliest spot on earth, but I have been too busy to see anything yet. I am just off to hunt up an old Glasgow F.C. College man, who is now settled not far off. Did I tell you I was probably going to the New Hebrides? You shall hear finally in a post or two. The Churches here are begging me to go on missionary

[1] The reference is to a severe criticism of *Tropical Africa* by Sir H. M. Stanley in his work *In Darkest Africa* (vol. ii. p. 67), to which Drummond very neatly replied in a subsequent edition of his book.

grounds, and the Premier of Victoria on political grounds. After that, Japan and home.

"Sydney, 18th June 1890.

"It is three o'clock in the morning now, and the first quiet hour I have had for days.

"The students have turned out nobly here, and last night when I closed, one got up and proposed a continuation of the meeting every Saturday night *à la* Edinburgh. A committee was formed on the spot, and the thing taken up with real enthusiasm. Two of the professors were to be asked to address. . . . But the best thing here has been a meeting of doctors—nothing but doctors. It seems only few doctors here go to church; and a number of them asked me to give them an address on Sunday afternoon. They got the hall of the Royal Society; the President in the chair. Almost every doctor in the place turned up: there were exactly one hundred and forty present; and they were so much in earnest that on Monday twenty of them agreed to give £50 a year each to found a doctors' church, with a man from home at £1000 a year as minister! Probably I shall have to pick the man, so please look out. Among the twenty are two of the medical professors, one of whom had given up going to church wholly for years. Many of the others were in the same box. To-morrow I go off to the New Hebrides, so I fear you will not hear for a spell unless I pass a ship somewhere.

"New South Wales Club, Sydney, 21st July 1890.

"Just stepped off the steamer (from Noumea) to find the English Mail on the point of leaving. Have had a wonderful time among the New Hebrides, but details must wait. I do not think I ever had such an interesting tour in my life. I was on Mr. Paton's T'anna, and saw all his painted cannibals. But for the missionary with me, I should now be—inside them. No grander

missionary work was ever done than by these N.H. missionaries. Every man is a king.

"Armidale, 27th July 1890.

"I am still in the Colonies. Armidale is half-way from Sydney to Brisbane, two days and a night and more, so I am breaking the journey here. This is a cathedral city, notwithstanding the sign of the leading hotel, and has a bishop, a Wesleyan Church, fourteen public-houses, the Salvation Army, and two thousand people. Next week I ship on the *Taroba* for Java. Thereafter work along—somehow—to Hong Kong and Yokohama. I shall probably go by Singapore, possibly by Borneo and Siam, but can get no time-tables in these parts. In any case I shall get to Japan in good time for a few meetings, and will get away at the exact time I had arranged for, namely, about 26th September. . . . Queer things happen. I told you, I think, in my last that I had missed my homeward steamer owing to unexpectedly missing a connection in the New Hebrides. It was the *Changsha* for China, and my passage was actually taken and paid for in her. In Saturday's papers I read a telegram that she has struck on a coral reef somewhere off Bowen and lies in a critical position, though no lives are lost.

"R.M.S. *Taroba*, off Java, 21st August 1890.

"I am now nearer home than I shall be for the next month, for while this ship goes straight to England, I curve away to China. Does it not seem impossible to go nearly round the world within the next two months? For days I have been in Paradise. A very noble ship, with only two other passengers; the great deck to myself all day long; saloon amidship, with neither sound nor movement. Sea and climate absolutely perfect. My work—alas! to write a memoir of poor Ewing for a

memorial volume of sermons which I am editing.[1] The last weeks were spent in different places in Queensland, winding up with a service in the church of one of my old students in Cooktown. I meet heaps of *them* in these parts, also Edinburgh men. Did I tell you one of the New Hebrides missionaries is one of the Holiday Mission men? . . . . Dear me, how much there is that I do not know. But I should not say that. I have found out the world. It is a very wee place; and I mean to go round it often yet.

"Messagerie *Irrawaddy*, entering Hong Kong, 10th Sept. 1890.

"We were two days among the Anamites in Cochin-China—Saigon, not Siam, as I wrote before. It was novel, but the time is stolen from Canton, which I now fear I may not see. . . . Talking of barometers, ours went down to its stocking-soles on Monday and muttered 'Typhoon.' Three telegrams from Manila and Hong Kong had already warned us at Saigon that the monster was loose somewhere. The sea raged, but there was no wind; weary birds flew on board; it looked bad. The engines were stopped, and we wallowed all day in suspense. At midnight the glass crept up a line and we steamed ahead. In a few hours we found its trail on the sea, but it had passed on to the north. For thirty-six hours we have been crossing its path in much discomfort; but one is glad to escape with this. Almost nothing can live out a real typhoon. They have a season, like grouse.

"Tell the boys I went to the P.O. at Saigon, hoping to get something really good in stamps. But, unfortunately, I find Cochin-China has just the same as all other French colonies. I am bringing a few, however. Now, here is Hong Kong, one of the noblest harbours in the

[1] *The Unsearchable Riches of Christ and Other Sermons*, by John F. Ewing, M.A., with a biographical sketch by Henry Drummond.

world. In an hour I shall be with J. C. Thomson.[1] I see my rickshaw waiting. There are no horses here. . . . The anchor is being put down—in French. *Au revoir*,
H. D."

On Drummond's return to Glasgow in the late autumn, a furious storm of criticism, of which mutterings had been heard on several previous occasions, broke over his head, attracted more especially by the lecture on "The Problem of Foreign Missions" with which he opened the college session. It has been reprinted in *The New Evangelism*; but his critics had only a short, ill-balanced, and apparently erroneous newspaper report upon which to go. This attack extended to the booklets that he had for some years published at Christmastide: *Pax Vobiscum*, in particular, was found to be objectionable. At Northfield, also, during the Workers' Conference already referred to, Drummond seems to have roused displeasure in many minds, and, especially after the publication of *Natural Law*, feeling ran so high in certain circles that Mr. Moody, when quoting from the then little-known address on Love, was compelled to adopt such veiled allusion as "Someone has said." It is difficult to imagine that anyone who really knew the man could have raised his pen against him: certainly, "when he was reviled, he reviled not again."

"One cannot pass letters like yours without acknowledgment; and you must at least let me say Thank you. It is hard not to be able to agree with everybody; but one soon has to realise its impossibility. John knew

[1] One of the Holiday Mission men, now medical missionary in Hong Kong.

all about it when he said there were *twelve gates* to heaven. And every one of them is a pearl."[1]

In a slightly different strain he wrote to another friend, referring to one of his Christmas booklets:

"Remember me most cordially to M. I hope she has slain all her enemies by this time, and that my latest eccentricity may not compromise her orthodoxy any further. Friends of heretics have a worse time than the originals."

A more complete statement of Drummond's position is given in the following correspondence with Mr. Sankey when he was in this country in 1892. In an American newspaper-clipping Mr. Sankey had seen these sentences ascribed to Henry Drummond:

"The power to set the heart right, to renew the springs of action, comes from Christ. The sense of the infinite worth of the single soul, and the recoverableness of man at his worst, are the gifts of Christ. The freedom from guilt, the forgiveness of sins, come from Christ's Cross; the hope of immortality springs from Christ's grave. . . . Personal conversion means for life a personal religion, a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause. These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme losses if they are missed."[2]

Being greatly pleased with "the ring of orthodoxy' about these words, he sent the cutting to Drummond,

[1] 3 Park Circus, Glasgow, 6th February 1890. To Mrs. P. Mackinnon.

[2] *The Programme of Christianity*, pp. 104, 106 in the collected addresses.

asking him if they were his own, and if so, where they might be found. Henry Drummond replied:

3 PARK CIRCUS, GLASGOW,
3rd April 1892.

"MY DEAR MR. SANKEY,—Would that all, calling themselves by the sacred name of Christian, had your charity; knew the meaning, as you and Mr. Moody do, of 'judge not,' and afforded a man at least a frank trial before convicting him.

"These *are* my words, and there has never been an hour when the thoughts which they represent were not among my deepest convictions. Nor, so far as I know, have I ever given anyone ground to believe otherwise, nor is there any one of my writings where these same ideas will not be found either expressed or understood.

"If you ask me why I do not write whole books on these themes, I reply that I believe one's only excuse for writing a book is, that he has something to say *that is not being said.*

"These things are being said. Hundreds of books and millions of tracts are saying them afresh every month and year. I therefore feel no call to enter literature on that ground. My message lies among the forgotten truth, the false emphasis, and the wrong accent. To every man his work.

"Let me thank you most heartily for your kindness in writing. The way to spoil souls, to make them hard and bitter and revengeful, is to treat them as many treat me. If I have escaped this terrible fate, it is because there are others like yourself who 'think no evil.'

"But tell your friends that they know not what they do, or what solemn interest they imperil when they judge."

In addition to his ordinary work, the winter 1892–1893 was largely occupied with the preparation of his Lowell Lectures. This lectureship was founded in con-

nection with the Lowell Institute, Boston, in 1839, and is yearly offered to men distinguished in literature in all its branches, in science and in art. When, later, Drummond's course came to be published, there was at first some uncertainty about the title. Thus as late as 17th April of 1894 (the book was published in May of that year) he wrote: "My book all but through the press. Title, *The Evolution of Man.* 'Ascent' is denied me, as Mathilde Blind won't give it up." This difficulty was, however, fortunately overcome, and the book appeared with the title that the author preferred.

Henry Drummond landed in New York for the third time in the end of March, and went direct to Boston. Here he was surprised not only in the number but in the character of his audience, and after the first lecture he found it necessary to rewrite the whole series on the spot, making them more popular. He was again inundated with invitations to appear on every sort of platform, some of which he was able to overtake in the intervals between the lectures.

"I have now got nearly half-way through my course, the sixth lecture coming off to-night. The crowds have been so great, and so many turned away, that I have been asked to re-deliver the remaining six lectures—repeating the one of the previous evening at three in the afternoon of the following day. I begin this plan next week. It involves little extra work, fortunately, and the additional honorarium will at least cover my trip.[1] This week I

[1] It may be stated that Henry Drummond handed over his honorarium as Lowell Lecturer to a young man in whom he believed, to help him in raising capital to start a magazine which has now a circulation of half a million.

have been every day at Harvard College, having meetings with the students. The professors have given me lunches, and it has been very pleasant. I was there on my last tour in the States, so know lots of the people. An electric car takes me from the hotel in twenty minutes. This is the best carred city I ever saw. They come along every street in a perpetual stream, and at a pace which would never be allowed with us. Nobody walks. . . .

"I wish James could have been with me the other day calling on Oliver Wendell Holmes. He is eighty-four, but the chirpiest old man I ever saw: talked straight on for an hour and a quarter, then apologised that no one that day had previously called to 'run off the electricity.' He says he usually gets ladies to call first, and 'go into the water like horses to take the electricity off the electric eels before the men cross'! He talked of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Channing, and all the immortals of New England.

"Next week I have a big Boys' Brigade meeting. It has got a start here, but needs a better one."[1]

From Boston Drummond went to Amherst, where he addressed the students at a religious meeting, and after speaking in various other places, found himself in Chicago at the height of the World's Columbian Exposition. In July he re-delivered his Lowell Lectures at Chautauqua, and went thence to Northfield, "but it was not a happy time."

"Moody had left Northfield before I had got there, as he had to return to Chicago, but Mrs. Moody gave me

[1] The St. Botolph Club, 2 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., April 1893. To Mrs. Drummond.

hospitality. He is said to be renewing his youth, and Sankey never lost his. The reporter for *The Christian* asked me if I would mind very much his *not* mentioning me among the Northfield speakers, as in the eyes of its readers it would compromise Moody, the paper, and Northfield. Of course I implored him not to defile his pages."[1]

From Northfield he went on a fishing holiday with his friend Mr. W. E. Dodge of New York. "We go up the river on Monday with a house-boat pulled by two horses, with two men in attendance; in addition, we have a cook and his assistant (who cuts timber), and two canoes (to fish from), each manned by two Indians. We shall live sometimes in our boat and sometimes in the club-houses along the bank. It is a very lovely river, something like the Dee, deeply wooded, with moose, elk, and bear in abundance. The fishing is said to be wonderful, but the water is very low just now. Two members of the club last week, in five days, killed ninety-six salmon between them—all with the fly. Last year the average size for the whole club for the season was 26½ lbs. per salmon. Last night I saw two cartloads of salmon shipped by the evening train. These were presents to friends in America, packed in ice, the carriage for each fish costing over a pound. You see I am in luck getting such a chance."[2]

After paying a visit to their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Aberdeen at Quebec, he

[1] "The Windsor," Montreal, 13th July 1893. To Mrs. Drummond.

[2] Ristigouche Salmon Club, Matapedia, Quebec, 15th July 1893. To Mrs. Drummond.

returned to Chicago for further work. "I have a heavy programme here—a stream of lectures and meetings. The backbone is six lectures before the University on 'Evolution.' I have also to open the University to-night with an address."[1] This tour, like the others, was rich in interviews and correspondence with those to whom he had been a true guiding star.

When he returned from America, his friends noticed a marked change in his appearance: for the first time it was apparent that he was growing old. He went through the winter's work, but at the Gaiety Club reunion in the following spring, it was remarked "that of an evening he would sit in the warm sitting-room with his topcoat on." He spent a quiet summer; but when watching him cast his still beautiful line upon the Findhorn, one noticed his left hand wandering now and then to the small of his back. During the winter of 1894–1895 he was sometimes sharply ill, but held manfully to his college work until the time when, as usual, it was hoped that he would be able to come through to Edinburgh to continue his Sunday evening meetings for the students. On the contrary, the following letter was received:

"I am very loath to write this letter, and have put off doing so from week to week in the strong hope that it would not be necessary. But I see now the inevitable must be faced, and I write to say that I must abandon the idea of coming to the Oddfellows' Hall this winter. I have had a second breakdown in health since Christmas; and though not at the moment actually ill

[1] Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, 2nd October 1893. To Mrs. Drummond.

or unfit for daily duty, I feel it would be wrong to attempt Edinburgh in my present condition.

"What you and the 'committee' will do in the circumstances I do not know, nor dare I suggest; but I know how well my place will be filled by others. Those who have come to our platform all these years have each their message, and one which will be fresher and weightier to the students than mine. I should stand aside with a very much lighter heart than I now do if I thought *they* would fill the breach.

"I have lost the address of the joint-secretary, so send this to your home as the true backbone of this work all these years. Perhaps you will kindly notify any whom it may immediately concern. I shall add nothing as to the disappointment all this means to me."[1]

From this date he gradually went down the weary slope of two long years. One day in March he left Glasgow for the last time.

After a short stay in Edinburgh, he was taken to Dax in the south-west of France for the baths and sunshine, in which region he remained till July.

"Goodhart's[2] death makes one thankful even to be a living man. I saw it an hour ago in *Galignani*. *Dax* won't do for you. It is only fit for rheumatists, and only inhabited by them and their keepers. No English come here, or very, very few, the only real attraction being the baths, or rather the waters, for the baths are not all they should be. It is a pretty country, however, but there is nothing on earth to do except to get well

[1] 3 Park Circus, Glasgow, 5th February 1895. To Professor Simpson.

[2] Late Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh University.

and groan till you do. To relieve the programme, G. and I have laughed most of the time, and we have been very happy."[1]

Here he made no appreciable recovery, but continued to take his wide, keen interest in matters great and small. To one who had written telling him of a skeleton discovered in the gravels of the Garry, and suggesting that it possibly represented some combatant in the battle of Killiecrankie from the fact that there were three or four gashes on the back of the skull, Drummond replied:

"MONSIEUR,—Honoured as I am by any communication from you, I cannot but be aware of the motive which has induced you to acquaint me with your disgusting discoveries. No, sir, *I* did *not* kill that man. Doubtless he was fishing with WORM, and therefore was worthy of Death; but if you judge that my hand did this deed, the suggestion is the product of a disordered intelligence, and I have witnesses—to prove an *Alibi*. I beg, sir, that this *fama clamosa*—which, as I am credibly informed, has to my grievous hurt already spread to Dingwall and the borders thereof[2]—be immediately arrested, and that you will cease to trouble the short nights and lingering days of a Poor Invalid with Base Suspicions.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

H.(UND) D.(AX)."

In July Drummond was removed to London, and thence, after further consultation, to Tunbridge Wells, which he never left. There he was attended by a local

[1] Hotel Thermes, Dax, 24th April 1895.

[2] The allusion is to attacks made on *The Ascent of Man* in some of the Highland presbyteries.

friend and physician, with frequent visits from his Scotch doctors. At first he could bear to be moved about in a bath-chair, but soon he was unable even to sit up. He was suffering from a malignant disease of the bones that specially affected the spine. His hair whitened with the pain; the attempt to slightly turn his head bathed his brow in perspiration; he could not endure the gentlest pressure of a friendly hand. And yet, then as at all times, you had seen that the biggest thing in his life was Christ. In every other respect he was the same man. There is no doubt that he knew perfectly well how the matter lay. In April 1896 he said, "The doctors say that I am getting better, but the truth is, I am steadily going down-hill." During these days he fancied that he was living on the kindness of his friends: as a matter of fact, he gave far more than he received. It might have been supposed that it was he who wanted comfort, and yet Drummond devoted an hour at a time in trying to brace up a broken-down journalist. He collected stores of anecdotes and jests from his friends, retailing them with his old aptitude. He took a lively interest in politics and literature, and at the time of the Cretan troubles remarked that he wished he "could have a shove-in, even with a catapult." He was as interested as ever in everybody's plans, and towards the end was much concerned about the illness of his colleague, Professor Candlish. But day by day he was weakening.

On his last Sunday evening—7th March 1897—his friend and physician, Dr. Barbour, played hymn tunes to him as usual, but there was no response to "Lead, Kindly Light," or "Peace, Perfect Peace," so he tried

Martyrdom, an old favourite, and before many bars Drummond was keeping time on the couch with his hand. His friend began to sing the 54th Paraphrase, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord"; his voice joined in, clear and strong, through the verse "I know that safe with Him remains," to the end. "Nothing can beat that, Hugh," he said at the close. Then he was weary and quiet. After dinner the 121st Psalm was read. As his eyes were closed, there was doubt if he was following. "Great . . . majestic," he responded with emphasis. After prayer for their friends, he said, "It will all come right, Hugh." On Monday he was worse, and on the Thursday his physicians saw that he was going to leave them. He became rapidly unconscious, and, as in sleep, his spirit returned to God, who gave it in His providence to our time and generation.

It was not like death; it was like a soldier laying down his commission. The sun was shining into the room, and a blackbird, whose note had given him pleasure during the latter days, sang at the open window.

On 15th March, a day rampant with rain and sleet, the student world, represented by delegate or telegram, gathered with a great company under the lee of the old Greyfriars' Church on Stirling Castle Rock. There Henry Drummond was laid beside his father amid words of prayer; a lad of The Boys' Brigade bugled "The Last Post," and we came away with our friend imperishably imaged in our hearts.

PART II

CHAPTER I

SCIENCE

In the realm of Science there are two great classes of workers. They have both had the same elementary instruction in their department, but after a certain stage, while some continue to labour at the details of the subject, others stand back, as it were, and regard it as a whole. It is as in the construction of a piece of mechanism: some are concerned in fashioning and working out the individual parts; others consider and are occupied with the construction of the complete machine. Neither class can get on without the other. They counterbalance one another; for the tendency of the specialist is towards narrowness, while the besetting sin of the theorist is vagueness. Examples of each class will occur to everyone in his special branch of Science, but no hard and fast line can be drawn between the two. There have been instances of men who combined the characteristics of both types in a marked degree, *e.g.* Charles Darwin.

The character of Henry Drummond's work places

him in the second group. If, indeed, as some would have it, the term "man of science" must be limited to members of the first group, *i.e.* to those who apply themselves unreservedly to original research, then Drummond did not court this distinction. His mental gifts led him rather to be interested in the operation of great forces—the part, for example, played by Love in the Struggle for Life, or the relations of Natural Science to Science or Knowledge as a whole, as in his inquiry whether the same laws might not obtain in the natural and spiritual worlds. He assuredly possessed large stores of scientific knowledge. Here his bent was geological, a department in which he acquired considerable practical experience, more especially during the American Expedition with Sir Archibald Geikie, so that he was cited at least once as expert witness in a Court of Session trial. With botany and zoology, likewise, he had a wide acquaintance, more theoretical, however, than practical. But for all that he was not in bondage to the scientific spirit, and we cannot regret that he preferred to follow his unerring instinct, and do what he could do best. He was not so much a biologist invading the world of religion as a poet invading and capturing the world of science.[1] The azure of the heavens and the verdure of the grass are scientific facts just as much as the precession of the equinoxes and the cellular structure of all living things. But the former have been sublimated into the warm heights of Poetry; the latter still remain in the cold depths of Science. Drummond made a heroic attempt to show that no

[1] See a discerning article on Henry Drummond in *The Speaker* for 22nd June 1901.

great gulf is fixed between these regions. To his mind the azure of the heavens was as scientific as the precession of the equinoxes; the cellular structure of living things was as poetical as the greenness of the grass. He for one stood back, and sought the underlying unity of the natural and the spiritual.

But even using the term "man of science" in the more limited sense, we can collect from his diaries of travel scattered scientific contributions which are of interest as showing what he might have done in pure science, for he undoubtedly had the patient spirit and observant eye that are the principal guarantees of success in original research. Drummond made three distant journeys to what were then comparatively little-known quarters of the globe. In the year 1879, as we have seen, he accompanied Sir Archibald Geikie on an expedition into Western North America, which was undertaken with the object of studying, in particular, the volcanic conditions existing on so remarkable a scale in that region. Drummond proved a most charming fellow-traveller, and made many interesting notes on phenomena that he now had the opportunity of examining personally for the first time; but I do not learn that he made, in the sequel, any distinctly original contribution to geological science. In his diary we catch glimpses of the same man that we have known in other situations—now quietly drawing out the camp-boys over the evening fire, now seizing the opportunity of delivering an impressive message to the mates of a rough gold-digger whom he had been carried off ten miles to bury, now standing, watch in hand, to register the spasmodic outbursts of Old Faithful. On

the whole, however, Drummond seems to have regarded these Yellowstone days—so far, at least, as they affected himself—more in the light of a pleasant, profitable holiday than anything else. In after years he did not often refer to them, unless in illustration of the "most exciting five minutes" of his life. The only relative note in his diary is as follows:—"We saw lodge-poles frequently along the route, but these probably belonged to a tribe of Bannock Indians who were camped a few hundred yards from this spot only this week. They had been up the Madison from their reservation below Camas Prairie after antelope. They are supposed to be friendly. We shall likely overtake them to-morrow or next day." And overtake them suddenly they did, for Drummond never forgot the sensation of being covered by Indian rifles until mutual assurances of friendliness were exchanged.

Drummond's second journey was to Central Africa. It was undertaken on a commission by Mr. James Stevenson in the interests of the British African Lakes Corporation, of which he was then chairman. This company, as Drummond himself tells us, was formed in 1878, "to open up and develop the regions of East Central Africa from the Zambesi to Tanganyika; to make employments for the native peoples, to trade with them honestly, to keep out rum, and, so far as possible, gunpowder and firearms, and to co-operate [with] and strengthen the hands of the missionary."[1] The principal object of the expedition was to make a scientific examination of the plateau between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, more especially in connection

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 81.

with the Stevenson Road, which was then being constructed between these immense sheets of fresh water.

Having obtained leave of absence from the College Committee, Drummond started on the longest summer day of 1883, with the Rev. James Bain of the Livingstonia Mission as travelling companion. Within a month he reached Zanzibar, which was at that time the necessary starting-point of all East African exploration. "Ten days' languid steaming" from that town brought the travellers to the Zambesi delta, where they ascended the Quilimane River to Quilimane, a Portuguese town, now all but desolate. On this part of the journey, which partook of the nature of a "long picnic," Drummond made one or two geological observations of considerable interest. They become more suggestive when we grasp the physical features of the great continent as he has outlined them for us. "From the coast a low scorched plain, reeking with malaria, extends inland in unbroken monotony for two or three hundred miles. This is succeeded by mountains slowly rising into a plateau some 2000 or 3000 feet high; and this, at some hundreds of miles distance, forms the pedestal for a second plateau as high again. This last plateau, 4000 to 5000 feet high, may be said to occupy the whole of Central Africa. It is only on the large scale, however, that these are to be reckoned plateaux at all. When one is upon them he sees nothing but mountains and valleys and plains of the ordinary type, covered for the most part with forest."[1]

Now, at a certain point in the voyage up the Qua-qua,[2] Drummond noticed in the mud-banks of the river an

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 7. [2] A tributary of the Quilimane.

intrusion that seemed like a basalt dyke. On examination it proved to be coral, and he supposed that he had found in it "the old fringing reef of the continent." "Nowhere else in the Qua-qua," he continues in his diary, "have I seen or heard of any similar exposure. Señor Nunes, the English Consul at Quilimane, told me that coral reefs appeared in the Zambesi delta at two places. Is there any relation between these three, and any coincidence of general outline between this ancient reef and the first inland belt of raised country—the first plateau?"

He also succeeded, with the help of sections exposed on the river-bank, in tracing the gradual passage from the low muddy belt through sandstones to the quartzy, insignificant conical hills which indicated the rising ground of the continent. This, in turn, he found on his route to be largely composed of granite and gneiss, riddled with basalt dykes.

From Quilimane, Drummond kept a careful diary, many paragraphs of which were transcribed bodily into that charming travel-story *Tropical Africa*, which illustrates so well the author's peculiar power of taking themes that in the hands of the specialist appeal but to a small class, and making them so palpitate with thought and feeling that they attract all men. In that volume, further, we have Drummond's most important contributions to Science.

The journey up the Qua-qua was continued to a point from which an hour's portage brought the party to the Zambesi at Maruru, a place of many fortunes, one hundred and fifty miles above its mouth. Here the steamer of the African Lakes Company was waiting to

take the travellers up the Shiré, a tributary of the Zambesi.

A point is reached on the Shiré where it is necessary to disembark and make a portage because of rapids. This part of the journey took Drummond past Mandala and Blantyre. At the former place he had to wait some weeks till the Lake Nyasa steamer returned from the north to a station just above the Shiré rapids. Part of the time Drummond spent in a minor expedition to Lake Shirwa, which he has described in the second chapter of his book. The rest he passed in scientific survey and collection in the neighbourhood of Mandala.

The reminiscences of his Mandala host conjure up for us no different man from him whom we have followed in other climes. We see him on arrival as neatly garbed as if he were at home; nor was it otherwise when, four months later, he passed that way again in fever. We see him sitting on the verandah steps of his host's house in front of a basin of water, round which is gathered a group of native boys face to face with a mystery. On the surface of the water move ducks and boats of tin, obedient to the slender magnet deftly concealed beneath the performer's finger. Continually he looks up amid the hum of conversation and asks his hostess, "What is that fellow saying?" "What does that chap think about it?" Then it is some sleight-of-hand, simply to watch the baffled looks on their faces. We see him filling up the pauses at social gatherings out of his rich repertory of tale and trick, puzzle and jest—always the same, buoyant, interested, kindly.

In the second week of September Drummond left Mandala with a party of friends, and struck the Shiré

once again above the cataracts at Matopé. Here they boarded the historic little *Ilala*, which carried them up the river and along the lake to Bandawé, on the western shore. After a short stay with Dr. Laws, in the course of which Drummond completed his caravan, he again steamed for Karonga, at the north-west end of the lake, from which point he intended to start on his march to Lake Tanganyika. On this part of the expedition he had no white companionship.

On 29th September Drummond left Karonga on the last and most important phase of his journey. His caravan consisted of eight-and-twenty blacks, of whom the rank and file were retained by the slender monthly wage of three shillings, paid in the cheapest quality of unbleached calico, with an additional food allowance of two feet per man per week. That number included his three faithfuls, Jingo, Seyid, and Mvula, to the last of whom his leader paid a rare tribute. "I never saw Moolu[1] do an inconsistent thing. He could neither read nor write; he knew only some dozen words of English; until seven years ago he had never seen a white man; but I could trust him with everything I had. He was not 'pious'; he was neither bright nor clever; he was a commonplace black; but he did his duty and never told a lie. The first night of our camp, after all had gone to rest, I remember being roused by a low talking. I looked out of my tent; a flood of moonlight lit up the forest; and there, kneeling upon the ground, was a little group of natives, and Moolu in the centre conducting evening prayers. Every night afterwards this service was re-

[1] The lad's real name was James Brown Mvula (rain). Drummond got him from his Mandala host.

peated, no matter how long the march was nor how tired the men. I make no comment. But this I will say—Moolu's life gave him the right to do it. Mission reports are often said to be valueless; they are less so than anti-mission reports. I believe in missions, for one thing, because I believe in Moolu."[1]

During the first days of the march the caravan made use of the Stevenson Road, which was then being constructed with native labour; and in his diary for 29th September Drummond has entered somewhat minute descriptions of the sections exposed in the course of the work, foreseeing that in a year or two the geologist might look for them in vain, or only make a fresh exposure with difficulty. In his diary, four days later, he remarks how the road, even where made, "proved a superfluity" to his caravan, and proceeds to relate how one of the engineers told him "that his own men who had helped to make it, in taking him to Karonga, left the road at one point to cross a hill by the native path instead of rounding it by the road." This sort of practice, together with the lack of traffic, has had an unlooked-for result, and a recent traveller[2] tells how he journeyed not *by*, but *beside*, the Stevenson Road, which, overgrown with rank vegetation, now serves merely as an admirable indicator of the route.

It was, however, indirectly owing to this ill-fated road that Drummond made one of his most interesting contributions to Science—the discovery of fossils in Central Africa. One Sunday morning, on the return journey,

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 118.

[2] J. E. S. Moore, F.R.G.S., *To the Mountains of the Moon*, pp. 60, 63.

when in camp at a point twelve miles north of Karonga —the same camp where he learned of the phenomenal success of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*,— "sitting at breakfast on the newly made road, I saw at my feet a small slab of slate with markings which struck me at once as familiar. I eagerly seized it, and saw before me a fossil fish." The special feature of the discovery lies in the fact that it was the first occasion on which fossils had been found in Central Africa. They were taken out of "thin beds of very fine light-gray sandstone, and blue and gray shales, with an occasional band of gray limestone. . . . The shale, naturally, yielded the most productive results, one layer especially being one mass of small *Lamellibranchiata*. Though so numerous, these fossils are confined to a single species of the *Tellinidæ*, a family abundantly represented in tropical seas at the present time, and dating back as far as the Oolite. Vegetable remains are feebly represented by a few reeds and grasses. Fish-scales abound; but I was only able, and that after much labour, to unearth two or three imperfect specimens of the fishes themselves."[1] On his return, Drummond put the fossil-fish remains into the hands of Dr. Ramsay Traquair, who reported on them by letter. The best specimen was found to be a Ganoid, referable to the family Palæoniscidæ, and possibly belonging to the genus *Acrolepis*; in consequence, it was provisionally named *Acrolepis* (?) *Drummondi*. Owing to the fragmentary condition of the fossils, Dr. Traquair considered it advisable to let an interval pass before making any formal scientific communication about them, on the chance of other

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 192.

specimens being brought home by later travellers. No such corroboration has, however, been forthcoming, and they will accordingly be subjected to re-examination. This lack of confirmation may in part be due to a fact noted by Drummond himself, namely, that the fossiliferous beds seemed to occupy a comparatively limited area, and "have a very high dip in a south-easterly direction. At the spot where my observations were taken they did not extend over more than half a mile of country, but it is possible that the formation may persist for a long distance in other directions."

He was further able to examine certain coalbeds that had been discovered in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa and the Shiré; and though his report was adverse, and indicated that the Lake Nyasa coal, so far as it was then opened up, could scarcely be regarded as "having any great economical importance," still the contribution to science was none the less material. On the subject of the absence of glacial phenomena in the Central Lake district of Africa, Drummond was almost inclined to be dogmatic. He assuredly had had unusual opportunities of studying glaciation in Europe and North America; and finding in East Central Africa "not a vestige of boulder-clay, nor moraine matter, nor striæ, nor glaciated surface, nor outline," he decided definitely against the suggestion of ice-action in that region. Possibly in this case the judgment was premature, for he attempted no explanation of the numerous crag-and-tail formations that exist there, and even admits that "no follower of Ramsay in his theory of the glacial origin of lakes could desire a more perfect example of a rock-basin than Lake Nyasa."

In that chapter of *Tropical Africa* entitled "The White Ant: A Theory," will be found one of Drummond's most original contributions to Science. Few readers are unacquainted with the point of view set forth in Darwin's monograph on *Vegetable Mould and Earthworms*. There it is shown that in the garden of the world these humble creatures are the real agriculturists, and that even in those restricted areas where man with his coarse implements so treats the surface of the earth that she may bring forth her fruits in their season, theirs is the more thorough work. He calculates that on many English acres more than ten tons of dry earth are yearly passed through the bodies of worms as they eat their dark way along, and are eventually brought to the light of day. Thus within a few years the whole soil of the country will have been subjected to this useful process, and a circulation of the different surface-layers is brought about, which fits them the better to minister to the necessities of plant-life.

Drummond, however, was quick to perceive that although Darwin's statements held good for temperate zones, his facts with regard to the influence of the worm in tropical countries were scanty. Africa furnished no example at all; and even where such activities were described it was commonly added that they were confined to the rainy season. This is of course intelligible, for the sun-baked earth offers no passage to the tender tunnellers. "On the whole," says Drummond, "the tropics proper seem to be poorly supplied with worms. In Central Africa, though I looked for them often, I never saw a single worm. Even when the rainy season set in, the closest search failed to reveal

any trace either of them or of their casts."[1] But as their agricultural function would appear to be indispensable, Drummond considered the possibility of the work being done by some other form of life.

Travellers in India and certain regions of Africa are familiar with the white-ant mounds, which range in height from two feet in the former country to fifteen in the latter, with an occasional circumference of three hundred yards and a summit breadth of ten. In studying the Termites, as the builders of these mounds should be called, Drummond found reason for seeing in them the tropical substitute for the temperate worm. Into an account of this creature and its life-history there is no necessity to enter here. Suffice it to say that only very distantly is the termite connected with the true ant, and that its main article of diet is wood, on which account it finds itself included among the enemies of mankind. The workers are blind and live underground, and when journeying up trees in quest of food, they do so slowly by means of a covered way, which is patiently built out of grains of soil laboriously transported from below, and held in position by a secretion from the salivary glands. The main tunnel communicates with many galleries, and in this way thousands of trees in the infected district may be outwardly frescoed. Through the labours of the workers decayed branches disappear, and Drummond remarked a "certain clean look about the great forests of the interior" which was peculiar to these regions.

When we consider the quantity of material from below ground that goes to form not only the immense and frequent ant-hills, but also the myriad covered ways

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 129.

plastered all over forests of trees, and when we think how, during the fierce assault of the rainy season, these tunnels—if they have not long ago crumbled into dust and been wind-scattered—are washed to the surface of the ground and possibly transported to a distance, while it is only a question of time till the ant-hills themselves fall before the agents of denudation, we see that we have here a circulation of the soil hardly less than that effected by the earth-worm. This was Drummond's suggestion, and it seemed to him a corroboration of his view to remark that on the Tanganyika plateau, about five thousand feet above the sea, the termites seemed to be, more than in any other region, "completely masters of the situation,"—just where "before the rivers have gathered volume, alluvium is most wanting," just where their tiny headwaters "collect the earth for subsequent distribution over the distant plains and coasts."

Even at this date it is difficult to adjudge finally upon the theory. Certainly it will require modification, for there is no doubt that there *are* earth-worms in Central Africa, although they are possibly not so numerous nor so much in evidence as in temperate regions. Again, it is open to question whether the analogy is fundamentally correct, because, *e.g.*, in European cultivated areas the earth-worm is always with us, whilst in Central Africa, as elsewhere, the tendency is for the termite to disappear with the advent of man. Thus in the Blantyre district there are fewer termites to-day than there were in 1875, simply because, owing to their habits, they are regarded as enemies and dug out. Any influence that they may be supposed to exert on the progress of civilisation is

practically confined to the earlier phases of man's ignorance. The analogy would therefore appear to hold true mainly in the natural wilds of Africa, and even there the activity of the termite must rather be regarded as supplementary to that of the earth-worm, which is unable to operate during a considerable portion of the year.

In another chapter Drummond incorporates some notes on the vexed subject of Mimicry, which he regards as "imposture in nature." It would be easy to criticise his standpoint, and it is sometimes difficult to identify the creatures from his descriptions, but no more vivid or sympathetic study of the question, slight though it be, exists in our literature. The lack of precision referred to stands in the way of the investigator getting the meed of originality to which he might have been entitled. Peculiarly arresting is, for example, his description of a certain insect that he found on granite boulders somewhere on the Tanganyika plateau, mimicking the white droppings of birds that had lodged in the trees overhead. In the course of the passage he declares: "Now should any sceptic persist that this was a bird-dropping I leave him to account for a bird-dropping with six legs, a head, and a segmented body." From these lines it is evident that the creature was not a spider, although a similarly mimetic spider from the Malay Peninsula had previously been described. In a footnote[1] there is a suggestion that the insect in question was a beetle, but in the absence of identification the value of the observation is considerably reduced.

Drummond was under commission to reach the shores

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 178.

of Lake Tanganyika. This he failed to do, through no fault of his own; and indeed it is open to question whether the results of the expedition would have been materially affected by his completion of the one hundred and forty miles that separated his turning-point from the waters of the lake.[1] Delays occasioned by carriers running away and the care of wounded men, apart altogether from the compulsory dropping of stores when Drummond was no longer able to fill the absconders' places, brought him within touch of the rainy season, against which he was himself sufficiently well protected, but not his men. Further, although he did not understand it at the time, he was affected with lassitude and moments of depression, the sure precursors of fever. So it was that in the end of October Drummond turned and slowly retraced his steps.

Still it was a great day's work when Mr. Stevenson resolved to secure his help simply to see the land. This, after all, is Drummond's main contribution to the development of British Central Africa,—that he was a *seer*, not so much of the future as of the present. He seizes on the salient features, vividly pictures them for us, and Central Africa becomes more imaginable. Take, for example, what has been called "the *locus classicus* on the true inwardness of footpaths."[2] He remarks that "probably no explorer in forcing his passage through Africa has ever, for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track." Then he proceeds:

[1] To some friends who had found it advisable to shorten their stay in Egypt, Drummond wrote: "I think you were quite right to run away from the mosquitoes. Few travellers have the wisdom to abandon a programme at 'the interval.'"

[2] *Spectator*, 3rd August 1901; The Genesis of Roads.

"The native tracks are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic. As a rule these footpaths are marvellously direct. Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness there is a singular eccentricity and indirectness in detail. Although the African footpath is on the whole a bee-line, no fifty yards of it are ever straight. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered no native will ever think of removing it. Why should he? It is easier to walk round it. The next man who comes that way will do the same. He knows that a hundred men are following him; he looks at the stone; a moment, and it might be unearthed and tossed aside; but no: he also holds on his way. It is not that he resents the trouble: it is the idea that is wanting. It would no more occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object, and that for the general weal he might displace it, than that its feldspar was of the orthoclase variety. Generations and generations of men have passed that stone, and it still waits for a man with an altruistic idea."[1] Here we see how the footpath, unlike the road, is a natural production—as much so as a rabbit-run. It is not *made* in the sense that a road is made; no one tends or improves it. Now, dozens of white men had gone along these native tracks before Drummond, but none of them saw what they were until he had passed over them.

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 34.

Many of his observations, moreover, had great practical value. Previous to the march from Mandala to Matopé, Drummond was much impressed with the difficulty experienced in enlisting two hundred porters for the journey. Comparatively few in numbers, the natives in that region quickly saw how dependent the white man was upon them. They stole; they ran away; they struck for higher wages. Projects were easily wrecked by them; the waste of time was appalling. Drummond suggested that men belonging to another tribe should be brought down from the shores of Lake Nyasa and organised into bands of armed native carriers; in this way the white men would be independent of the local blacks. This was done, and the scheme worked admirably. We can thus understand that Drummond was able to furnish the company with a valuable report on the nature and resources of the country that they intended to develop.

The subject-matter of two other chapters in *Tropical Africa*, though not strictly scientific, yet calls for notice in any biography of Henry Drummond. In one of them he sorrows over the Heart-Disease of Africa, and his discussion of its pathology and cure leads him to issue A Political Warning in the other. It is not generally known how much Drummond himself contributed to that cure. Arab encampments connected with the slave-trade were no uncommon sight in Central Africa at the time of his visit,—indeed, he tells us how it was his fortune to behold one.[1] The withdrawal of the British warship from Zanzibar resulted in a recrudescence of the trade, and in 1887 the inhabitants of fourteen villages at the north end of Lake Nyasa were captured or massacred

[1] *Tropical Africa*, p. 31.

by the slave-drivers. The state of affairs pictured by Drummond compels him to ask, Is the Arab or the European henceforth to reign in Africa? The real difficulty was as to which European Power should reign. The Portuguese claimed the south and west of Nyasaland, the Germans the north and east, but there was no question of effective occupation in either case. Drummond sketched very clearly the past relations of England to Nyasaland,—the lake was discovered by Livingstone when he was acting as Her Majesty's Consul,—showing how many agencies, missionary and merchant, had been tempted into the country in the hope that Britain would continue the policy of beneficent interest under which that pioneer's Zambesi Expedition had been undertaken. He further made two suggestions, the first being that "England, or Germany, or France, or some one with power and earnestness" should take a firm and uncompromising stand at Zanzibar. This was done by our country. The second suggestion practically amounted to effective occupation of the interior, in face of German and Portuguese claims. The former were known to be based on the errors of a cartographer; the latter, supported neither by treaty nor by residence, could not be morally opposed to those of Britain, which were founded on the double right of discovery and occupation.

Meanwhile events were moving adversely for Nyasaland. There is no doubt that the British Government had resolved to hand over the Shiré Highlands to Portugal, and Sir H. H. Johnston was sent to Lisbon to arrange the matter. Later, in conversation with representatives of the Scotch Missions, he spoke of the advantageous

terms that had been arranged for all British interests under the Portuguese flag: it was understood that the *quid pro quo* was a free hand in the south. It may be safely stated that Drummond's stirring chapters, followed by some influential agitation and the loss of at least one Scotch seat to the Government, turned the scale, and the curious situation ensued of the Foreign Office urging the Missions to resist the suggestions of its accredited representative, so that the hands of the Foreign Secretary might be strengthened in his new resolve to hold to the country. Thus Central Africa was saved to Britain, and in the preface to a reprint of some chapters of *Tropical Africa*, issued in 1890 under the title *Nyasaland: Travel Sketches in Our New Protectorate*, Drummond could write, with genuine satisfaction: "Worthily, without haste, or fear, or exultation, England has done her duty."

In the interval between Drummond's first and second expeditions he had been elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh (April 1880). On his return from Africa he read papers, bearing on his recent experiences, before that society and the corresponding one in Dublin. In September 1885 he also read an African paper before the Geological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the Aberdeen meeting.

His last scientific journey was undertaken to the New Hebrides in 1890, at the request of more than one prominent Australian statesman. There was the political question whether France or Britain was to have the suzerainty over these islands. There was also an acute missionary problem arising out of the

continued exploitation of the Kanakas for work in the Queensland sugar plantations. Of both questions Drummond made a close study; and though his experiences were not detailed in any special volume, still many chapters in *The Ascent of Man* owe much to the first-hand acquaintance then formed with the pure savage. Further, he got a clear, firm, and serviceable grasp of the political situation, and reached that attitude towards the missionary problem in which he preferred to regard the world not so much as lost and requiring to be saved, as sunk and in need of being raised.

His diary reveals his usual keen, sympathetic observation, as thus: *Obs.* "The poverty of the islands in mere *things*. Even *things* are scarce out of which to manufacture customs. They are *pathetically poor*. Look at their Fish-stone,—a common piece of basalt. Much or varied symbolism is impossible. It is wonderful how much they can make of their few shells and stones. Think what *you* could do on Arran or the Isle of Man without one manufactured article."

His notes, so far as they do not relate to the natives and their customs, deal with the physical features of the islands, more especially the volcanic phenomena. On Tongoa he remarks the presence of a native turkey that deposits its cream-coloured eggs in a deep pit, one above the other, sometimes to the number of ten. The bird leaves them to hatch there, but from time to time changes the order, digging up the deeper ones, and placing them on the top where they will be the first to hatch out, having previously been exposed to a higher temperature. He also describes a luminous centipede and a small scorpion. Further, he learned that while

many of the fish that were caught off the island were good to eat, others were poisonous. "Some of these poisonous fishes are not poisonous in other places, *i.e.* the same fish is poisonous in one island and not in another. Indeed, the same fish is sometimes poisonous at the east end of an island and not so at the west, pointing to the food-supply as the cause. Frequently natives die from them."

Finally, in another jotting he remarks: "the philosophy of the Kanaka Labour Traffic is simply this, that no man will work at his own home. Why should he? He has all he wants. But get him away from the village life, and—. Hence it is that even inter-island traffic is necessary, as also inter-island teachers. The natives on one island do not at all resent teachers from other islands—on the contrary. After the 'mystery' or novelty has worn off, say after the third or fourth year, they prefer their own teacher."

CHAPTER II

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

DURING the last five-and-twenty years, a period which some have not hesitated to call the Age of Science, the old-time question of the relations of scientific and religious or, more strictly, theological thought has assumed something of its mediæval importance. The history of the earlier supposed relations of science and religion, which has been set forth in a distinctive manner, first by Draper,[1] and then by White,[2] is instructive but not particularly satisfactory, inasmuch as these were largely based on mutual misunderstandings tempered by suspicion or open antagonism. It is a recital of contests waged, on the one hand, by theologians with little or no conception of the purpose and methods of science, and, on the other hand, by men of science who had not yet learned the distinction between theology and religion. Truth is a unity, which may be regarded from different sides; but it is impossible that two bodies of true thought can remain in permanent antagonism.

Drummond had no interest in the historical aspects of the problem: for him it was the pressing question of

[1] *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*, by J. W. Draper.

[2] *Warfare of Science with Theology*, by Andrew D. White.

the moment. The views of Huxley and Tyndall were rapidly colouring the intellectual atmosphere of the nation; science, physical and natural, was to explain everything. Starting from the materialistic philosophy of these two leaders, many other seekers after truth were each endeavouring to work a spiritual interpretation into it; others, more idealistic, sought a solution of their own. One day in April 1884 *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* was given to the public. Of the reception of Drummond's book it might be even said, as he himself wrote of Evolution: "Suddenly these workers looked up; they spoke to one another; they had each discovered a law; they whispered its name."

After the first dash of praise, however, an unusual phenomenon was witnessed. Criticism set to work upon the book: its arguments were seriously examined, its illustrations carefully dissected. Condemned in part by many of the most thoughtful, it was yet sought after by a multitude, and one hundred and thirty thousand copies have not satisfied the popular demand. It would be difficult to cite another instance in which the public so distinctively acted on its own mind, allowing criticism to say what it liked. It is no point in favour of the validity of its arguments thus to enumerate its circulated thousands; but it at least evidences how much of truth there was in the book. Freshness of thought, perfection of style, marvellous felicity of illustration will not alone account for universal recognition; there was in it a response to a yearning in the spirit of the age.

In the Preface and Introduction there are two explicit statements that go a long way in explanation of this

psychological study in condemnation and approbation. One of these is as follows: "To reconstruct a Spiritual Religion, or a department of Spiritual Religion—for this is all the method can pretend to—on the lines of Nature would be an attempt from which one better equipped in both directions might well be pardoned if he shrank. My object at present is the humbler one of venturing a simple contribution to practical Religion along the lines indicated."[1] The second statement is this: "The position we have been led to take up is not that the Spiritual Laws are analogous to the Natural Laws, but that *they are the same Laws*. It is not a question of analogy, but of *Identity*."[2] Much of the criticism to which *Natural Law* has been subjected has proceeded on the assumption that it *was* an attempt to "reconstruct a Spiritual Religion on the lines of Nature." In particular it has settled upon the second statement and shown that Drummond failed to prove identity. As a matter of fact, if we lay aside the Introduction, we find that the work answers to the description that he applied to it, and it is there that we must look for the secret of its success. A discerning criticism of the book would therefore consider separately the thesis of the Introduction, and the practical teaching of the several occasional papers that constitute the volume proper. It is unnecessary to go over again in detail ground that has been minutely covered,[3] but one or two general

[1] *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. xii. The references are to the cheap edition published in 1887.

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 11.

[3] Of the numerous criticisms of the book, the following are the most effective: the relative chapter in *Science and The Faith*, by

observations may conveniently lead up to the as yet unpublished Preface that Drummond had drafted for a later edition.

And, chiefly, of the Introduction. Drummond was necessarily compelled to state what he understood by Natural Laws, and he wisely selected a simple conception. He speaks of them as "statements of the orderly condition of things in Nature . . . but that they have any causal connection with the things around is not to be conceived." Yet he would appear to move from this position in maintaining that "they are merely responsible for uniformity in sustaining what has been originated and what is being sustained." A Natural Law is simply the expression of a fact or a relation; it is neither the fact nor the relation, still less is it their cause. The oft-repeated phrase The Reign of Law has acquired a purely fictitious value because of the propensity of the human mind to hypostatise abstractions, and then subject things to them. A Law comes to be conceived as something distinct from things, something with an objective existence, something which determines the behaviour of things, and to which they are subject. It is then but a step to carry Laws behind things and regard them as pre-existent necessities which explain everything, but are themselves no more in need of explanation than "the self-sufficient and eternal truths of the reason."

the late Aubrey L. Moore; *Biological Religion, an Essay on Natural Law in the Spiritual World,* by the late T. Campbell Finlayson, D.D.; *On Natural Law in the Spiritual World,* by a Brother of the Natural Man (Prof. Denney); *The Survival of the Fittest and Salvation of the Few,* by A. S. Wilson, M.A., B.Sc.

When, however, we get rid of these illogical ideas and consider Laws in their essence, we see at least the *possibility* of the conception of Natural Law in the Spiritual World—the possibility of the identity of certain relations. It is just here that the power of Drummond's book as a whole lay. He was close on the track of a great truth that appeals to the heart; to reach it by the intellect you must proceed along other lines—as he himself eventually found—and strive to demonstrate Spiritual Law in the Natural World. But even as it stood, the truth in *Natural Law* appealed to men in great measure, according to the particular spiritual condition in which they happened to be, for nothing was more remarkable about Drummond than just the way in which his messages seemed to reach those who were prepared for their reception. When we find ourselves face to face with an argument in which the whole nature is addressed, it must seem weak or strong according as that nature is feebly or fully developed. "Belief is not always the product of logic. Life abounds in practical certainties for which no very cogent reasons can be given, but which are nevertheless the foundation of daily life. Our practical trust in the uniformity of nature, in one another, in the affection of friends, in the senses, are examples. Numberless logical objections could be raised which reduce all these to matters of probability; but none of these things move us. The things which we hold, or rather which hold us, with deepest conviction are not the certainties of logic, but of life."[1]

Still, Drummond pressed the Identity of Law in the

[1] *The Philosophy of Theism*, by Borden P. Bowne, p. 30.

Natural and Spiritual Spheres, offering in the Introduction an *à priori* argument from the Law of Continuity, and what was intended to be a demonstration in the subsequent chapters. A too persistent lack of definition increases the difficulty of examining his differing standpoints,[1] and it is even an open question whether his conception of the Law of Continuity is exactly that which is present in the mind of the physicist who has most occasion to employ it. The fact that the ether is unaffected by gravitation supplies in part the challenged "onus of disproof,"[2] which is sufficient to negative the argument as it is based on Continuity. Further, apart altogether from the impossibility of seriously reasoning from the nature of the lowest to the necessary nature of the highest, it is difficult to see how Laws can be the same where the phenomena are different. The main conception of the Introduction seems to be that whether the Spiritual World has distinct Laws of its own or not, it and the Natural World do have Laws in common which must be expressed in identical terms; but that is hardly the same thing as to maintain that because certain Laws are the Laws of nature, therefore they must also be those of spirit, still less that the Laws of the Natural and Spiritual Worlds are "identical."

For long Drummond held to the essential identity of

[1] Observe, *e.g.*, the change in phrasing from "As the Natural Laws are continuous through *the universe of matter and of space*, so will they be continuous through the universe of spirit" (p. 41), to "If the Law of Continuity is true, the only way to escape the conclusion that the *Laws of the natural life* are the Laws, or at least are Laws, of the spiritual life, is to say that there is no spiritual life" (p. 47). (Italics not in the original.)

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 42.

the Laws in question. Amongst the older pencilled notes for a new Preface are the following :—

"That the naturalness, the intelligibility of the spiritual world depend upon the eternal laws which run through both, seems to be self-evident. There are not two kinds of world. Cause and effect work everywhere. The soul is a living organism. Some tell me that they will go the length of saying that the laws which govern the spiritual life of man are very like those which govern the body,—so like as to be analogous. But this language has no meaning. Laws cannot be analogous with one another. Phenomena are made analogous by identical laws. Whether from a confusion of laws with forces or essences, or from sheer timidity, I do not know; but few seem able to assent to what is to me a self-evident proposition.

"There is a spiritual organism: it grows; it exercises definite functions. It does not grow magically, but under fixed laws. What are these laws? They are the laws which apply to all growing and functioning things. For instance, whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Here is a case where certain phenomena in the natural and in the spiritual world are plainly analogous. But what does this mean? Does it not mean that the same eternal arrangements prevail in the natural and in the spiritual realms? But 'eternal arrangements' are 'eternal laws,' and this is Natural Law in the Spiritual World. If they are not the same, the ruling, the arranging of phenomena, the working sequences are different. If the working sequences are not different, surely the laws must be the same. The conception of analogous laws, in short, is unthinkable. There is no such thing. Phenomena can never be made analogous

by analogous laws. What makes the analogy is a sameness in the law."

Even more interesting are certain of his comments on the criticism of one or two points in the chapter on Biogenesis, where, as against other parts, it was urged with justice that he not only took no account of personal volition, but also in the hard line drawn between the living Christian and the man who is spiritually dead, failed to recognise the whole range of "prevenient grace," and the "radical spirituality of all men." "The assertion of the *inorganicness* of the natural man has been so universally misconceived that I suppose I must blame myself for imperfect statement, but I fear certain of my critics must share in the condemnation for careless observation. It is nowhere said throughout this work that man in his natural state is as dead as a stone. Man is dead as a man, not as a stone,—*i.e.* though dead to a spiritual environment as a stone is dead to the organic environment, he still differs from a stone by the possession of all those human attributes distinguishing him from a stone, including, among other things, the hunger and capacity for God. To put it mathematically, it is nowhere said that as a stone (2) is to the organic world (4), so is a man (2) to the spiritual world (16), because man is not to be represented by the same content (2) as a stone. The real statement is as 2 : 4 : : 8 : 16, man being = 8. But I admit that the natural man from the sheer necessities of the standpoint has throughout these pages received less than his due. Man is dead as to his relations, not as to his capacities."

In a later draft, referable, it would appear, to the year 1890, he states that he has refrained so long from

breaking the silence, "not because I dreaded a difficult task, still less because I deemed the work superfluous, but because only time and distance can enable an author to re-read, not to say recast, his work with any other perspective than that in which it was written. Seven years, according to the popular legend, is the time the body takes to change in all its parts. It is seven years exactly since these pages saw the light. I am not ashamed to say, or at least to hope, that I have changed. That the change has been great enough to allow one to return to this book with an impartial eye was scarcely to be expected. But after neglecting the pages these years, I have come back to them as a stranger, and tried to re-read its chapters as words I had never heard before.

"How much I owe to my critics I wish I could more truly say. One thing I must record, that their kindness to a new and most immature author has been very great. With the deepest sense of unworthiness I have watched pen after pen rise to review this work—review it with a patience and ability which these pages never dreamed of courting, and I should be untrue to my own feeling if I failed to return my profoundest gratitude. Yet willing and even anxious as an author may be to learn from criticism, especially from criticism so severe and thorough as that with which these pages have been honoured, his own limitations make him the dullest of all pupils. And whatever help or warning these many criticisms have given to the public,—and I am sure this has neither been small nor valueless,—the effect upon myself has been mainly to make me lament how little even the ablest criticism can do to change an opinion

until the standpoint from which the opinion was formed has itself slowly changed in an author's mind. A man's surest, as well as his severest, critic is his own growing experience. The supreme teacher is Time." On the other hand, with regard to the more outstanding criticisms, he will "simply say generally that almost all of them in one or many particulars have spoken to the point."

He then restates "less in defence than in continued emphasis the simple purpose for which the book was written. The last thought in the mind of the author was to write for the cultured, or court the attention of philosophic minds. It was spoken to working men, and for a simple practical purpose. It has been judged as a philosophical treatise. Judged by that standard it cannot hold its own. It has no adequate armament against such attack. In the opening pages, for instance, a charge of inchoateness is made against theology. What I had in view was the theology of the people to whom I talked—the popular evangelical theology in which they had been brought up. That theology I still hold to be outside the conception of law. But to extend that charge to the theology of a Schleiermacher or the philosophy of a Hegel was never within the range of vision. The book was written to try and reduce to some order the vagrant spiritual experiences and aspirations of those among whom I worked, and to offer to plain minds a working basis for their religious life. The Introduction to the book may seem more ambitious. It is probably more so than I thought. And, so far as it is concerned, I must concede that it has challenged the criticism which has been meted out to it."

It will be already evident that several fragmentary drafts of a new Preface to *Natural Law* are extant. In the more elaborate of these the variety in alternative phrasing increases the difficulty of reproduction, and in the one that follows, some expansions of sentences are left within his brackets. It is certainly the case that in the recension from which the last quotation is taken, Drummond contemplates a "most radical change in the withdrawal of the chapter on Biogenesis,"[1] adding, however, in the next sentence, "The author's attitude to the main thesis of that chapter remains unchanged." The following further changes in the text were probably to accompany it:

Introduction, page 42: Omit from "It may seem," to " . . . of the supernatural," page 52. This implies a certain modification of the Analysis of the Introduction on page 1.

Page 184. Omit from "In discussing Biogenesis," to " . . . of defence."

Pages 207 and 289. Omit the word "structureless."

Page 218. For " . . . Evolution culminates in Knowledge," read " . . . Evolution culminates in Thought, in Knowledge, in apprehension of the Idea, and in the higher life which these imply."

Page 234. Omit from "And this in the line of," to the end of the paragraph.

Page 243. Omit from "We may be far," to " . . . of Regeneration," page 244.

Page 399. Omit the paragraph beginning "The warrant for adding."

[1] He gives as a general reason that "some aspects of truth are here overdrawn."

Page 404. Omit from "This attempt," to " . . . quality increases," page 412.

He also considers the possibility of atoning for insufficient lack of acknowledgment of moral relations and the want of ethical content, by adding a "necessary supplement" to the chapters on Growth and Conformity to Type in the form of "an address on The Changed Life." He further observes that in the chapter on Conformity to Type "the mechanical treatment reaches its climax. I have hesitated whether or not to withdraw it wholly. Its scientific basis, though solid enough, would not now be stated in exactly the same biological form. As an analogy, however, even though based on a somewhat antiquated doctrine of Vitality, it may still be of service."

I do not, however, consider that particular draft to be the latest, and reproduce another which there is reason to believe should probably be dated 1891. It consists of but a few sentences, and a couple of more extended "Notes."

Later Preface.

"Some of the forms in which truth is stated in this book are now outgrown. And yet, after much reflection, I have resisted the thought of materially adding to or taking from it except by a passing word. The wise know that a book is written for its day.

"It is as gratuitous to exaggerate the importance of what newer truth one sees as to treat with disrespect the older forms from which it grew. The first is irrational, the second base. By remaining silent I can perhaps best acquit myself in the presence of the double danger,

while conscious of both temptations. Nevertheless I cannot allow a bare admission of the incompleteness of this book to be a full discharge of conscience toward it. When time has brought to an author fruit even a shade more ripe or truth a degree more true, he is pledged in some form to share it with his readers. The pages of a book, where the same passing breath which brings the new has begun to wither the old, may not be a possible place to include this further expression. Though nothing radical here requires to be altered, there is sufficient understatement on important points to make it essential to suggest one or two directions in which a fuller expression may be sought.

"*Note on Biogenesis.*—Biologists approach the subject of Life from two different standpoints. One class, in the present incompetence of science to say what Life is, has adopted the suggestion of a Vital Force. A second, waiving the question as to what Life is in itself, discusses it solely with regard to its relations and correspondences. Throughout this book sometimes the one of these standpoints is prominent, sometimes the other. In 'Biogenesis,' for instance, the former is all but exclusively employed. This paper therefore—for the book is not a logical sequence of chapters, but a collection of papers written not only from different standpoints, but at long separate times—is subject to the dangers inseparable from the use of a circumscribed and, at best, provisional theory. (Moving along a single line the thought is narrowed, and the rigorous disregard of complementary or qualifying truths leaves the subject not only incomplete, but ethically sterile.) Were the same theme worked out from the other standpoint, the result

could not fail to be (richer, more human, and more) in harmony with modern Christian ideas. As it stands, since material facts can never be more than a vertebral column or framework, the absence of living tissue—in this case of ethical content—tends to a too hard impression of truths which ought to be set in high moral feeling and relations.

"For those who are seeking an adequate view of the Christian Life much more is needed than the demonstration (—of whatever infinite theological and practical importance that be—) that the Christian Life can only come from the Living Christ. In 'Eternal Life' and 'Environment' some indication is given of the direction in which that may be sought. For in these the newer standpoint of Life as Relation or Correspondence is more prominent. In others, notably in 'Conformity to Type,' the Vital Force theory of 'Biogenesis' is again employed. In reading these, and other paragraphs where the same imperfect formula for Life is either used or implied, the reader will do well to remember how much in the expression is incomplete.

"A further remark is also desirable with reference to the 'great gulf fixed' between the inorganic and organic kingdoms. These kingdoms in their developed forms are undoubtedly severed from one another by barriers, the magnitude of which no language can exaggerate. This is the supreme assertion of Biogenesis (and the law still stands without a challenge.) But (in this chapter an extension is given to that law which is scarcely warranted). Is there ground for the assumption here implied that what is true of these kingdoms in their developed forms is equally true of their past? All that the law of

Biogenesis really asserts is that, in the words of Tyndall, 'no shred of trustworthy testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life.' Observe the limitation '*in our day*.' Of that earlier day when the stupendous miracle of Life first broke upon the world, science has no knowledge. The current assumption, by a not unnatural deduction from the overthrow of Spontaneous Generation, has come to be that at the dawn of Life something of the nature of a breach of continuity, some great and sudden catastrophe, must have occurred. But not the strongest opponent of Spontaneous Generation would now demand this as a necessary inference. Modern science really demands the contrary. It holds that though there must have been a day when Life first dawned upon the world, that first Life was probably neither plant nor animal, nor embryo, nor cell, but *living protoplasm*. And the question is: Was this first speck of living protoplasm ushered in by catastrophe, or was it not rather a literal *dawn* of Life? In the slow-moving processes of God in Nature, did He make certain elements or certain conditions gradually work towards this consummation, or was there violence and shock? Did Life, in short, come as the next quiet step in a long chain of effects, or was it unrelated and cataclysmal? Science has no difficulty in shaping its answer to such questions. So gentle are the ascents of Nature, so gradual the growths from low to high, that even at the dawn of realms destined to diverge to infinity, we are taught to look for no pause, or break, or jar. The one thing the whole vast revelation of this universe teaches us is that the Kingdoms of God come without observation. Hence what has been said in these

pages of the relations of kingdoms as they exist to-day is not to be assumed of their beginnings. And any suggestion of spiritual birth as isolated phenomenon or unrelated effect is to be taken with reserve. The processes of the spiritual life are as mysterious as those of the first dawn of Life, and as hidden from us. But we are encouraged to assume in either case the action of divine and definitely related causes, the gradual preparation of appropriate material, and the working of eternal invisible laws. Regeneration, in short, has much larger meanings and deeper relations than appear on the surface. It is both more divine and more human, more natural and more supernatural than is here represented.

"*Note on Classification.*—The first part of this chapter is an attempt to draw a somewhat difficult distinction—the distinction between the Christian and the not-a-Christian. One of the chief ends of science being Classification, no one writing from the scientific standpoint could fail to come upon this problem. But the chapter is to be looked upon as a discussion rather than a solution. Rigid definitions may be theoretically possible, but—as in biology—there are often insurmountable obstacles to their application.

"There is the danger also—yielded to here distinctly—of making the line of division mechanically hard and fast; while, on the other hand, one has to avoid the temptation to abolish distinctions altogether. But the larger classification referred to at the close—that which separates mankind broadly into those who live for the *Kingdom of God* and those who do not—is so important that, notwithstanding defects, the chapter has been

allowed to remain in this edition with but one omission."

Finally, the following "Postscript," definitely dated 1891, shows that Drummond in the end swung round to the position that it was perhaps better to leave matters as they were. Indeed, so late as his mortal illness, he expressed the wish to publish the chapters separately as "Addresses to Working Men." The "few corrections" referred to are probably covered by those already given, and in one or two instances merely express the results of increasing knowledge.

POSTSCRIPT.

"It is as gratuitous to exaggerate the importance of what newer truth one sees as to treat with disrespect the older forms from which it grew. The presence of this double danger admonishes me to abandon the attempt to recast these pages. Beyond a few corrections and omissions, almost too slight to mark, I have therefore allowed the letterpress to stand unchanged. Every book is written for its day."

In the interval between the first edition of *Natural Law* and *The Ascent of Man*, Drummond published three articles of more than ordinary importance upon cognate themes. Two appeared in *The Expositor* for 1885, and have since been published in *The New Evangelism*, where they appear under the already familiar title of "The Contribution of Science to Christianity." The third was a factor in the Gladstone-Huxley controversy conducted in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, where it appeared in February 1886. In thought they are midway between the standpoints occupied in *Natural*

Law and *The Ascent of Man*, and, especially in the case of the latest paper, form excellent examples of the type of work that Drummond achieved with such brilliance and apparent ease.

Modern science exerts a twofold influence upon religious thought, in virtue of its Conclusions and its Method; but of these influences the second is by far the greater. The influence of scientific *conclusions* upon religious thought has obviously been a widening, a broadening one; the theological outlook has been enlarged. We see this in so immediate a matter as the answer to the question, What is man? It may be that the modern answer does not differ essentially from that which was furnished fifty years ago. But in saying that man is head and king of creation, our fathers based their statement on the earlier chapters of Genesis; to-day we rest it further on the evidence of a long evolutionary process of which man is the final outcome and crown. In addition to those scientific conclusions that affect man's origin and destiny there are others touching man as he is — the man of to-day — that affect theological thought even more directly. I refer to such prominent biological ideas as heredity, environment, and evolution itself. Drummond knew of "nothing more inspiring" to the religious mind than just this "expansion of the intellectual area of Christianity."

The influence of the scientific *method* has been well-nigh revolutionary in some departments of theological thought. It was a characteristic expression of Drummond's mind to regard this employment of the scientific method in the light of a loan of the instruments of science to religion. This loan of its instruments seemed

to him "the first great contribution of science to religion." "Theology proceeds by asking science what it demands, and then borrows its instruments to carry out the improvements."

With the development of science has naturally come the development of the scientific spirit. It has given us an ideal of exactness; it has disciplined our thinking. In the detailed discussion of any important question, the historic method of consideration is now always adopted; is there not the study of Dogmen-Geschichte? Science has long known the value of the examination of life-histories, and theology has applied this method to the elucidation of her organic entities, *i.e.* her dogmas—for if they are not living, they had better be discarded—with conspicuous advantage. Further, it is by the aid of this method that the Science of Comparative Religion has been developed. As a result we now see that all religion, not excepting the religion of revelation, has had a history, that that history has been continuous, and that its successive forms should be investigated in their mutual relations. Thus we have been led to the recognition of the utility of the world-religions, to the recognition of the fact that they had a divine function to perform, and that they exerted a wonderful influence over men—views that are the direct outcome of the evolutionary attitude.

Again, the influence of the scientific method is seen in an increased power of recognising the essential relations between cause and effect. Drummond offers a striking practical illustration of the part played by the law of causation in the spiritual life in pointing out the close dependence of many divine promises upon a

condition.[1] "True prayer for any promise is to plead for power to fulfil the condition on which it is offered, and which, being fulfilled, is in that act given. . . . The reason why so many people get nothing from prayer is that they expect effects without causes; and this also is the reason why they give it up. It is not irreligion that makes men give up prayer, but the uselessness of their prayers."

May it not also be admitted that, under the influence of the scientific method, theological writers have gained in knowledge of what a *demonstration* involves? Not that rash and inconsequent conclusions are specially characteristic of religious exposition; but inasmuch as religious thought, whether written or spoken, undoubtedly deals with essential truths, it is peculiarly incumbent upon her votaries to see that she is absolutely free from all liability to such aspersion. There is possibly no field of human inquiry where a greater mixture of essentials and non-essentials has accumulated than just the general field of religion. But, on the other hand, there is no sphere where sharper distinction should be drawn between what is known and what is inferred, between what is and what seems to be. The influence of the scientific spirit is seen in the stripping off all round of non-essentials, as well as in the setting of facts in their true relations, and the giving of their right value to them. Drummond insisted strongly upon the return of Christianity to its splendid facts and their verification under the influence of the scientific method.

[1] Thus, *e.g.*, as he wrote elsewhere, "'If ye keep my commandments,' the consequence will follow — 'Ye shall abide in my love.'"—(John xv. 10.)

Finally, on the assumption that God has revealed Himself to men in Nature, it would appear that science is slowly compelling us to read our knowledge of Nature into our interpretation of Scripture, in place of the older method whereby Nature was interpreted by our conceptions of Scripture. Considered in its widest implication this simply means, in Drummond's words, that "Evolution has given Christianity a new Bible." Probably it is just in his balanced consideration of this last position that the advance in Drummond's thought is most apparent.

In the years succeeding the publication of these papers, the subject of the relations of scientific and religious thought was constantly before his mind. More and more the materialistic philosophy, explaining all in terms of matter and force whatever be the construction put upon these conceptions, lost its attraction for him, and was replaced by glimmerings of an idealistic philosophy. The evolutionary conception of creation held him by reason of its magnificence and continuity; for him, as for John Fiske, Evolution was "God's way of doing things."

Evolution, which has been the great working hypothesis of biology, is gradually becoming accepted as law, not only in that, but in other fields of research. From it we learn that progress is gradual—"Evolution is continuous, progressive change." "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,"—that is Evolution in the individual life. It teaches us, in a way we had not realised before, that the present is the child of the past by direct descent, and that the future has its roots in the present. It makes us regard revolution as unnatural, and it also shows us that reformation may be

very slow. It compels us to take a larger view of things —not to estimate the river of life by the little circling eddies, nor yet by the contrary surface currents such as you may often see on mile-broad Asiatic streams, but by the whole flood, grand, full-watered, irresistible, as it sweeps towards its ever-nearing goal. There are, of course, the eddies, for advance in any given direction may not be uniform; there are the backward surface currents, for palæontology tells us of apparent recession in the progress of individual species; there are the rapids, for successive strata sometimes disclose a quick advance in the development of forms under congenial circumstances; there are the pool-like, seemingly motionless tracts, for we have evidence of partial temporary stagnation in the otherwise progressive movement, of genera that often rested, marking time in the age-long march. We must not judge the river by the eddy or the counter current, by the rapid or by the pool-like tract, but by the whole course. And we may well be careful and charitable in our judgment, for already Evolution has taught us that we are but poor interpreters of individual events, and have really little ability to determine whether they contribute to progress or not.

So it was that when, on a spring day in 1894, some friends sat in the corner of an Arran field shadowed by Goatfell, listening to the last pages of the as yet unpublished story of *The Ascent of Man*, one of the number commented upon the repeated decrial of the philosophy in which room is found for divine intervention only at "breaks" and special crises. "There was a man," explained the author, "who wrote a book in which he put God only in the gaps of his knowledge." "But

why are you so specially hard upon him?" asked his listener. And Drummond answered, "I was that man."

The Ascent of Man was Drummond's greatest piece of work. It had not a circulation that compared either with that of the earlier book, although this is no inexplicable fact, or of those marvellous addresses on Love, Peace, The Programme of Christianity, The City without a Church, and The Changed Life, that carried his name into thousands of widely separated homes. The mission of *The Ascent of Man* was different,—a mission that is yet not perfectly fulfilled. Critics pointed out slight errors of fact in the text, but they are insignificant beside the mistaken judgment involved in the title of the book, which seemed to challenge an altogether insupportable but utterly unintentional comparison with the better-known Darwinian volume. Drummond himself had said in the Preface to the work, "It is a History, not an Argument."

The history, which is based on the collected and sifted data of recognised authorities in the different departments traversed, is told with rare beauty and directness. In the discussion of the vexed question of the factors in Evolution, however, we have an argument rather than a history. Amongst these factors the chief place has always been given to Natural Selection, or Natural Rejection as it might with as much reason be called. This essentially Darwinian factor is based on the multiplication in geometrical progression of the individuals of any and every species, resulting in a Struggle for Existence in which the fittest survive. This Self-regarding Struggle for Life may be considered as grounded in the function of Nutrition, and is held by

some to account for everything. Drummond asserted the existence of a rival factor, concerning which he even maintained that a time came when the influence of the older factor waned under the growing power of the new. This Other-regarding factor, grounded in Reproduction, he spoke of as the Struggle for the Life of Others, or, more simply, Love.

It is not suggested, nor did Drummond pretend, that he first called attention to the existence of this factor. In the Introduction he makes sufficient reference to its recognition by Herbert Spencer, Fiske, Romanes, Le Conte, Prince Kropotkin, and Geddes and Thomson. The last named distinctly affirm the "co-existence of twin streams of egoism and altruism, which often merge for a space without losing their distinctness, and are traceable to a common origin in the simplest forms of life."[1] Drummond therefore was not the discoverer of this "stream of altruism," but he first made a systematic exploration of it. If, in tracking the stream to its source, he sometimes fancied he found it trickling where it actually did not exist, or marked its course as open where in reality it was still flowing underground, we may pardon the errors of an enthusiastic explorer. But he did more, for he followed the stream in the opposite direction, and maintained not only that at a certain point it united with the other, but that the turbid waters of the stream of egoism were being lost in the clear flowing tide of altruism.

Drummond, then, tried to show that the evolution of animal life, while not in itself necessarily moral, was yet preparing the way for morality in man. But while it is easy to grasp the relations of this altruistic factor to

[1] *The Evolution of Sex*, p. 279.

Christian doctrine, yet everyone is conscious of difficulty when he attempts to explain the Darwinian factor in terms that are congruous with Christian belief. If altruism be held to be the sum and substance of morality, this difficulty must always remain. On the other hand, may it not be urged that self-preservation, self-assertion, self-perfection are just as important and as necessary to ethics as self-surrender, self-abnegation, self-sacrifice? In that event it is possible to find the counterpart of the natural self-regarding struggle in the higher sphere of the spirit. For self-love in its noblest sense is just as much a duty as to show love to our neighbours. Life, after all, resolves itself for us into the play—the action and interaction — between the organism and its environment, human or physical. Unless a man sees to his personal development, he will have nothing to give to others. Life is a perpetual giving and receiving; he who has nothing to give is dead; he lives most who gives the most and the best. And as a man dare not rightly give to others that which involves moral loss or harm to himself, so for the very sake of others, he is bound to make the most of himself. The altruistic motto is, Thou shalt love thy neighbour. The individualistic motto is, Thou shalt love thyself. The incomparable Christian motto is a choice blend of these two words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Here is law, not merely rational, but divine.

In the final chapter, headed "Involution," Drummond parts company with the ordinary evolutionist, and attempts to find a place for Christianity in the story that he has been narrating. His pronouncement is that no such place needs to be found: Christianity is already there.

"Up to this time no word has been spoken to reconcile Christianity with Evolution, or Evolution with Christianity. And why? Because the two are one. What is Evolution? A method of creation. What is its object? To make more perfect living beings. What is Christianity? A method of creation. What is its object? To make more perfect living beings. Through what does Evolution work? Through Love. Through what does Christianity work? Through Love. Evolution and Christianity have the same author, the same end, the same spirit. There is no rivalry between these processes. Christianity struck into the Evolutionary process with no noise or shock; it upset nothing of all that had been done; it took all the natural foundations precisely as it found them; it adopted Man's body, mind, and soul, at the exact level where Organic Evolution was at work upon them; it carried on the building by slow and gradual modifications; and, through processes governed by rational laws, it put the finishing touches to the Ascent of Man."[1]

If, in regard to Evolution, this is prophecy rather than statement of fact, Drummond at least has made it possible to believe with him. The stream of egoism still bears along much coarse material from its upper reaches, nor is it all thrown down at the junction with the other stream; but that material is ever becoming finer. It has been indicated above that some such material, however fine, must be carried in suspension so long as self-love in its noblest sense is still a duty. But of the far-off future who can tell? In vision one was granted a glimpse of this "river of water of life," and he beheld it "clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

[1] *The Ascent of Man*, p. 438.

CHAPTER III

RELIGION

In this chapter it is not proposed to discuss the Christmas addresses with which Drummond's name is so widely associated, which would be presumptuous, nor yet to add in any measure further details about his work among students, which would be superfluous. It is a commonplace of apologetic that the final argument for Christianity is a Christian, and the present writer is of those who believe that Drummond's greatest contribution to religion was himself. As a matter of fact, all else that he did was subsidiary to the one great altruistic aim of his life, so that in considering the purely religious side of his work, it is not amiss to attempt some estimate of the man himself and his rare influence. Still, though so engaging, no one was more elusive, and consequently more difficult to portray; those who knew him best realised most the force of Dante's apostrophe—

> "O Speech!
> How feeble and how faint art thou, to give
> Conception birth."

Of course there was the physical attractiveness of the man. The erect, military figure, the frank, handsome face, eagle-eyed, but with certain winsome sympathetic

lines about the mouth, the dignity of his bearing, would all have compelled you to ask anywhere who he was. To the outward eye there was no flaw; on the contrary, you were conscious of an air of personal distinction that made it impossible to confound him with another. This atmosphere of distinction enveloped the man and all he did, and yet it is not as if he consciously tried to be unlike his fellows, for he was the most natural of men. In it those magnetic forces that differently appealed to different individuals found a wide field. A whole series of them came into play around the central hidden power of his personality. His style in dress and speech was faultless, and yet it was not that. His voice, soft as a summer evening, sweet as fine music, seemed to persuade you, and yet you knew that it could not be his voice. His limpid thought, fresh and inviting, sometimes went perilously near producing mental intoxication, but even when most you had assimilated it, you were quite certain that it was not his thought. Back of everything was the inexpressible sense of a man who had power with God and had prevailed.

Upon closer acquaintance every feature seemed to tone down in the utter detachment of the man. You were held by the deep-set, thoughtful, tender eyes; the strange dignity was lost in an exceeding courtesy; you were aware of an exquisite sympathy or grave, delicious laughter. He was so deeply interested in you that you never learnt anything about himself. He showed no trace of the past, although it was impossible to believe that he had escaped the mental tribulation that is the lot of every thinking man.

Drummond's peculiar power resulted in his being

constituted the confessor and confidant of vast numbers of his fellow-creatures. Possibly no man of his generation had such an intense acquaintance with humanity, both on the vertical and horizontal planes, and yet he did not become a cynic. It has already been suggested that he answered to his conception of Andrew, but only so far as it describes a fact and not an attitude. In his dealings with a fellow-man, no one had a more delicate realisation of his confidant's personality; he never put himself forward in any way that would make the other draw back.

He had supremely mastered the art of living, and on nothing did he more insist than on the contribution of Christianity to the mere joy of life. He ever welcomed new experiences in any and every department of activity. In the midst of a long letter in which he tells of the Grosvenor House assemblages, "heaps of smaller meetings," and a "hundred free-thinking young ladies at a drawing-room meeting,—good people strictly excluded," he continues: "Last week I went to a ball, but this is almost the only invitation I have accepted. I wanted to see the Prince of Wales in his native jungle. It was a most magnificent spectacle, and quite a thing to see once in one's life. I watched the Prince and Princess through a dance, but had no opportunity of giving them —tracts! After all a ball is not such a pandemonium. I had one or two really good 'talks,' and one noble Earl said to me, 'If I did not think Christ was as near me here as in Church I would not have come.' . . . Now I have told you heaps, and have only time to thank you for your letter this morning. You never said anything truer or finer than this about the real religion: 'Newman

Smyth's sermons are not bright visions in the clouds, but footpaths in our tangled life.' I shall treasure this. The higher life is simply what helps us best over the stiles."

All kinds of men interested Drummond, but none more so than those who were in some way handicapped or had broken down. In his own house it was almost pitiful to see how anyone with a genuine tale of distress could steal his late evening work hours, as he stood in the vestibule leaning against a mantelshelf, patiently listening. In the colonies his deepest interest was reserved for the driftwood from other shores. "I have only a moment between the Acts to acknowledge yours. Just come from the Prison Gate Mission, where I have been addressing sixty women, and am now starting off again to a conversazione of students. I thought as I looked at my audience this afternoon that even to be saved from that was enough to make one happy for life."

He had a lofty conception of his duty to his fellow-men, however slight the tie might be. One of his most intimate friends recollects how on one occasion they spent a week together at a hotel on Deeside, salmon-fishing. The only other guests were half a dozen anglers who had not shown themselves to be the most desirable of company. In the evening Drummond and his friend retired to their room, and were settling down to have a talk over the fire. Suddenly the former started up and said, "This won't do, it isn't fair," and they went down to the smoking-room, where he at once began to chaff and draw out the other occupants. On such occasions he seldom spoke himself, although he was a good

conversationalist. He preferred to ask questions and set other people talking.

Reciprocally, all kinds of men were interested in Drummond. There was not a single class of society that he failed to influence. On at least one occasion he was chosen as arbiter in a strike. In the colonies his adaptable nature was at once at home. It was noticed that he never gave Canadian or Australian the impression, which so many of his countrymen cannot help giving, that he was talking to "colonials." He was as free from stiffness, on the one hand, as from the spirit that patronises, on the other.

During the later years of his life, Drummond made everything subservient to his work among university men. They were at once impressed by the earnestness of his thought, the fineness of his touch, the absence of the oracular and all posing, the simplicity and lucidity of his style,—as one man put it, "First thing you knew, he was saying things." But it only dawned on them later how carefully he had analysed the student mind, and some of them who considered the matter realised how what he said would have applied equally well to students in every part of the world. He had so thoroughly grasped the class qualities of the university man, that he made him immediately feel that he knew, and had a right to speak to him, from the standpoint of an intimate acquaintance. The title of an early address very much represents the line along which Drummond sought to present Christianity to his hearers, "Christ, the Friend of Young Men." He insisted on the power of Christ to deliver a man from the tyranny of sin, as also on the value of the

individual life to Christ. He appealed to the heroic element in a man's character, and warned him, in view of the possibility of rising to a higher life, against remaining an example of arrested development. So that while other teachers feared lest men should lose their souls, Drummond was anxious that they should not miss their lives.

Professor G. A. Smith has happily remarked that "perhaps the most conspicuous service which Henry Drummond rendered to his generation was to show them a Christianity which was perfectly natural." And yet to Drummond's mind no feature of the Christian life was more constantly present than just what he himself called its "eccentricity." Even as Leverrier, by observing the seeming irregularities in the orbit of Uranus, deemed that it was constrained to forsake the fashion of planetary motion by the influence of an attractive force which he did not know, so Drummond would have conceived that the Christian, in not following the fashion of this world, must appear to others as deflected under the influence of another unknown attraction. In Leverrier's case investigation led to the discovery of the planet Neptune; in the case of the Christian it might be hoped that the interest aroused in the observer might lead to his personal discovery of God.

Now many remarked in Drummond an added deflection which appeared to them as a certain loneliness or aloofness that was seemingly inexplicable. But from his lips we know at once what it was and what it was not. On one occasion towards the end, when speaking of ideals, he remarked that it was a very trying

thing for a man not to have anyone near him who was bigger than himself, and instanced a friend who was at the head of his science and the loneliest man he knew. In fact, Drummond had once thought of giving an address on the words: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," intending to work out the conception of Christ as the Rock higher than the highest in any department of thought or action. "It would be an awful thing if the highest peak in one's horizon were oneself." Whence we see that this added deflection, this seeming solitariness, was but the expression of the measure of the attraction of Christ for him.

He was profoundly impressed with the mystery of the Incarnation, his attitude being well expressed in the words of the ancient prayer, "O God, who didst wonderfully constitute the dignity of human nature and still more wonderfully reform it, grant that by this mystery we may be partakers of His divinity, who vouchsafed to become a partaker of our human nature." He even made use of it as an argument that the Christian must go into the world and mix in every sphere of its activity, careless of differentiation from it.

All Drummond's conceptions of things were coloured by the spirituality of the man. In suggesting a formula for the Christian Medical Association of Edinburgh University, he told the members that they must abolish their numerous heavy articles, and simply state that the Association had as object to form a bond of union between students whose principles and aim in life were Christian. In virtue of his rare insight, he had a remarkable power of detaching the essential element in any truth from that which is accidental. To one who

spoke with him regarding the belief in the near approach of the Second Coming, he said, "Great things, like high mountains, always seem near." Discussing the world to come with another who clung to the actual resurrection of this physical body, he suggested, "Can you not trust Him to do better for you than that?" Consulted as to one who was dying, after a life governed by its own ideals, but without clear faith in the unseen, he said, "Surely it would be well that he knew the King of the country?" For himself death was but a circumstance, the passing into a land that was not strange.

Again, religion to Drummond was not a body of truth on every detail of which any and every man could speak. From his point of view you did not begin with a creed: you arrived at a creed. Religion was to him the experience of the soul, the truth proved and won by the individual in the battle of life. Even as he insisted with his student Holiday Missioners, he only spoke about that which he knew and had experienced for himself. He was perfectly aware that much truth lay outside his own experience, but as has been well observed, only so much of the gold of God as he had tried in his own experience could he pass into current coin. Herein lay a great part of the secret of his power. Men felt that what he said was true to the man who uttered the words; he produced in his hearers and readers the conviction that he told them of things through which he himself had lived, and so had found to be real.

But there was more than that. Many people shut out enough to make their synthesis easy: Drummond's mental sympathy made this impossible for him. Ruth-

lessly alive to the imperfections of the views in which he had been brought up, he yet was loyal to that system of doctrine. His success in showing the relations between religious thought and the scientific positions of the day resulted in his being plied with letters in which he was asked to explain things that either did not need explanation or could not be explained. He saw something pathetic in the faith that so many people have in somebody else's faith. He was especially sensitive to these in the latter days behind whose message seemed to lurk the thunder of the prophetic "Thus saith the Lord." To one who had sent him *Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith* he replied: "It is difficult not to cry out after reading Mazzini. What are we all made of—to know that this is true, and to keep silence? What an eye he has for the bones in the skeleton of the old theology; how he finds them, names them (by *our* names too), disarticulates them, and buries them. Why do we so seldom have our funeral? I have only read *Foreshadowings* once, and cannot be sure what to say. Meantime I am lost in admiration, and shame. One has seen most of this before, but never put with such brevity, fierceness, and decision. I would go very far with him. If 'destroying' were the method of 'fulfilling,' one would enter the crusade at any cost."[1]

And this in answer to a request: "As to books—they are not written. My stand-by of course, *Ecce Homo*, might do for one. Perhaps also *Old Faiths in New Lights*. There I generally stick. But I shall possibly think of another or several, and send a postcard, only the list will be more general. Someone ought to

[1] 3 Park Circus, Glasgow, 14th October 1889.

prepare a dozen, uniformly bound, as a Sane Religious Series."[1] "Why are there so few books when one gets to the bare heart of things?" he asks on another occasion.

In Drummond's mind there was no sharp demarcation of things as secular and sacred. Life itself was too divine in its opportunities to suffer such cleavage. "I nearly wrote to Dr. Whyte last week to thank him for that great, human — and therefore true and divine — interpretation of the Woman at the Well. That is to me the grandest of all divinity, and the only great preaching." His joy of life was no mere expression of temperament; his faith and winsomeness, his gaiety and courage, were not simply the outcome of his natural self, as those who watched to the close well knew. They were the reasoned conclusions of his deepest thought: it were ignoble to be otherwise. To one who remarked to him that the great creeds were *Te Deums*,—not legal documents to which bare assent could be given, he replied: "You say, as usual, just the right thing about a bare creed and the great *gaudeamus*. One cannot be too glad to have escaped the awful fate of the unemployed, and the agony of the thoughtful who have never seen—*that*."

Much that has been said about Drummond's lack of logic is beside the mark. He was essentially a man who saw things. He was not so much a systematic thinker as an intuitionalist,—a man who saw certain definite aspects of truth with marvellous clearness, but had not considered them in relation to any system. He was captured by the truth he had reached at any

[1] 3 Park Circus, Glasgow, 21st September 1891.

particular time, but he never rested in it as final, for he was always advancing: his view-point changed as he grew in knowledge and experience. In his early years, *e.g.*, he laid strong emphasis on the individual; the "Kingdom of God" meant nothing to him in those days. Later he changed the accent, and laid it on the social aspects of Christianity.

This disregard of conventional system appeared in other forms. The ordinary man, in his preparation of a religious discourse, will consult at least one standard commentary to get at the original meaning of the selected text,—the meaning that was in the speaker's mind when he first uttered the thought. Drummond never did this. He prepared his addresses like Moody, selecting some Scriptural thought that impressed him, without any reference to the context, and gradually building up his own thoughts around it. He amazed his student friends with some of his wrested texts, and even in the address on Love he expounds on one point an idea other than what the apostle expressed. Yet, strange paradox, this man, who was neither scholar nor ecclesiastic, orator nor skilled debater, reached a wider constituency than almost any other religious teacher of his time. "I have brought," said Addison, "philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." Something similar was the work achieved by Drummond in his presentation of the truths of Christianity. If it had little or no value for the professional theologian or man of science, it at all events touched the heart of the common labourer on the rough field of life.

Drummond knew well the comparative parts played by personal influence and academic argument in the impact of Christianity on the individual. Few men are reasoned into it, and Drummond seldom argued. It was altogether out of keeping with the restful atmosphere that surrounded the man and his work. And yet you knew that it was not the calm of stagnation that was mirrored in that unruffled life, but the repose of the man whose heart is fixed on God. So it was for no skilled argument, but out of sheer love to help them find themselves, that, as he wrote, "I have made appointments (with students) at —— for 10, 10.15, 10.30, and am still filling up. Fixed one man to call at 11 to-night." One evening in his student days he spent hours walking up and down an Edinburgh park, listening to a young man who had lost his way in the mists of philosophic doubt and who simply felt as if he were going round and round in an intellectual circle, without arriving anywhere,—"Yes, and I am tired of it all." "But you are not too tired to lie down?" asked his friend.

To those who knew him best he was all this, and something more. To them he gave a protean sympathy of wise counsel, encouragement and loving thought, jest and mirthful criticism, and a hundred other delicacies of feeling that his own words may hardly express:

"The Engels[1] are here, and I am lost in admiration and gratitude. Nothing could have pleased me more. I think the wee-est engel is like D. The big one has been fighting and scuffed his wings at the edges. Or

[1] In acknowledgment of a copy of Raphael's angels in the Sistine Madonna. The letters are all from Park Circus, Glasgow.

perhaps he was flying too quick to help somebody. Anyhow, they will do me good."

"Do you know Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe*? If not, wire me in the morning and I shall send it. Also Hinton's *Larger Life*. I forget how much you know of Emerson. He is the one man whose sky is ceaseless blue, and you really ought to know him in Egypt. I am sending him to-morrow, unless you wire me to stop on account of your having it."

"The sentries cry 'All's well' from every outpost, and only the one ubiquitous and never-sleeping enemy within lives to be reckoned with. What can I wish for you better, and for all of us, than that he shall have less and less dominion over us? With your thorn in the flesh the fight is hard, but when the smoke clears we shall wonder at the legions that were slain, even when we almost thought the battle had turned against us. Every bullet has its billet, that is one thing sure. The moral is 'Charge!'"

"I have only a moment to send you the *Medal*.[1] It is to be worn, along with the Whole Armour of God, on or off duty, and especially on furlough and in hospital, when the inscription on the front side is a sure tonic and sedative. What is on the other side is of especial importance to recruits; but veterans, and especially

[1] 2 Tim. ii. 19: "Howbeit the firm foundation of God standeth, having this 'Medal'—The Lord knoweth them that are His." (And on the obverse) "Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord depart from unrighteousness."

military secretaries, will know that the best way to obey it is to keep the other side well in view."

"This is the last letter of this year—what a pace it has gone at! But—'he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.' That is the thing that lasts, so I send it as the New-Year text."

Emerson somewhere borrows the thought that "common souls pay with what they do; nobler souls with that which they are." In this sense there are hundreds of men throughout the world to-day who will thankfully acknowledge that their best securities bear Drummond's signature: to many a divine transaction did he stand as witness. And the circle of his influence widened when those who had learned of him felt constrained to hand on the lesson to their fellows. In this way, as also through his books, his name is still an Open Sesame in every quarter of the globe. But the attempt to estimate his influence at first and second hand is as hopeless as the attempt to convey an impression of his personality in words: there is no known equivalent of such lustrous life. His was a great work, nobly done. Small wonder that as the watchers darkened the house in Tunbridge Wells that memorable day in March, they seemed to hear

> "Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
> Around a king returning from his wars."

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